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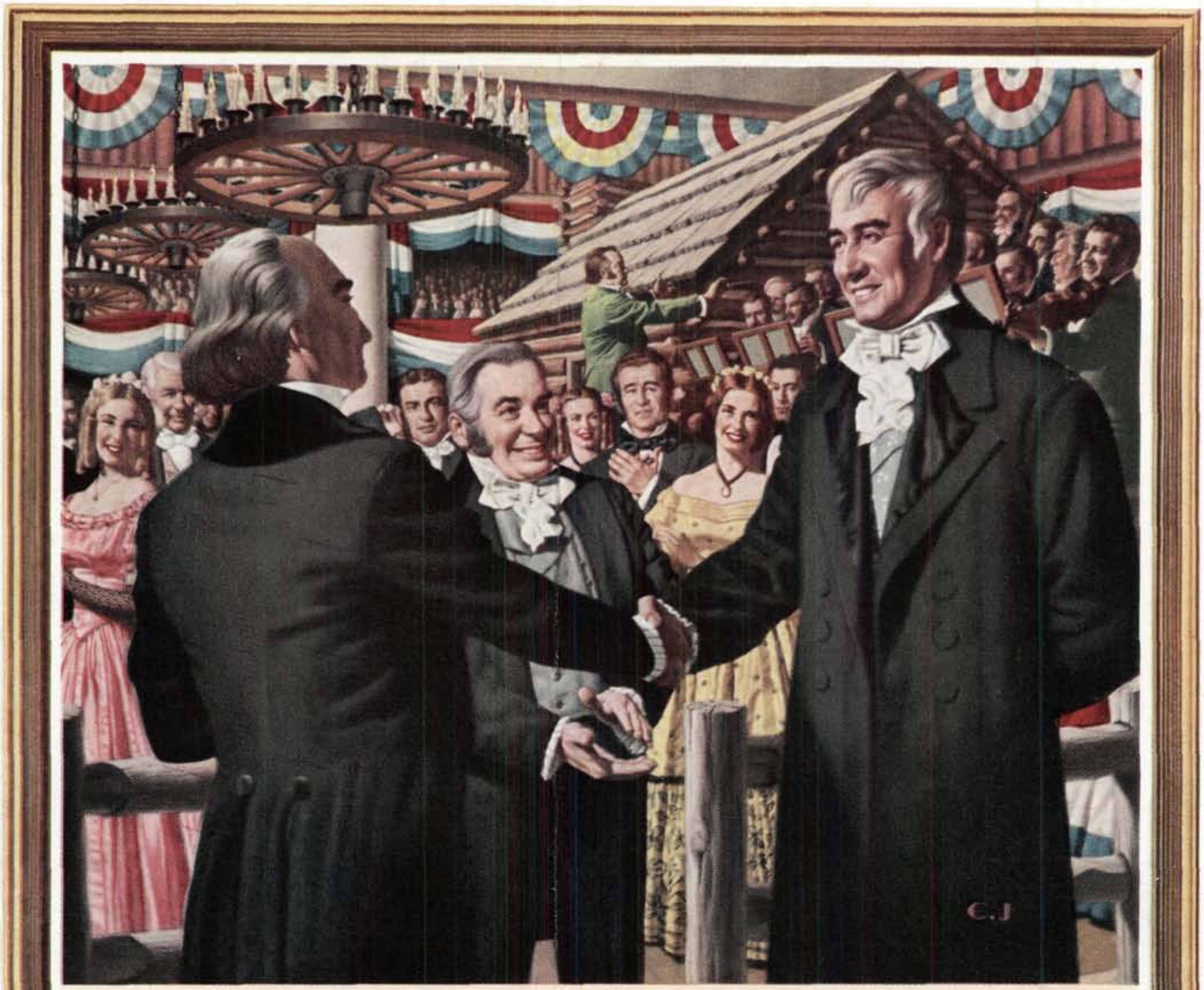

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE BEST MAN—Gore Vidal's lively and provocative view of what might take place during the jockeying for position prior to a Presidential nominating convention. Melvyn Douglas (upstanding) and Frank Lovejoy (amoral) are the rivals for the nomination, and they do well, as does Lee Tracy, cast as a former President who doesn't mind principles as long as they don't hurt the Party. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE HOSTAGE—Brendan Behan's diverting vaudeville, which shoots off *hilariously in* all directions. The plot (if it can be called that) centers on a British soldier who has been taken captive by the I.R.A. and imprisoned in a Dublin brothel. Mr. Behan's play has been skillfully directed by Joan Littlewood, and the performers, headed by Maxwell Shaw and Avis Bunnage, are practically flawless. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A THURBER CARNIVAL—Burgess Meredith has directed this Thurber medley, which includes stories, drawings, captions, and fables, to say nothing of the acting of Paul Ford and, by golly, of the author himself. In its quiet way, it couldn't be funnier. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Oct. 29.)

TOYS IN THE ATTIC—Maureen Stapleton, a spinster sister, is sensually attracted to her brother, Jason Robards, Jr., and that isn't all that's wrong with the New Orleans family about whom Lillian Hellman has written this convoluted but stirring play. Also with Irene Worth. (Hudson, 44th St., E. JU 6-2237. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE WORLD OF CARL SANDBURG—A couple of elocutionary hours during which Bette Davis, Leif Erickson, and Clark Allen (who also strums the guitar) engage themselves with excerpts from the works of the Midwest minstrel. The recital is only sporadically interesting. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—**THE MIRACLE WORKER:** Patty Duke plays Helen Keller as a child, learning to break out of the prison of deaf, sightless muteness, and Anne Bancroft is the teacher who rescues her. Their author is William Gibson. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **THE TENTH MAN:** A play by Paddy Chayefsky dealing with a Jewish girl presumably possessed by an evil spirit. With Donald Harron, Jacob Ben-Ami, George Voskovec, and Lou Jacobi. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

BECKET—Laurence Olivier and Anthony Quinn in a Jean Anouilh play, translated by Lucienne Hill. The producer is David Merrick, the director Peter Glenville. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A TASTE OF HONEY—A play by Shelagh Delaney, imported from London. Joan Plowright and Angela Lansbury are in it, and it was directed by George Devine and Tony Richardson, and produced by David Merrick, by arrangement with Donald Albery and Oscar Lewenstein, Ltd. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

BYE BYE BIRDIE—A delightful surprise: a musical comedy that is both comical and musical. Starring Dick Van Dyke, it has to do with rock 'n' roll, adolescence, and springtime. Music by Charles Strouse, lyrics by Lee Adams, and book by Michael Stewart, plus dazzling direction by Gower Champion. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

IRMA LA DOUCE—A musical farce originally created for French consumption by Alexandre Breffort and later put into English by Julian More, David Heneker, and Monty Norman. The book and lyrics are pretty offensive as they leer along about a trollop and the company that keeps her, and the choreography, by Onna White, displays more enthusiasm than ingenuity. Elizabeth Seal plays the prostitute, and Keith Michell is cast as her particular boy friend. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—**FIORELLO!:** The Little Flower transplanted to the stage with appropriate vigor, and set to words and music by Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock. Tom Bosley is Fiorello, and Pat Stanley and Howard Da Silva are a couple of the Mayor's intimates. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **GYPSY:** The story of how Gypsy Rose Lee got around to undressing in public, put to music by Jule Styne. Ethel Merman is the stripper's mother. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **THE MUSIC MAN:** Meredith Willson wrote the book, the music, and the lyrics for this piece about an Iowa con man (Bert Parks) who falls in love with a librarian. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **MY FAIR LADY:** Shaw's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Lerner and Loewe. Michael Allinson and Pamela Charles now head the cast. Margot Moser will replace Miss Charles for two weeks starting Monday, Oct. 10. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **LA PLUME DE MA TANTE:** A mosaic of French farce and burlesque. Robert Dhéry and Colette Brosset are among the clowns. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** A sentimental confection, by Rodgers and Hammerstein, in which Mary Martin becomes the stepmother of seven wide-eyed children of the Trapp family. Theodore Bikel is their papa. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **TAKE ME ALONG:** Walter Pidgeon, Jackie Gleason, Robert Morse, and Eileen Herlie in a musical adaptation of O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness!" (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **WEST SIDE STORY:** "Romeo and Juliet," moved uptown and set to music. Carol Lawrence and Allyn Ann McLerie lead the cast. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

AN EVENING WITH MIKE NICHOLS AND ELAINE MAY—The well-known young satirists in a number of their own sketches. Directed by Arthur Penn. Opens Saturday, Oct. 8. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)

LAUGHS AND OTHER EVENTS—Stanley Holloway in his one-man revue, staged by Tony Charmoli. Previews Friday and Saturday, Oct. 7-8, at 8:30. A four-week engagement, starting officially on Monday, Oct. 10, and running through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:40. Opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40.)

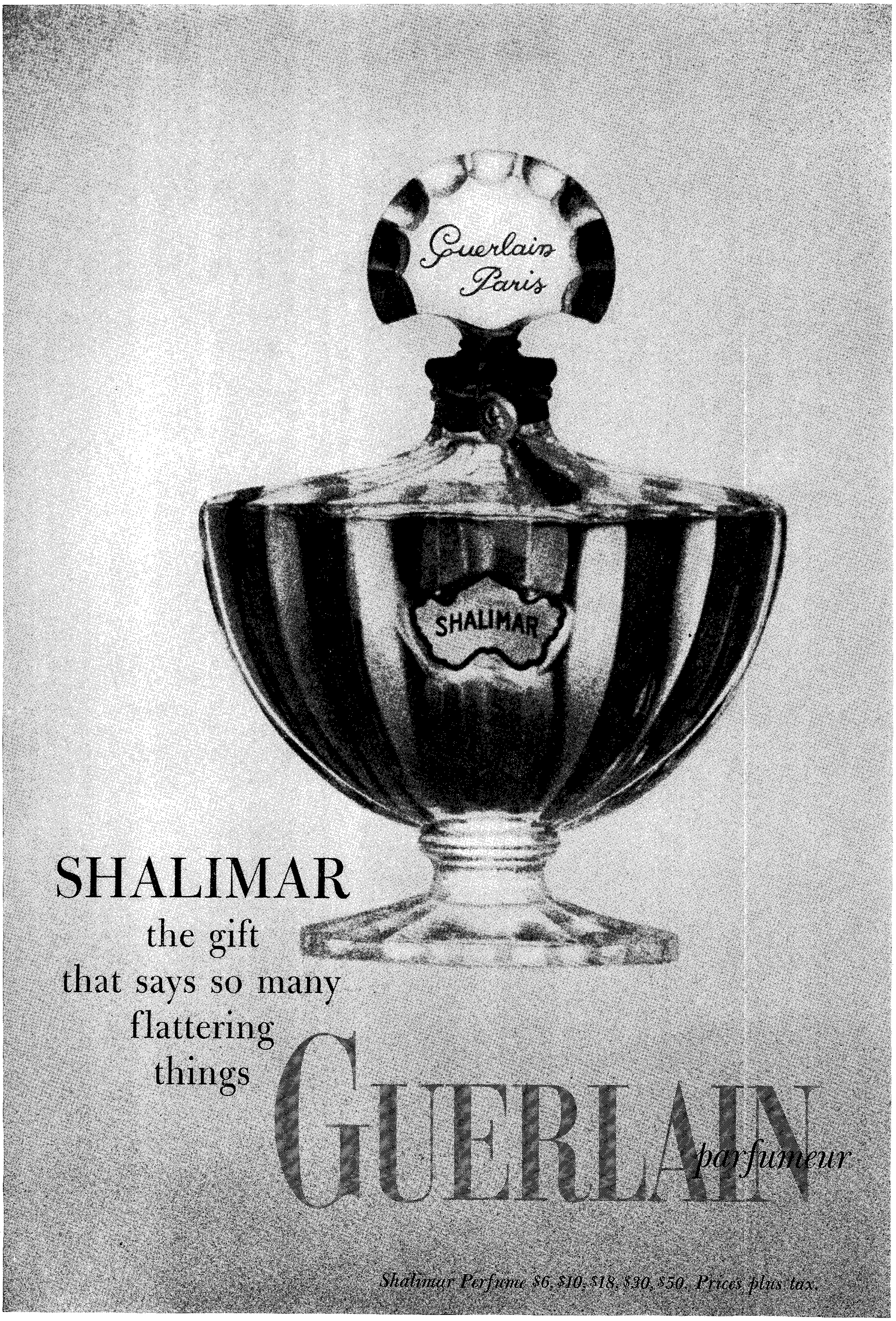
THE WALL—A play by Millard Lampell, based on John Hersey's novel, with George C. Scott and Yvonne Mitchell. Directed by Morton DaCosta and produced by Kermit Bloomgarden and Billy Rose. Opens Tuesday, Oct. 11. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:40. Opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées the first week on Thursday and Saturday at 2:30; subsequently on Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

THE BALCONY—Life inside a fancy bordello during a revolution, as imagined by Jean Genêt. The perverse fantasies of the customers are

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Out of town offices: Chicago, 6 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 155 Montgomery St.; Los Angeles, 2975 Wilshire Blvd.; Atlanta, 1401 Peachtree St., N. E.; London, 21 Grosvenor St. Vol. XXXVI, No. 34, October 8, 1960. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. ©, 1960, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.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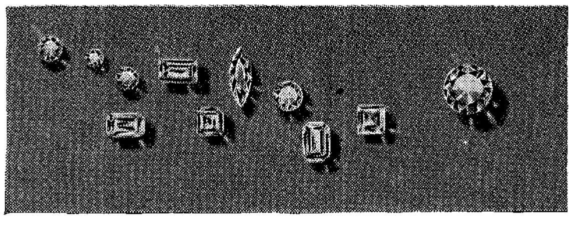

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

presented as sardonic commentaries on a rotten society and whatnot, but the play is more gaudy than persuasive. Directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 150 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Connection—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40.)

A Country Scandal—In a new adaptation by Alex Szogyi, this early play of Anton Chekhov's is unquestionably funny but doubtfully Chekhovian. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Deep Are the Roots—A revival of the Arnaud d'Usseau-James Gow play. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

The Fantasticks—A musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door, chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Greenwich Village, U.S.A.—A musical revue, whose title unfortunately explains all. The cast is extremely peppy, but loses in the end. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Here Come the Clowns—Philip Barry, in a cosmological late-thirties frame of mind. The members of the cast, playing a group of vaudevillians, argue a lot about good and evil, toss one another about, and shoot off guns. The dust never quite settles. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

H.M.S. Pinafore—The best things about this revival of G. & S.'s fourth collaboration are the bold, chests-out performances of Douglas Campbell, as the Boatswain, and Harry Mossfield, as Captain Corcoran. The rest of the production is in the firm hands of Tyrone Guthrie, the show's director, who believes that lots of slapstick stage business, muffled articulation, and altered lyrics are what are needed to make Gilbert and Sullivan palatable to jet-age tastes. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Closes Sunday, Oct. 23.)

The Idiot—Another adaptation, billed as a "new play," of Dostoevski's trunk-size novel. Lost along the way are the nuances that make the characters behave so singularly, and retained is much of the melodrama, which flows through the book like the Volga. The set is impressionistic and perfect, and so are the costumes. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 23.)

Krapp's Last Tape and **The Zoo Story**—Two excellent sketches, the first by Samuel Beckett and the second by a young American playwright named Edward Albee. The members of the cast are Henderson Forsythe, Mark Richman, and William Daniels. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Leave It to Jane—This musical antique, by Jerome Kern, P. G. Wodehouse, and Guy Bolton, first saw light in 1917, and the intervening years have only added lustre to its appealing idiocy. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

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Little Mary Sunshine—A satire on old operettas that is much too amiable to achieve a great deal in the way of parody but is good fun all the same. Eileen Brennan ticks off the heroine with consummate art. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

La Ronde—Arthur Schnitzler's celebrated sexual circle has all the fascination of a chart of a round-robin golf tournament but little of the fascination of a play. (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Sign of Jonah—A diatribe against wicked Man, in which the author, a German pastor named Guenter Rutenborn, attempts to make us all, including God, guilty for the sins of the world, particularly those committed by the Nazis. The acting is hoarse, the costumes unintentionally bizarre, and the sets 1936-pillbox. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Theatre of Chance—A double bill consisting of Sophocles' "Women of Trachis," translated by Ezra Pound, and "The Marrying Maiden," by Jackson MacLow. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Sundays at 8:30.)

The Threepenny Opera—Father William himself. In the cast are Gerald Price and Marion Brash. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Valmouth—Sandy Wilson's new musical, taken from a novel by Ronald Firbank. The cast, directed by Vida Hope, includes Constance Carpenter, Bertice Reading, Anne Francine, and Philippa Bevans. Opens Thursday, Oct. 6. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Opening-night curtain at 7:45; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Royal Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday and Friday, Oct. 6-7, at 8:15: "The Sleeping Beauty."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8:30: "La Fille Mal Gardée." ... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 9, at 2:30 and 8:15: "The Sleeping Beauty." (Metropolitan Opera House. OX 5-6157.)

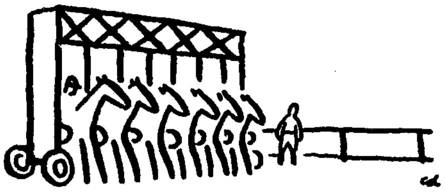
Ballets Africains—A troupe of dancers, singers, and musicians from the Republic of Guinea in a four-week engagement. (Alvin, 52nd St. W. of Broadway. CI 5-5226. Wednesdays at 7:30; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sundays at 2:30 and 7. Through Saturday, Oct. 22.)

Indrani—With her company of Indian dancers and musicians. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CI 7-7000. Tuesday through Sunday, Oct. 11-16, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday and Sunday at 2:30.)

Vicente Escudero—With his company of Spanish dancers. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Milbourne Christopher—With his company, in "Christopher's Wonders," an illusion show. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 3. Final performances Saturday, Oct. 8.)



NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Perpetual motion, the secret of which has been in the management's family for two generations, is given a real whirl here. Some of the motive power is Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—"The Merry Widow" in miniature will gather up its props on Sunday, Oct. 9, and take leave of the Cotillion Room. Larry Douglas, who does a lot of the singing, goes away, too, but Jimmy Carroll and Wilbur Evans, that all-year Santa Claus, will be staying on, to reappear on Tuesday, Oct. 11, as part and parcel of "The Vagabond King," another resurrection from our age of innocence. Dancing before, after, and in between the shows. Closed Mondays.... ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, hums music for cocktails, dinner, and supper every evening in the Café Pierre, whose population runs to founding fathers and their dancing daughters.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Jacqueline François, who has divided all Gaul into three parts (health, wealth, and happiness), explains her method in well-chosen words and music at dinner and supper in the amiable old Persian Room. The chargé d'affaires is Ted Straeter, bandsman and fashion plate. His musicians (part champagne, part gin-and-tonic) and Mark Monte's crew of Latin lovers do dance music the whole evening. Mlle. F.'s last stand is Tuesday, Oct. 11; one night later, Gogi Grant, a native North American songbird, steps in. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra (only for listeners) flows gently in the Palm Court from four to seven and in the Edwardian Room at dinnertime.... ¶ The Rendez-Vous, pale and cool and beautiful and dignified, is where Maximillian Bergere's and Nicholas D'Amico's orchestras dispense both dancing and listening music after eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—There's dancing in the vasty Grill to Sammy Kaye's orchestra, which is given to out-of-town tempos and out-of-town jokes. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, an affair of state, has dancing with every course to Milt Shaw's baby band and Walter Kay's trio, who pause for breath only when Fernanda Montel, lady of fashion, takes the floor at dinner and supper. Her songs deal for the most part with the game of chance invented by Adam and Eve. Joanne Gilbert, one of those high-pressure Hollywood hydrants, becomes the singer on Tuesday, Oct. 11. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The moonlight sonatas of Gunnar Hansen's orchestra are exactly appropriate to the splendid Roman cityscape of the Columns; his dance music is exactly appropriate to the lifetime-in-New-York couples who take to the floor. Charles Holden's trio does the rest of the work. From seven-thirty to eight-fifteen the music is solely for musing; thereafter it's for exercise. Closed Sundays.... ¶ The only murmuring in the stately redwood, or rosewood, forest known as the Savoy Room comes from the piano of Ray Hartley, who begins at cocktails and ends at supper. No music Sundays.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Those reasonably heavenly twins, the Embassy Club (Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Quintero's rumba band for dancing) and the Knight Box (Jani Sarkozi and his violin), are at their social whirling once more. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room is Emil Coleman, a reminder of the days when all New York was a supper club until daybreak. His

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elaborately ornamented big dance band gets to work around eight-thirty. Rosemary Clooney, one of those girls who sing with big bands, gets to work at nine-thirty and again at midnight. Closed Sundays.... ¶ The bosky dell known as Peacock Alley has music for contemplation from six to eight-thirty, music for footwork until one, or even (on Saturdays) two. The small armies of Ray Bari and Michael Zarin do the instrumentation. The Sunday pattern is contemplation from six to eight, footwork until one, and the Baris do the whole job.

NOTE—The Rainbow Room, a cloud on point duty over midtown Manhattan, is serving the drifting-and-dreaming music of a trio from cocktails through dinner, except Sundays. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone: CI 6-5800.

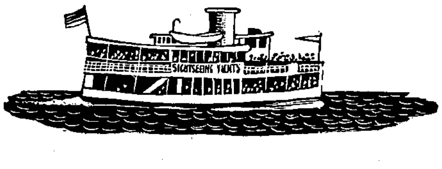
SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): Show business and the *crême*-of-the-*menthe* club getting along better than anyone expected. The parade is accompanied by real good happy-talk piano from Budd Gregg, who sets to work at eight. Closed Mondays.... **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The college-entrance exams here are lightly conducted. Some of the old grads hang around, but they leave elbowroom for a good many undergraduates of this definitely co-educational institution. Bob Printz, romance in his fingers, runs a piano from five-thirty to eight; Goldie Hawkins, landlord, and Wayne Sanders alternate thereafter until, following the theatre, they close ranks for sassafras four-hand music. Closed Sundays. ... **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): The Taj Mahal in a perfect state of preservation. Unperturbed by its grandeur, Cy Walter cracks many a sly joke in his pianoforte recitations, which occur with considerable frequency between cocktails and one in the morning. Joel Forbes is the Sunday driver.... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): When in Rome, though not with American Express. Herman Honigsberg's plangent choir of mobile violins and a crew of mobile guitarists vie with the visitors from our shores. Closed Sundays.... **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Florence *en famille* is the attitude. Italian, too, is the burden of the sound track, a large part of it (from Thursday through Saturday) being Aldo Bruschi's piano, oboe, concertina, voice, and trio, to which (after ten) there's skirmishing on the dance floor. The rest of the week, the busy B. does without his sidekicks. Tuesday through Saturday evenings, Mr. Bruschi is also impresario of a toy opera company that worships at the shrines of Puccini and Leoncavallo. Closed Mondays.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A castle bought intact from the Brothers Grimm surplus stock. Wandering from pillar to post of the dining hall, Norbert Faconi addresses his soulful violin from dinner through supper every night but Sunday.... **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): On the walls, a gallery of art for a lark's sake; on the podium (after nine), Lou Carter's live-for-the-day trio. Closed Sundays.... **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): A really eminent domain, in the bar of which Jules Kuti has a go at his piano, off and on, from five to eleven. Closed Sundays.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The population, all resolutely Spanish, is given to outbreaks of song, dance, and music, largely flamboyant. Dancing for the visitors as well. Closed Sundays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with good old musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. ... **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A royal enclosure, with bar. George Feyer, an old family retainer, does his Viennese chopsticks on the piano, beginning at eight-thirty and going through the supper hour. Closed Sundays.... **GATSBY'S,** 873 First Ave., at 49th St. (PL 5-3775): The Steinway amidships of this fairly elaborate dining room is staffed from eight to two by Stanley Paul. Charles De Forest intones, in a quarter-to-three voice, a few lost-generation love songs. Closed Sundays. ... **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The Appian way of life in an expansive, leisurely state of mind. No Vespas or Lambrettas to clutter the pavement—only a group of dulcet strolling musicians who are on their inexhaustible feet from six to two. Closed Sundays.... **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The sun always shines on this bank of the Blue Danube, where a satisfying picnic lunch is laid out by a swarm of violinists, zimbalon players, and singers. Tibor Rakossy's romantic tenor does the best lyrics. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **CARLTON HOUSE,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): The bar is a board room, appropriately lined with oak panelling and apt to be awash with chairmen. For non-talkers, there's the piano of Tommy Hughes, who's around from five-thirty to eight, and from nine to twelve-thirty, every day but Sunday.... **LUAU 400,** 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): A Captain Cook's tour of Polynesia, with a plausibly indigenous bill of fare, and musicians whanging away at what is certainly Polynesian music. George Taylor, an American tourist, makes the piano in the bar sound Manhattan. Everybody works every night of the year.... **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): An old friend, a bit bigger now around the middle, which you may not recognize in its new Moorish garb. The kitchen, though, is still of the West. Conrad Monjoy cajoles the diners with pillow-talk piano during the evening; Richard Wilson's violin chimes in now and again. The concert ends at twelve on weekdays, at one on Saturdays; no music Sundays.... **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): It's just a short drive from Madrid to this hacienda, where the most noticeable sound all evening is Fernando Sirvent's well-spoken guitar. Closed Sundays.... **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The minute bar of the Hotel Stanhope is a perfect sounding board for Renato Rossini's Mediterranean guitar, inasmuch as talkative visitors are taken out and shot long before sunrise by the customers who are all ears. Nine-thirty to one is his orbit. No music Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A veritable mine of information is offered by the whopping and handsome revue here; to wit, that the Japanese go out at night in Western clothes; that they are proud of their native composers, like Kern, Rodgers, and Porter; that they know every dance step of all the "Goldwyn Follies;" that they all have twenty-six weeks (with options) at Las Vegas; that they really do say "riddle" for "little;" that their principal export is now ballet girls, of which many utterly enchanting samples are on display. Wednesday, Oct. 12, is the end of this amusement; next evening, the management will bring on the girls it has been collecting, training, feeding, and educating, in a revue entitled "Vive la Femme." Dancing.... **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (EL 5-4330): Don Rickles, whose major proposition is that the customer is always wrong, is jawing his friends and a possibly puzzled general public the way the boys used to do it in Jack White's *boîte* in the days when 52nd Street was 52nd Street. The songs of Billy Eckstine and the rumblings of Charlie Barnet's orchestra fall more softly on the ear. Closed Sundays.... **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): You probably wouldn't live here if they gave you the place, but you might very well stop in for Joe E. Lewis's causerie on how to be happy though living. Singing, showgirls, and dancing, too, for anyone who can find the floor.



SUPPER CLUBS

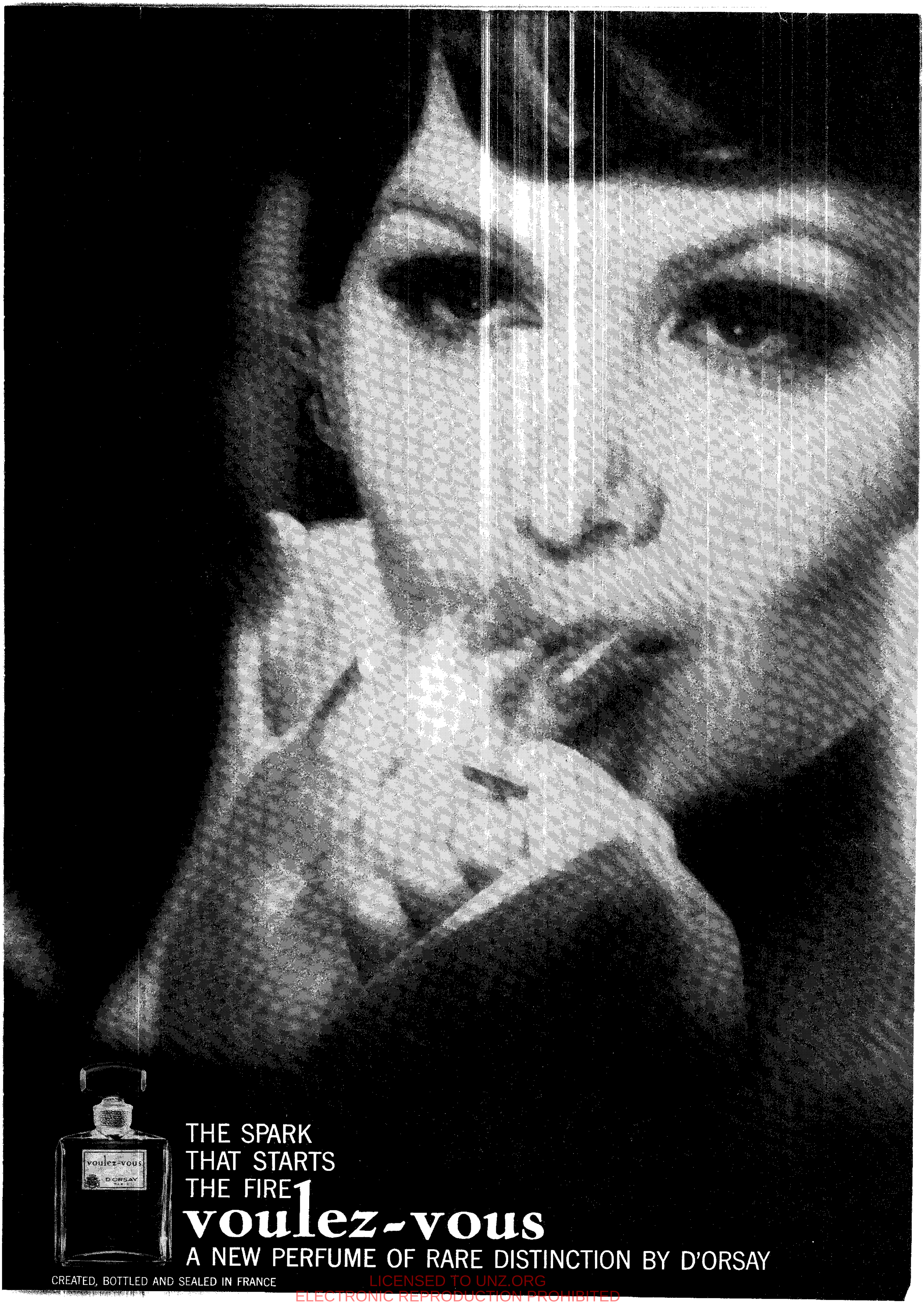
(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): A civil, or uncivil, war goes on between populace and performer whenever Jack E. Leonard (another Don Rickles, or vice versa) takes the stand to mildly harangue the front-row segment of the audience. The preliminary bouts are handled by Barbara Gilbert, a very fresh little daisy with a fine collection of sassy ballads, and a team composed of the Clancy Brothers and Tom Makem, whose domain is folk music with a dash of Irish. The stage is set by Jimmy Lyons' trio (Beverly Peer and Joe Puma are his able-bodied sidemen) and Otis Clements's piano. On Thursday, Oct. 13, Miss Gilbert and the folklorists will be succeeded by Dorothy Loudon, a snapdragon weary of the world and quite capable of doing something about it, and Janice Mars, who puts a lot of thought into what she sings and how she sings it.... ¶ In the lounge, Mondays through Fridays, Alex Fogarty does water-color piano from six to eight, and the Lyonses often contribute a few stanzas early in the morning.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): "Dressed to the Nines," Julius Monk's newest revue, is a formal affair dedicated to taking the world, and everybody on it, apart to find out why they don't tick. The report (reading time: ninety minutes) provides some of the lightest bedtime literature on record. The cast—Ceil Cabot, Gordon Connell, Bill Hinnant, Gerry Matthews, Mary Louise Wilson, and Pat Ruhl—could only with difficulty be improved upon. The launching times are nine-fifteen and midnight. Closed Sundays.... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): The merry trio composed of Rose Murphy, Slam Stewart, and a lad named Bogee (respectively, cuckoo bird with piano, stentor with bass, and boy with bongos) starts fooling all of the people at nine-thirty; Robert Colston's in-love-with-life piano commences at nine. Closed Sundays.... **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The Bon Soir mixture as before—Tony and Eddie's rough-and-ready mimicry of performers who have been injudicious enough to commit their lifework to recordings; Phyllis Diller's stream-of-subconsciousness conversations; and the rantipole music of Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames. Jimmie Daniels, the prop., chips in with his boulevardier ballads; Peter Daniels looks after the intermission piano. Closed Mondays.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): In the neighborly alcove off the bar, around ten, the flamenco voice of Domingo Alvarado and the flamenco guitar of Juan de la Mata tell a thousand and one tales of the power and the glory of Spanish love life.... ¶ In the refectory, a flamenco group from Argentina now holds the stage. Sundays, the sole activity in the whole shop is a matinée tea trot.... **KING ARTHUR ROOM,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Mabel Mercer, a destiny who has shaped not only the ends but the whole lives of many other intoners of ballads, is weaving sunlight and shadow together into a fabric that no one else can quite duplicate. Sam Hamilton, her permanent party of one, is at the piano. The place is upstairs inside the Roundtable. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The armor-piercing horn of Wild Bill Davison, who was the starting pitcher of Mr. Condon's old ball team, is again decorating the mantelpiece here. Mr. D. has a thoughtfully chosen collection of hot potatoes with him. Graham Forbes has fun on the piano whenever the band eases offstage. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Chris Connor's voice, which rewrites the nation's songs to suit its own dizzy inclinations, will be temporarily stilled at close of business on Sunday, Oct. 9, and so will Ronnie Ball's and Ronnell Bright's trios,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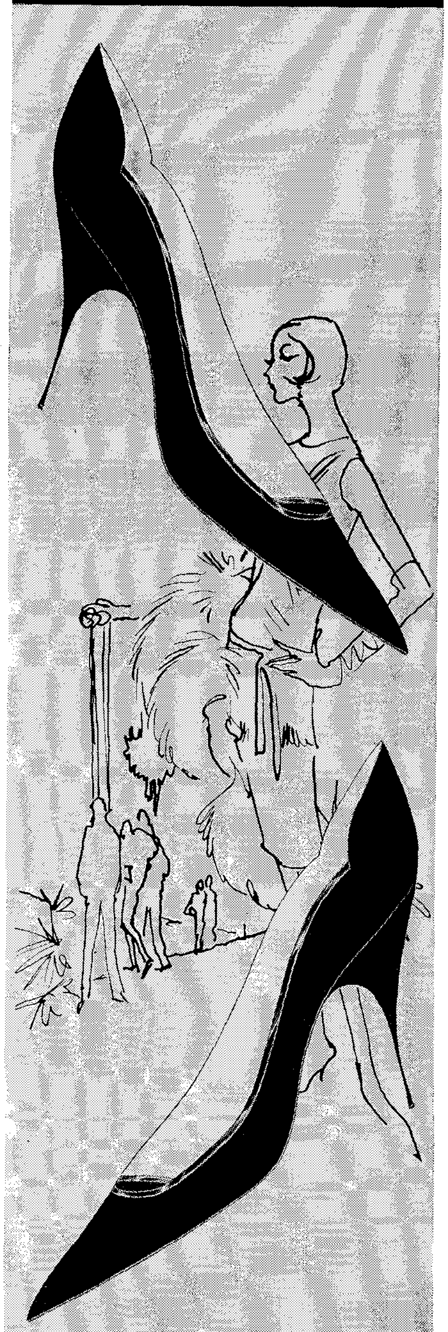

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

who are sharing this apartment with her. The new tenants, due on Tuesday, Oct. 11, will be led by Jimmy Giuffre's quartet, which is nowadays a real freewheeler, and Aretha Franklin, a new jazz voice that may have the makings. There's an afternoon session on Sundays from four-thirty to seven. Closed Mondays.... **ROUNDTABLE,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Joe Bushkin, the original inhabitant of this armory, is making one of his infrequent returns to the home grounds. He has a quartet in hand. Duke Hazlett, who seems more convinced than some of his audience that he's a reincarnation of Frank Sinatra, has a trio. Closed Sundays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Just about the only plantation left on a once flourishing thoroughfare. An old Southern cottage industry, sometimes a trifle too art-ful-and-crafty, is still being carried on here by Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, and Wilber Kirk, to say nothing of Don Frye, the intermission pianist. Mondays, Tony Parenti and Zutty Singleton join Mr. Frye in giving the varsity a little competition. Closed Sundays.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the circular bar sits a piano splendidly stroked by Marian McPartland in a semi-detached modern fashion. She and her trio, in which the resounding bass of Ben Tucker is involved, begin at ten. John Bunch, a prominent member of the new-school introspectionists, gets to the piano a bit earlier, along with Henry Grimes, his bass man. No action Mondays.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's band is in the groove that was cut across the floor many, many years ago. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons at five; closed Mondays.... **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): A crash program, operating day and night to get the work done. The matinées are run by the trios of Tony Parenti and Johnny Letman, the soirées by a staggering array of manpower—Red Allen's sextet (off Mondays), Sol Yaged's quintet (off Wednesdays and Thursdays), and Chico Hamilton's quintet, which, by the way, signs off on Saturday, Oct. 8. Cozy Cole's quintet replaces it on Monday, Oct. 10. The row begins at 3 P.M. Mondays through Fridays, and ends at 3 A.M. On Saturdays and Sundays, it begins at 1:30 P.M.... ¶ The small conservatory upstairs will be occupied on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 7-8, by the Hamiltons.... **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The roof here is high enough for Geoffrey Holder, who needs space when his beanstalk legs start moving in tempo to his songs of the Caribbees. His last shivaree occurs on Tuesday, Oct. 11. Ramsey Lewis's trio calls it quits on Saturday, Oct. 8. A folk-music festival gets under way in dead earnest on Thursday, Oct. 13, what with Leon Bibb's sturdy voice and Herbie Mann's West Indian flute-and-drum corps. Closed Sundays.... **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Dorothy Donegan vs. a baby grand, a match in which she generally takes two out of three falls. Her trio looks on in some astonishment. Roy Eldridge, whose musicianship is considerably more cerebral, will remove his quartet on Saturday, Oct. 8; on Monday, Oct. 10, the Erskine Hawkins foursome, which can be taken or left alone, succeeds the Eldridges. Sundays are ceded to visiting minstrels from every sidewalk of New York.... **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): An audience that, for a wonder, is all ears and no talk. On the dais above the throng is Herbie Mann's sextet, which ends its visit on Sunday, Oct. 9; on Tuesday, Oct. 11, John Coltrane and his quartet of blowhards will open fire. Closed Mondays.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The most compulsive underground movement on Broadway. Bill Russo's big band and Yusef Lateef's quintet of devout Moslems depart on Wednesday, Oct. 12; next evening's arrivals are Buddy Rich's six happy-go-lucky extroverts and the Jazztet, led by Benny Golson and Art Farmer. Mondays, when the regulars go to the showers, are guest nights.... **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): The dialogue conducted by Toshiko Akiyoshi's piano and Charlie Mariano's saxophone is in turn vibrant, casual, and sentimental. These two talents share a quartet; John Handy, recently a Charlie Mingus acolyte, has a brand-new foursome. The Handys are off Mondays; the others are off Tuesdays. The scenery is extremely earth-bound.... **PRELUDE,** 3219 Broadway, at 129th St. (MO 2-1833): The old homestead of Nanook of the North, now converted into a bar, grill, and music room. Eddie Heywood's trio wends its steady, even way through what's left of the night after nine. No music Mondays.... **JAZZ GALLERY,** 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (GR 7-9765): The music comes from Harry Edison's quartet, which can sound terribly matter-of-fact. A departure from routine is offered by Lord Buckley, a humorist preceded by good reports from such hamlets as Chicago. Closed Mondays.... **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A society for the preservation of American incunabula gathers here almost every weekend. On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 7-8, the faculty should include Jo Jones, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Russell Moore, Claude Hopkins, and Panama Francis.... **SHOWPLACE,** 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): Upstairs, in a sort of retired ice-cream parlor, there is music to remember as far as posterity, for which it is specifically designed. It issues from the Charlie Mingus Jazz Workshop, of which the most important constituent, aside from Mr. Mingus, is Eric Dolphy on saxophone. The team is off duty Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JEAN ARP AND SOPHIE TAEUBER-ARP—Sculptures, paintings, reliefs, and tapestries; through Nov. 30. (Chalette, 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.)

LARRY BIGELOW—Water colors; through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Parsons, 11 E. 57th St.)

CH'I PAI-SHIH—Still-lifes, paintings of animals and people, and landscapes by this Chinese artist, who died in 1957, plus Thai paintings of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; through Nov. 15. (Asia House, 112 E. 64th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

JAMES ENSOR—Oils and drawings in an exhibition marking the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the Belgian artist, who died in 1949; through Oct. 22. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

APELLES FENOSA—Sixteen small bronze figurines by this Spanish sculptor; through Oct. 22. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

PETER GRIPPE—Semi-abstract sculptures in bronze and terra cotta; through Saturday, Oct. 8. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Weekdays, 10 to 10.)

GENICHIRO INOKUMA—Abstract oils by this Japanese artist; through Oct. 29. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

TADEUSZ KANTOR—Canvases by one of Poland's foremost contemporary painters. First one-man show in America; through Oct. 29. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

ARTHUR KIMMIG—The city at night is the theme of a showing of oils; through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

LANDÈS LEWITIN—Abstract and semi-abstract paintings; through Oct. 22. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

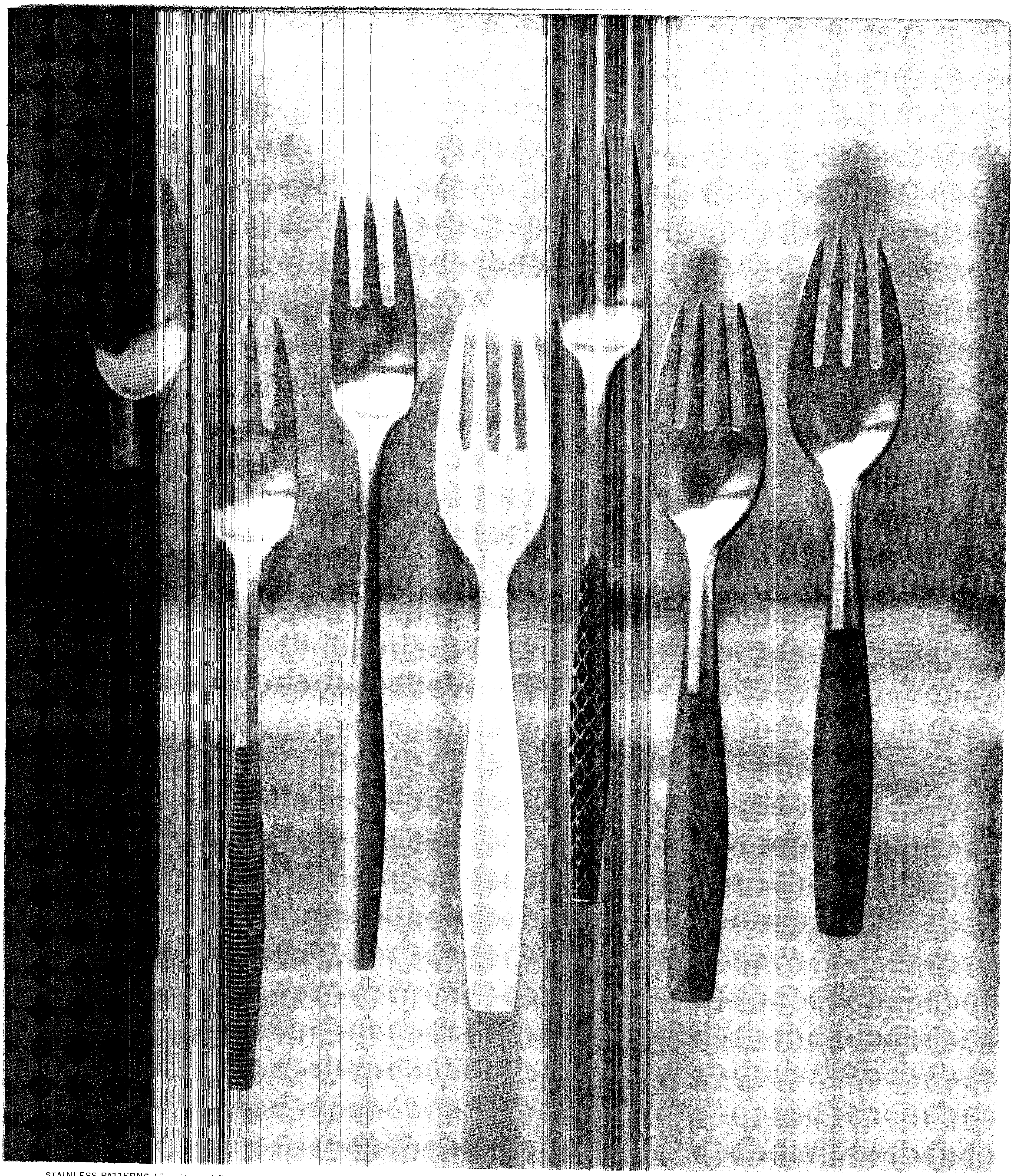
GLEN MICHAELS AND RAYMOND ROCKLIN—Panels in wood, stone, and metals by the former; sculptures in cast and welded bronze, as well as stoneware, by the latter. Through Oct. 22. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

GRANDMA MOSES—In observance of her hundredth birthday, a loan exhibition entitled "My Life's History," comprising forty-five paintings; through Thursday, Oct. 6. (IBM Gallery, 16 E. 57th St.)

TETSUO OCHIKUBO—Abstract paintings; through Oct. 22. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

NATHAN OLIVEIRA—Oils and water colors; through Oct. 22. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

SOPHY REGENSBURG—Paintings and collages;



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through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Isaacson, 22 E. 66th St.)

Shay Rieger—Stone figures and animals; through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Barone, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Max Schnitzler—A twenty-year retrospective of Abstract Expressionistic paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 15. (De Aenlle, 59 W. 53rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Frank Stella—Geometric paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Stanley Twardowicz—Abstract paintings; through Oct. 22. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Hallmark Art Award—Fifty-seven paintings (from twenty countries) that have been purchased by the well-known greeting-card firm in its fifth international competition; through Oct. 26. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Sculptures—At the **GERSON**, 41 E. 57th St.: Pieces by Arp, Rodin, David Smith, and others, along with a group of ceramics and sculptures by Fernand Léger; through Saturday, Oct. 8. . . . **STABLE**, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.: An exhibition by guests and members, including Louise Nevelson, Sidney Gordin, and Costantino Nivola; through Saturday, Oct. 15.

African Art—Wood and ivory carvings, mostly magical and religious statues and masks, from West Africa; through Oct. 29. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays, 2 to 5:30.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **MI CHOU**, 801 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Paintings by three young Americans—Sung Woo Chun, Dale Joe, and Noriko Yamamoto; through Oct. 22. (Closed Mondays.). . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Childe Hassam, Ogden M. Pleissner, Leon Kroll, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century painters; through Friday, Oct. 7. . . . **NATIONAL ARTS CLUB**, 15 Gramercy Park S.: The Annual Watercolor Exhibition; through Friday, Oct. 14. (Daily, noon to 6.). . . **NEW GALLERY**, 50 E. 78th St.: Drawings by such modern masters as Picasso, Degas, and Jackson Pollock; through Oct. 29. (Closed Mondays.). . . **WORLD HOUSE**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Georgia O'Keeffe, Claire Falkenstein, and five other women painters and sculptors; through Oct. 22.

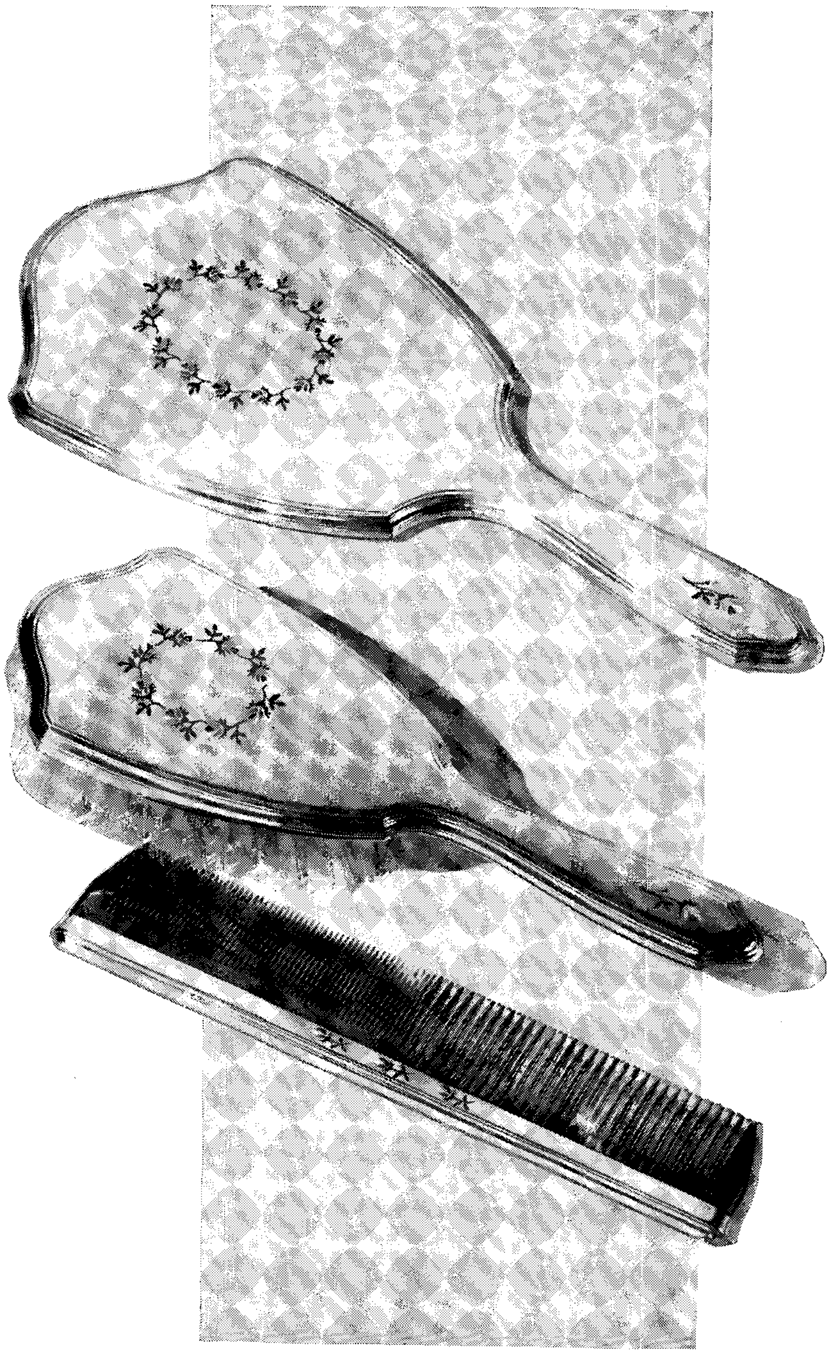
Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **EMMERICH**, 17 E. 64th St.: Paintings by (for instance) Helen Frankenthaler, Esteban Vicente, and Ben Nicholson; through Oct. 29. . . . **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: A second version of the June exhibition called "New Media-New Forms," consisting of works in new combinations of painting and sculpture by, among others, Dubuffet, Arp, and Claes Oldenberg; through Oct. 22. . . . **MAYER**, 762 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Collages by Lee Krasner, Man Ray, Nicolas de Staël, and others; through Saturday, Oct. 8. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Miró, Modigliani, Calder, and other modern painters and sculptors; through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **HELLER**, 63 E. 57th St.: Contemporary painters, including Massimo Campigli, Filippo de Pisis, and Arturo Tosi; through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Closed Mondays.). . . **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by such artists as Giacometti, Kandinsky, and Severini; through Nov. 5.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"American Buildings," an exhibition of prints, drawings, and photographs embracing Colonial, Federal, Greek Revival, Victorian, Gothic, and skyscraper modern architecture. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Wednesday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Visionary Architecture," a display of models and enlarged photographs showing twentieth-century buildings and city-planning projects that were never executed. Le Corbusier and Frank Lloyd Wright are among the designers. Through Nov. 27. . . . ¶A hundred modern European and American drawings, dating back to Seurat and van



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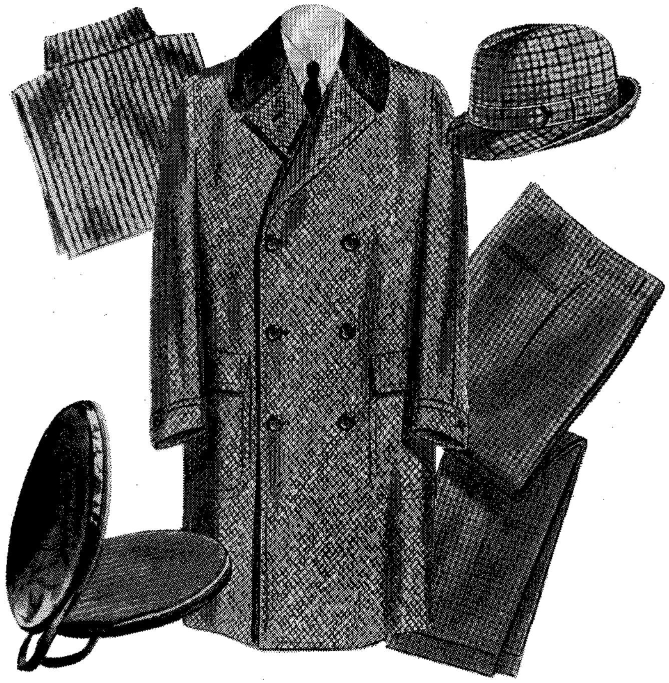

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Gogh, from the Museum's collection; starting Wednesday, Oct. 12. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Prints by European artists, including Picasso, Ernst Ludwig Kirchner, and Georges Braque; through Oct. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Wednesday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings and drawings by Isidro Nonell, together with works by eighteen younger Spanish painters; through Oct. 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 33 E. 36th St.—An exhibition of autograph letters of the Presidents of the United States, from Washington to Eisenhower; through Nov. 12. (Weekdays, except Wednesday, Oct. 12, from 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—Pottery by Dean Maxfield Mullavey, ceramic reliefs by Harris and Ros Barron, and award-winning silver designs from seventeen countries; through Dec. 4. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Melanesian paintings and sculptures, from New Guinea and the New Hebrides; through Nov. 13. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—"Young America—1960," consisting of paintings by thirty artists below the age of thirty-six, among them Sonia Gechtoff, Wolf Kahn, and Marcia Marcus; through Oct. 30. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460 and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY—Thursday, Oct. 6, at 8: "The Pirates of Penzance." . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 7, at 8:15: "Così Fan Tutte" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 8, at 2:30: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 9, at 2:30: "La Traviata." . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 9, at 8:15: "Orfeo" and "The Prisoner" (in English). . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 12, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier." . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 13, at 8:15: "Oedipus Rex" and "Carmina Burana." . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 14, at 8:15: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 15, at 2:30: "The Pirates of Penzance." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8:15: "Carmen." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 6.)

BROOKLYN OPERA COMPANY—"Rigoletto," with Igor Gorin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8:30.)

ORCHESTRAS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, Oct. 6, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 7, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 9, at 3 (all with Zita Carno, piano); and Thursday, Oct. 13, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 14, at 2:15; and Sunday, Oct. 16, at 3 (all with Aaron Rosand, violin).

AMERICAN SYMPHONY OF NEW YORK—Enrico Leide conducting, with Margie Joiner, soprano. (Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Sunday, Oct. 9, at 2. No tickets necessary.)

NEW SCHOOL CONCERTS—Alexander Schneider conducting his chamber orchestra, with Benita Valente, soprano; Robert Nagel, trumpet; and others. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, Oct. 9, at 3 and 9.)

I SOLISTI DI ZAGREB—A Yugoslav chamber orchestra, with the cellist Antonio Janigro as both conductor and soloist. (Town Hall. Sunday, Oct. 9, at 8:40.)

LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY—Thomas Scherman conducting, with Ivan Davis, piano; Gloria Davy, soprano; Jon Crain, tenor; and other vocal soloists. (Town Hall. Monday, Oct. 10, at 8.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Eugene Ormandy conducting the opening performance of the

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

season here, with the Lukas Foss Ensemble. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 11, at 8:30.)

Leventritt Award Contest—The finalists in the international competition for pianists will be soloists with the Symphony of the Air, conducted by Milton Katims. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 12, at 8.)

Festival Players—Thomas Dunn conducting a chamber orchestra in an all-Bach program, with Charles Bressler, tenor; Isidore Cohen, violin; Samuel Baron, flute; and Albert Fuller, harpsichord. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Mieczyslaw Horszowski and Alexander Schneider—In a program of sonatas for piano and violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Lois Marshall—Soprano. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 11, at 8:30.)

Joel Rosen—Piano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 12, at 8:30.)

Michel Block—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Oct. 13, at 8:30.)

New Danish Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Guiomar Novaes—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8:30.)

Julian Bream—Lute and guitar. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

Operas-in-Brief—"Il Trovatore," the first in this season's series of abbreviated operas presented by the Amato Opera Company. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 11, at 5:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Baseball—World Series—Yankees vs. Pittsburgh. The second game, Thursday, Oct. 6, in Pittsburgh; the third, fourth, and, if necessary, fifth games at Yankee Stadium, Saturday through Monday, Oct. 8-10. After that, if the tug of war is still on, back to Pittsburgh for final games on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 12-13. Local games will start at 1 on Saturday and Monday and at 2 on Sunday. The New York Telephone Company will furnish running scores along with its time reports; call ME 7-1212.

Professional Basketball—Knicks vs. College All-Stars. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Oct. 14, at 9.)

Boxing—Denny Moyer vs. Jorge Fernandez, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Oct. 15. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 8: Army vs. Penn State, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Dartmouth, at Providence, at 2. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Harvard, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Princeton, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Colgate, at New Brunswick, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Columbia, at New Haven, at 2. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 15: Columbia vs. Harvard, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Holy Cross, at Hanover, at 2. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Air Force, at Baltimore, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Brown, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Cornell, at New Haven, at 2.

Dog Show—Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 8.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Canadiens. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday, Oct. 11, at 7:30.)

Hunt Racing—Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 8.) . . . ¶ Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 15.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Jericho: The final match of the Monty

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Waterbury Memorial Tournament, Oct. 9. . . . **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase.

RACING—At **BELMONT**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 22. The Manhattan Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 8; the Grand National Steeplechase, Tuesday, Oct. 11; the Ladies Handicap, Wednesday, Oct. 12; and the Champagne, Saturday, Oct. 15. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 1:30, from Saturday, Oct. 8, through Saturday, Nov. 12. (A train will leave Penn Station at 9:30 and connect with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Thompson Raceway, Thompson, Conn.: Sunday, Oct. 9, at 2.

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weekdays at 8:25; through Wednesday, Nov. 30. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 15.

FOR CHILDREN

STAGE SHOWS—By the **CHILDREN'S THEATRE**: "Beauty and the Beast." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Saturdays at 12:30, 2, and 3, and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS**: "Peter and the Wolf." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Oct. 8, at 3.) . . . **PEGGY BRIDGE MARIONETTES**: "The Three Pigs," plus a magician. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. Saturdays and Wednesday, Oct. 12, at 3. For tickets, call AC 2-3831.) . . . **MERRIMIMES**: "The Emperor's New Clothes." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 1, 2:30, and 4.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Time, once again, for the little ones (aged four to eight) to try their hand at painting and making collages and mobiles, examine the works of art in a small supervised workshop, and play with specially designed toys in a miniature gallery. Hour-long sessions are held in the Buckminster Fuller dome in the museum garden weekdays at 10, 11:15, 2, 3:15, and 4:30, and Sundays at 2, 3:15, and 4:30. For reservations, which must be made in advance by telephone, call CI 5-8900, Education Department. Through Sunday, Oct. 30.

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Wednesday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "20,000 Leagues Above the Seas," studies the area presently being invaded by rockets and satellites. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Wednesday, Oct. 12, at 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30.)

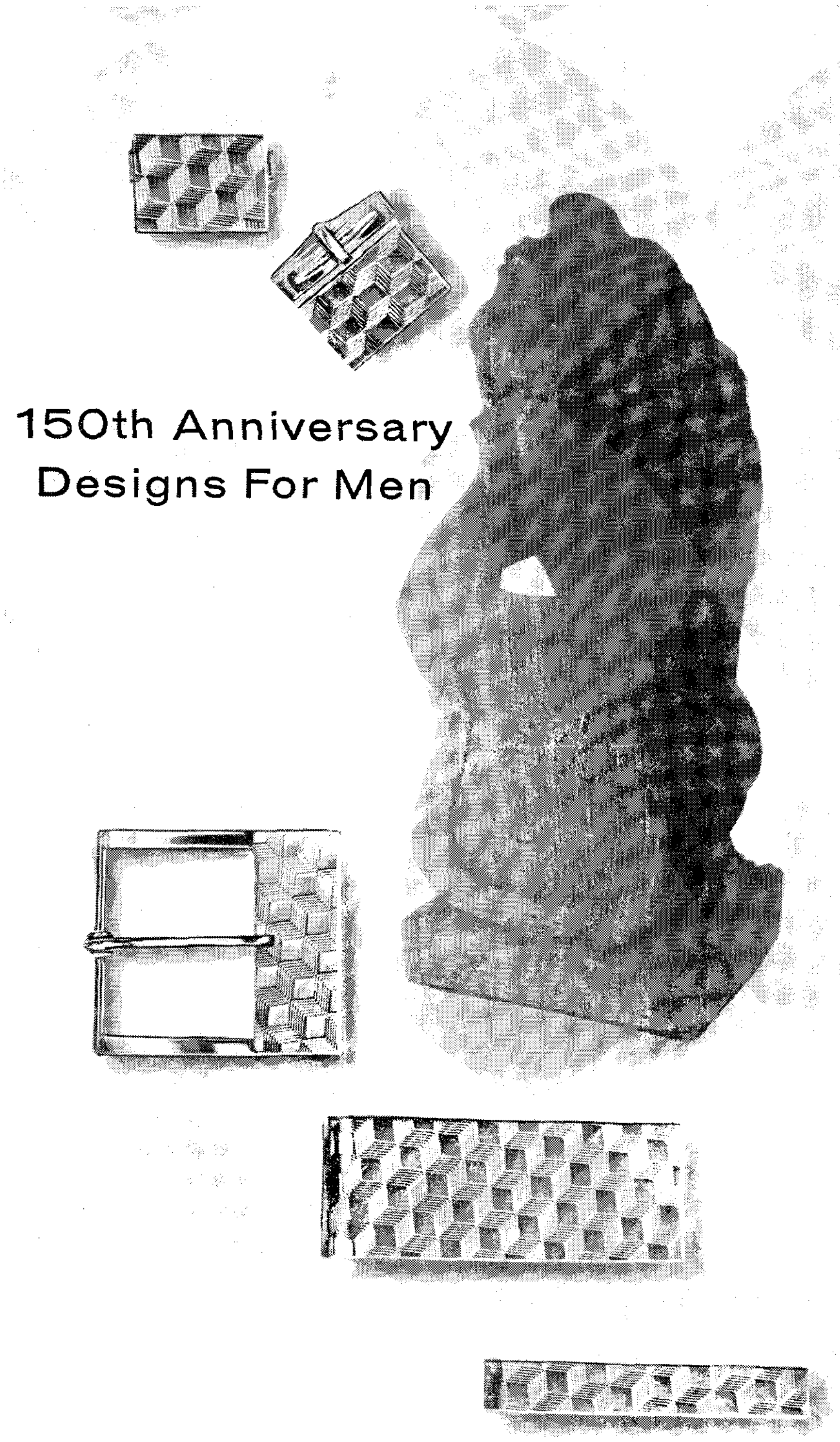
OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—While the heads of government are attending the General Assembly, visitors will not be allowed in the United Nations Headquarters. However, special programs on General Assembly meetings are being carried by all radio and television networks; the daily papers will be your best source of news on scheduling.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Oct. 7-8, at 1:45: Part III of the sale of Venetian and other Italian furniture and decorations from Dinolevi, Ltd. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 13, at 1:45: Chinese semiprecious-mineral carvings, ivories, lamps, and other decorative objects, belonging to Mrs. Alfred Wynshenk and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 8.

ELECTION REGISTRATION—The registration dates for the Nov. 8 elections will be Monday through Friday, Oct. 10-14, from 5:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M., and Saturday, Oct. 15, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.

NOTE—Columbus Day is Wednesday, Oct. 12, and there will be a parade up Fifth Avenue, from 44th Street to 84th Street, starting at 11:45.



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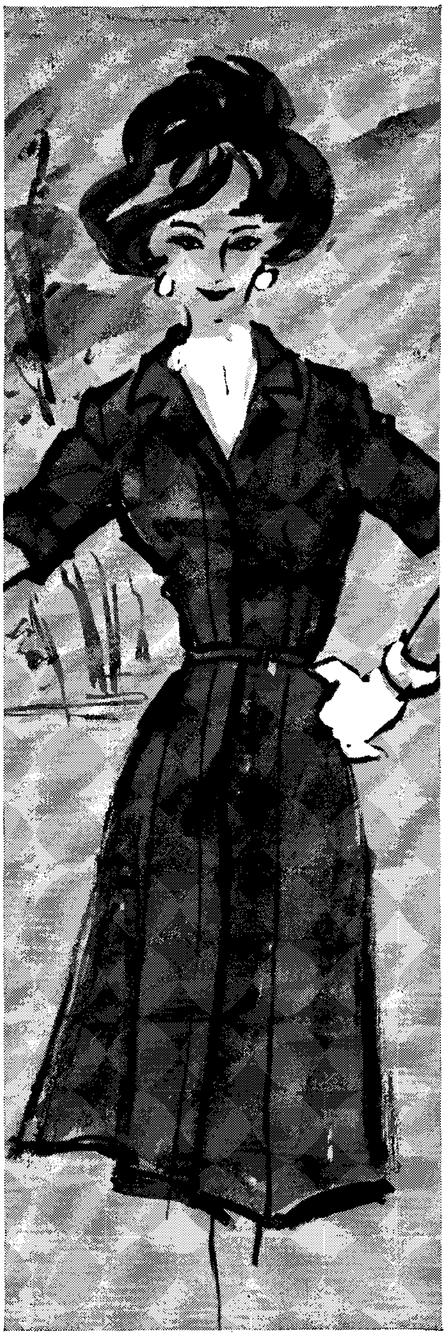

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Ben-Hur—This version of the old war horse offers Charlton Heston as the spiritual and muscular Mediterranean athlete. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour—An imaginative, lyrical, and absorbing French film that tells of a tortured love affair between a French actress and a Japanese architect in the city that was devastated by the first atomic bomb. The direction, by Alain Resnais, is fascinating, and, in the principal roles, Emmanuelle Riva and Eiji Okada are most persuasive. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

I'm All Right, Jack—Peter Sellers doing a highly droll interpretation of a shop steward in an English plant where the workers—featherbedders one and all—have got the upper hand. The capitalists in this arrangement, among them Margaret Rutherford, Ian Carmichael, Terry-Thomas, and Richard Attenborough, are also a little short on ethics. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

It Happened in Broad Daylight—A murderer of little girls is at large in the peaceful Swiss countryside, and a resourceful police inspector dedicates his life to tracking him down. Heinz Ruhmann is splendid as the inspector, and Gert Frobe, as the killer, will make your flesh creep. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Masters of the Congo Jungle—An extremely satisfactory study of native and wild life in Africa, which was put together under the aegis of the Belgian International Scientific Foundation. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Oct. 10.)

School for Scoundrels—A lively acting out of Stephen Potter's well-known principles of gamesmanship and lifemanship. Professor Potter is played by Alastair Sim, and his apt pupil is Ian Carmichael, who, once he gets the hang of one-upmanship, makes glorious hash of a formidable rival, the terrible-tempered Terry-Thomas. One of the brightest of the English imports. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Oct. 12, tentative.)

Sons and Lovers—The best things about this English-American version of D. H. Lawrence's 1913 novel are the author's excellent dialogue, which has been left pretty much as written, and the performances of Trevor Howard, as an alcoholic Nottingham coal miner, and Wendy Hiller, as his long-faced wife. Dean Stockwell plays their son—a lad who suffers from an Oedipus complex—in a dour, nervous, high-school fashion. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Oct. 9.)

REVIVALS

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart in the hire of a gang of lunatic crooks out to get control of a uranium field. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Oct. 9-11.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Oct. 12, tentative.)

Fanfan the Tulip (1953)—A French burlesque of love, war, and costume dramas, with Gérard Philipe and Gina Lollobrigida. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 7.)

The Green Man (1957)—Alastair Sim, as a whimsical chap who is crazy about blowing people up. An English picture. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 8.)

Harvest (1939)—A French pastoral piece, with Fernandel. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Oct. 12, tentative.)

Ikiru (1960)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman doomed by cancer. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Oct. 11, tentative.)

The Pickwick Papers (1954)—A long English chronicle of the adventures of Dickens' clubmen, with Nigel Patrick. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 12.)

The Sheep Has Five Legs (1955)—Fernandel as a Gallic father and as all five of the forty-year-old male quintuplets he has sired. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 7.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—A Hitchcock picture concerned with everything from tennis to schizophrenia. With Farley Granger. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Oct. 9-11.)

Wee Geordie (1956)—A British picture about an undersized Scottish lad who takes a correspondence course in physical culture. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 8.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Oct. 8: "Girls in Business" (1936), "The Sharecroppers" (1936), and others.... ¶ Starting Oct. 9: "The Ramparts We Watch" (1940), a full-length March of Time film. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Oct. 11: "The Apartment," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.
From Oct. 12: "Inherit the Wind," Fredric March, Spencer Tracy.

Capitol, B'way at 51st (JU 2-5060)
Through Oct. 11: "Ocean's 11," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin.
From Oct. 12: "Hell to Eternity," Jeffrey Hunter.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"All the Fine Young Cannibals," Natalie Wood, Robert Wagner.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
From Oct. 6, at 8: "Spartacus," Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier. (Opening night will be a benefit for the Academy of Dramatic Arts. For information about tickets, call CI 7-2630. Thereafter weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"All the Young Men," Alan Ladd, Sidney Poitier.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through Oct. 12: "The Dark at the Top of the Stairs," Robert Preston, Dorothy McGuire.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Sunrise at Campobello," Ralph Bellamy, Greer Garson. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
Through Oct. 10: "Let's Make Love," Marilyn Monroe, Yves Montand.
From Oct. 11: "Desire in the Dust," Raymond Burr, Martha Hyer.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Can-Can," Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine, Maurice Chevalier. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
BEN-HUR.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"It Started in Naples," Clark Gable, Sophia Loren.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"High Time," Bing Crosby, Fabian.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Oct. 12 (tentative): **SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS.**

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Oct. 6: "Strangers When We Meet," Kirk Douglas, Kim Novak; and "Babette Goes to War," Brigitte Bardot, Jacques Charrier.
Oct. 7-11: "13 Ghosts," Rosemary DeCamp, Donald Woods; and "12 to the Moon," Ken Clark.
From Oct. 12: "Portrait in Black," Lana Turner, Anthony Quinn; and "S.O.S. Pacific," Eddie Constantine.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 11 (tentative): "From the Terrace," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward.
From Oct. 12 (tentative): "Strangers When We Meet," Kirk Douglas, Kim Novak.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"It Started in Naples," Clark Gable, Sophia Loren.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Let's Make Love," Marilyn Monroe, Yves Montand.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Entertainer," Laurence Olivier, Brenda DeBanzie.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Oct. 6: "Strangers When We Meet," Kirk Douglas, Kim Novak; and "Babette Goes to War," Brigitte Bardot, Jacques Charrier.
Oct. 7-11: "13 Ghosts," Rosemary DeCamp, Donald Woods; and "12 to the Moon," Ken Clark.
From Oct. 12: "Portrait in Black," Lana Turner, Anthony Quinn; and "S.O.S. Pacific," Eddie Constantine.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR (in French).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Apartment," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
IT HAPPENED IN BROAD DAYLIGHT. (No one will be admitted after the film starts, so a preliminary call is advisable.)

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Oct. 9: **SONS AND LOVERS.**
From Oct. 10: "The Flute and the Arrow," a Swedish documentary on India, with an English narration.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Captain's Table," John Gregson, Peggy Cummins.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Oct. 11: "Fast and Sexy," Gina Lollobrigida; and "The Nights of Lucretia Borgia," Belinda Lee.
From Oct. 12: "Song Without End," Dirk Bogarde, Capucine; and "The Young Land," Pat Wayne, Dan O'Herlihy.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 12 (tentative): "From the Terrace," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Oct. 11: Theatre closed.
From Oct. 12: "Inherit the Wind," Fredric March, Spencer Tracy.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Oct. 6: "Strangers When We Meet," Kirk Douglas, Kim Novak; and "Babette Goes to War," Brigitte Bardot, Jacques Charrier.
Oct. 7-11: "13 Ghosts," Rosemary DeCamp, Donald Woods; and "12 to the Moon," Ken Clark.
From Oct. 12: "Portrait in Black," Lana Turner, Anthony Quinn; and "S.O.S. Pacific," Eddie Constantine.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Oct. 10: "Fast and Sexy," Gina Lollobrigida; and "The Nights of Lucretia Borgia," Belinda Lee.
Oct. 11: "The Electronic Monster," Rod Cameron; and "Kill Her Gently," Griffith Jones.
From Oct. 12: "Song Without End," Dirk Bogarde, Capucine; and "The Young Land," Pat Wayne, Dan O'Herlihy.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210; evening performances only, except on weekends.)
Oct. 6: "Adventures of Robinson Crusoe," revival, Dan O'Herlihy.
From Oct. 8: "Childhood of Maxim Gorky" and "Jubilee" (both in Russian and both revivals).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Oct. 10: **MASTERS OF THE CONGO JUNGLE;** and "From the Terrace," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward.
From Oct. 11: "Crack in the Mirror," Orson Welles, Juliette Greco; and "Wild River," Montgomery Clift, Lee Remick.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Oct. 11 (tentative): **IKIRU** (in Japanese), revival.
From Oct. 12 (tentative): **CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS** and **HARVEST** (both in French and both revivals).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Oct. 12 (tentative): "The World of Apu" (in Bengali).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Oct. 10: "Fast and Sexy," Gina Lollobrigida; and "The Nights of Lucretia Borgia," Belinda Lee.
Oct. 11: "The Electronic Monster," Rod Cameron; and "Kill Her Gently," Griffith Jones.
From Oct. 12: "Song Without End," Dirk Bogarde, Capucine; and "The Young Land," Pat Wayne, Dan O'Herlihy.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Oct. 8: "A Lesson in Love" (in Swedish), Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand; and "Operation Amsterdam," Peter Finch, Eva Bartok.
Oct. 9-11: **BEAT THE DEVIL,** revival; and **STRANGERS ON A TRAIN,** revival.
From Oct. 12: "The Golden Coach," revival, Anna Magnani; and "Maddalena" (in Italian), revival, Marta Toren, Gino Cervi.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Oct. 9: "Man in a Cocked Hat," Peter Sellers, Terry-Thomas.
From Oct. 10: "Heaven on Earth," Barbara Florian.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Royal Ballet," Margot Fonteyn, Michael Somes.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Carry on Nurse," Wilfrid Hyde White, Shirley Eaton.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
Through Oct. 10 (tentative): "The Ostrich Has Two Eggs" (in French), Pierre Fresnay.
From Oct. 11 (tentative): "Picnic on the Grass" (in French), Paul Meurisse.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Oct. 11: "Fast and Sexy," Gina Lollobrigida, Dale Robertson; and "The Nights of Lucretia Borgia," Belinda Lee.
From Oct 12: To be announced.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Oct. 12: "Weddings and Babies," Viveca Lindfors, John Myhers.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 12: "The Mouse That Roared," Peter Sellers, Jean Seberg.

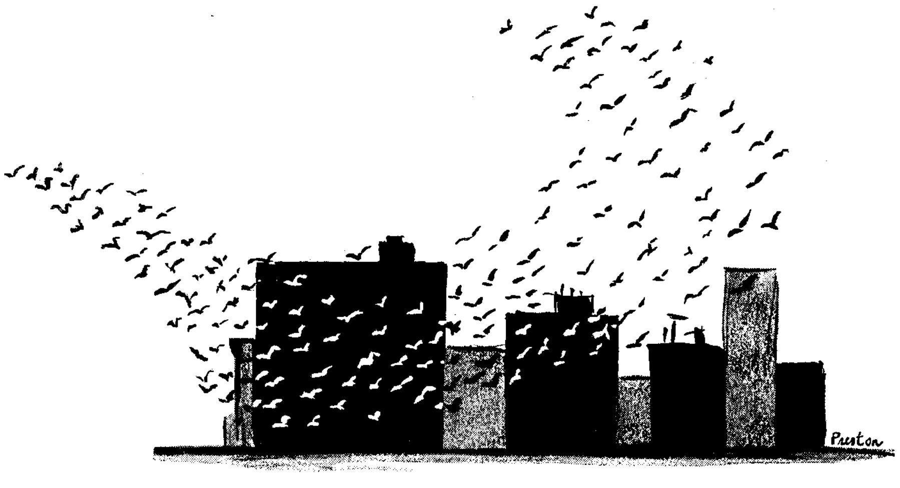
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Oct. 6: "The Lonely Night," revival, a documentary film on psychotherapy; and "Psychiatry in Action," revival, a documentary film.
Oct. 7: **THE SHEEP HAS FIVE LEGS** and **FANFAN THE TULIP** (both in French and both revivals).
Oct. 8: **WEE GEORDIE,** revival; and **THE GREEN MAN,** revival.
Oct. 9: "The Bolshoi Ballet," revival, Galina Ulanova; and "The Grand Concert" (in Russian), revival, a film made up of selections from various Russian operas and ballets.
Oct. 10: "The Last Bridge," revival, an Austro-Yugoslav picture, with Maria Schell; and "Escape from Yesterday" (in French), revival, Jean Gabin, Annabella.
Oct. 11: "Love Is My Profession" (in French), revival, Jean Gabin, Brigitte Bardot; and "The Law Is the Law" (in French), revival, Fernandel, Totò.
Oct. 12: **THE PICKWICK PAPERS,** revival; and "Noah's Ark" (in French), revival, Pierre Brasseur.

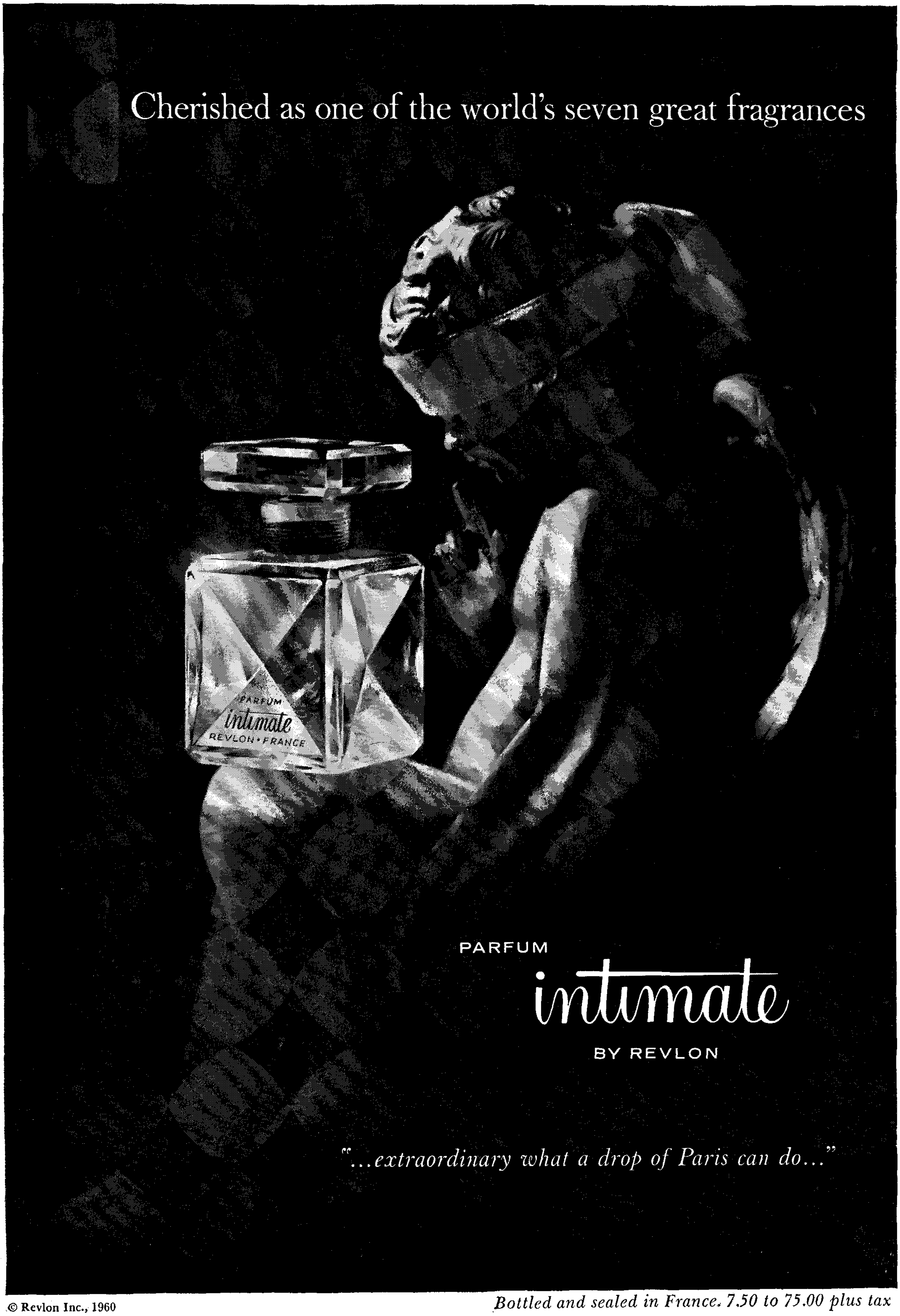
Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Oct. 6: "From the Terrace," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward; and "Squad Car," Vici Raaf.
Oct. 7-11: "13 Ghosts," Rosemary DeCamp, Donald Woods; and "12 to the Moon," Ken Clark.
From Oct. 12: "Portrait in Black," Lana Turner, Anthony Quinn; and "S.O.S. Pacific," Eddie Constantine.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Oct. 11 (tentative): "The Affairs of Julie" (in German), revival, Lilo Pulver; and "Taiga" (in German), revival, Ruth Leuweirk.
From Oct. 12 (tentative): "From the Terrace," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Oct. 10: "Fast and Sexy," Gina Lollobrigida; and "The Nights of Lucretia Borgia," Belinda Lee.
Oct. 11: "The Electronic Monster," Rod Cameron; and "Kill Her Gently," Griffith Jones.
From Oct. 12: To be announced.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Oct. 6: "Strangers When We Meet," Kirk Douglas, Kim Novak; and "Babette Goes to War," Brigitte Bardot, Jacques Charrier.
Oct. 7-11: "13 Ghosts," Rosemary DeCamp, Donald Woods; and "12 to the Moon," Ken Clark.
From Oct. 12: "Portrait in Black," Lana Turner, Anthony Quinn; and "S.O.S. Pacific," Eddie Constantine.





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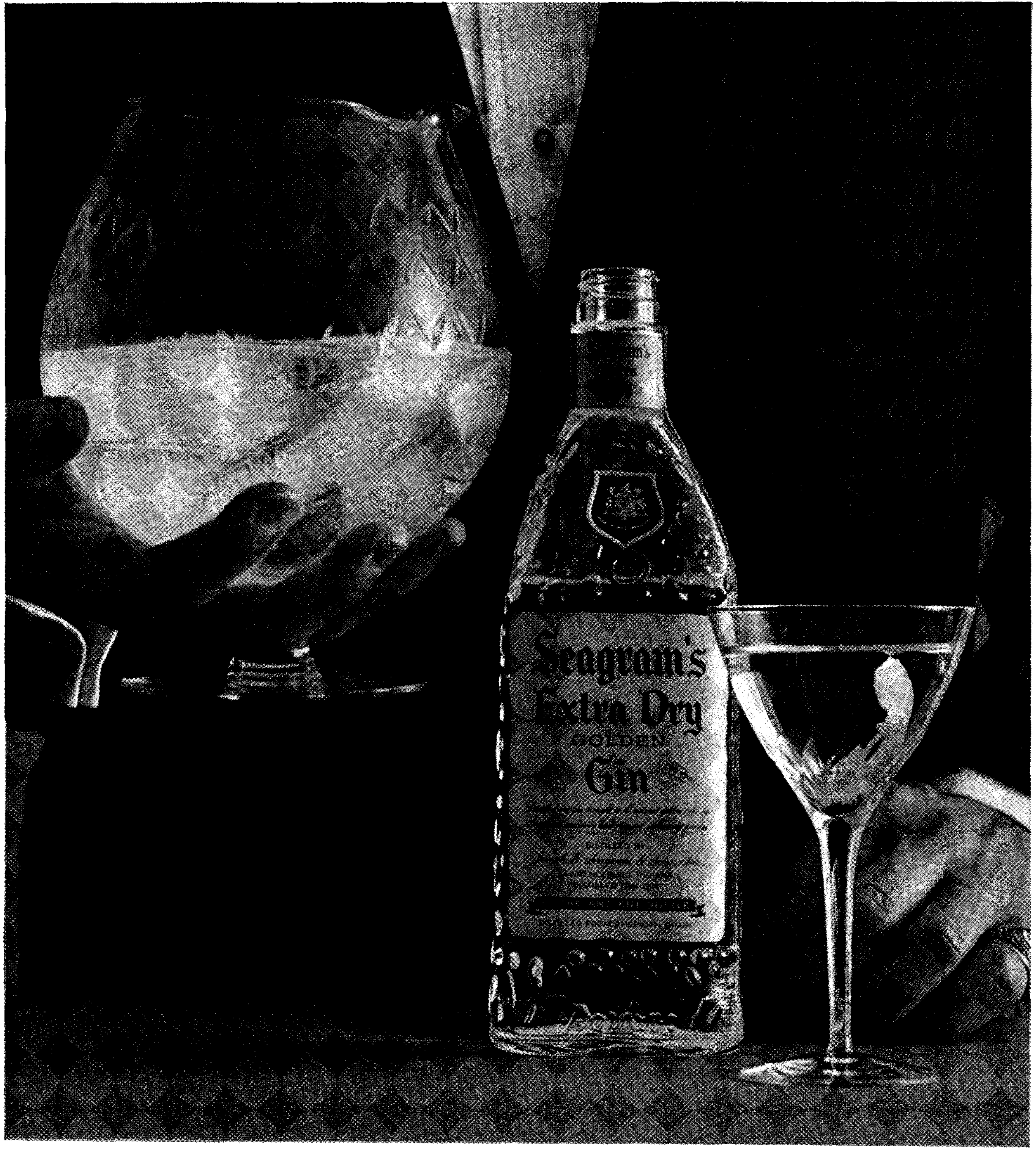

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"Glorious time of great too-much, / Right thy most unthrifty glee, / And pious thy mince-piety." —Leigh Hunt

Christmas in Britain: a word about weather and wassail

FIRST, let us be quite honest about our Christmas weather. We can't always promise a crisp sky like the one in our photograph. Sometimes it's foggy. Sometimes it rains. Sometimes it snows like the dickens (see Dickens).

But the warmth is always there. In hearts. In hearths. In wassail. And in the welcome you get.

Spend the night at one of Britain's country inns—and you'll see what we mean.

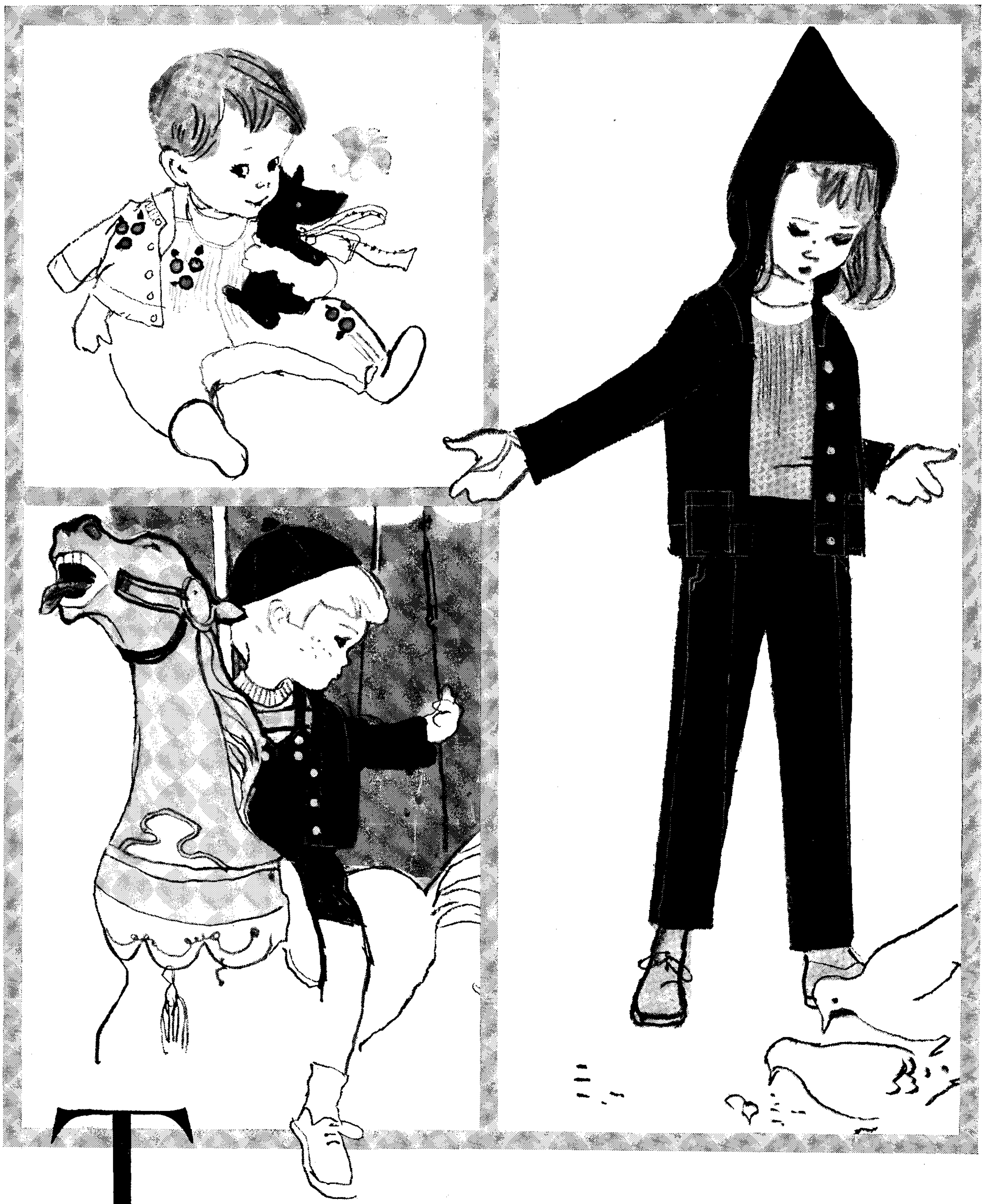
Some greet you with the Christmas crackle of a log fire. Others celebrate with goose and hot spiced ale. Tales are swapped. Toasts are raised. And when somebody dips the mulling poker into your cup, it makes a friendly fizz.

Britain's merrymaking gets under way early in December, and sails right through Twelfth Night. You'll find fire festivals and mummer's plays and madcap musical pantomimes popping up like holly all along the way.

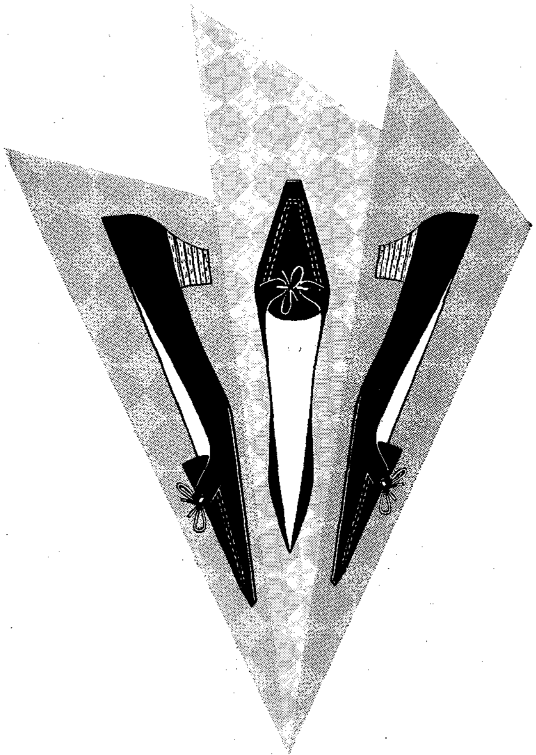
Talk to the locals as you tour. They can tell you who serves the best plum pudding in Inwardleigh. Where the softest beds in Idle are. And what goes on in Adel cum Eccup on New Year's Eve. Your guess is as good as ours.

For free illustrated literature, see your travel agent or write Box 132, British Travel Association.

In New York—680 Fifth Ave.; In Los Angeles—606 South Hill St.; In Chicago—39 South La Salle St.; In Canada—90 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.



The best dressed children wear knits by Florence Eiseman and don't they look like their daddy owns a castle in the south of France. Superb, impeccable, wear-for-ages knits that simply don't depreciate in value. Finest cotton that washes like a gold fish, dries like a duck. See our collection (they're all separates) in red, white and navy for 2 to 4, 3 to 6X, 7 to 14 boys and girls or in pale pretties for precious infants. At Bergdorf Goodman, I. Magnin and Neiman-Marcus. **FLORENCE EISEMAN**



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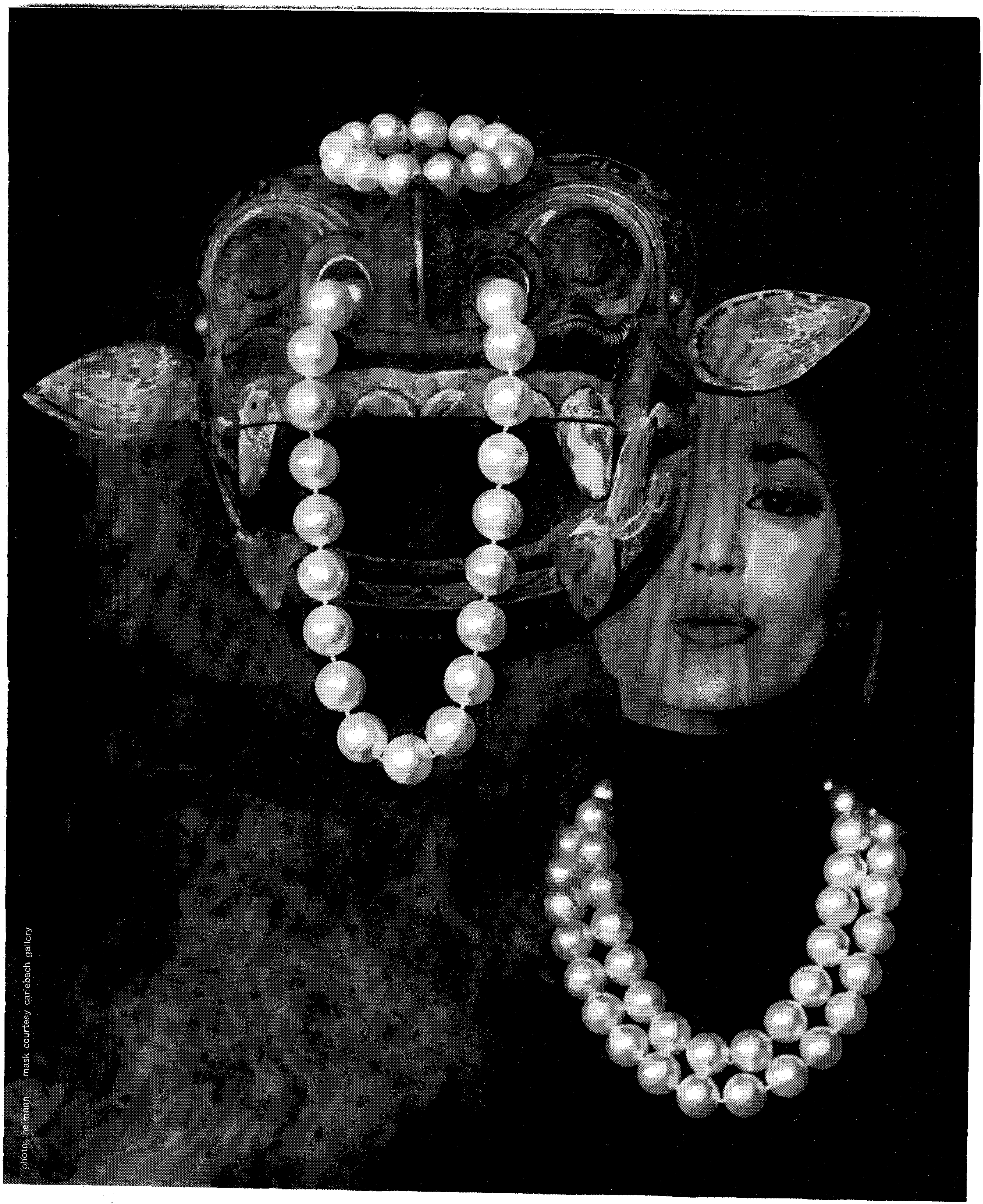

photo: heimann mask courtesy carlebach gallery

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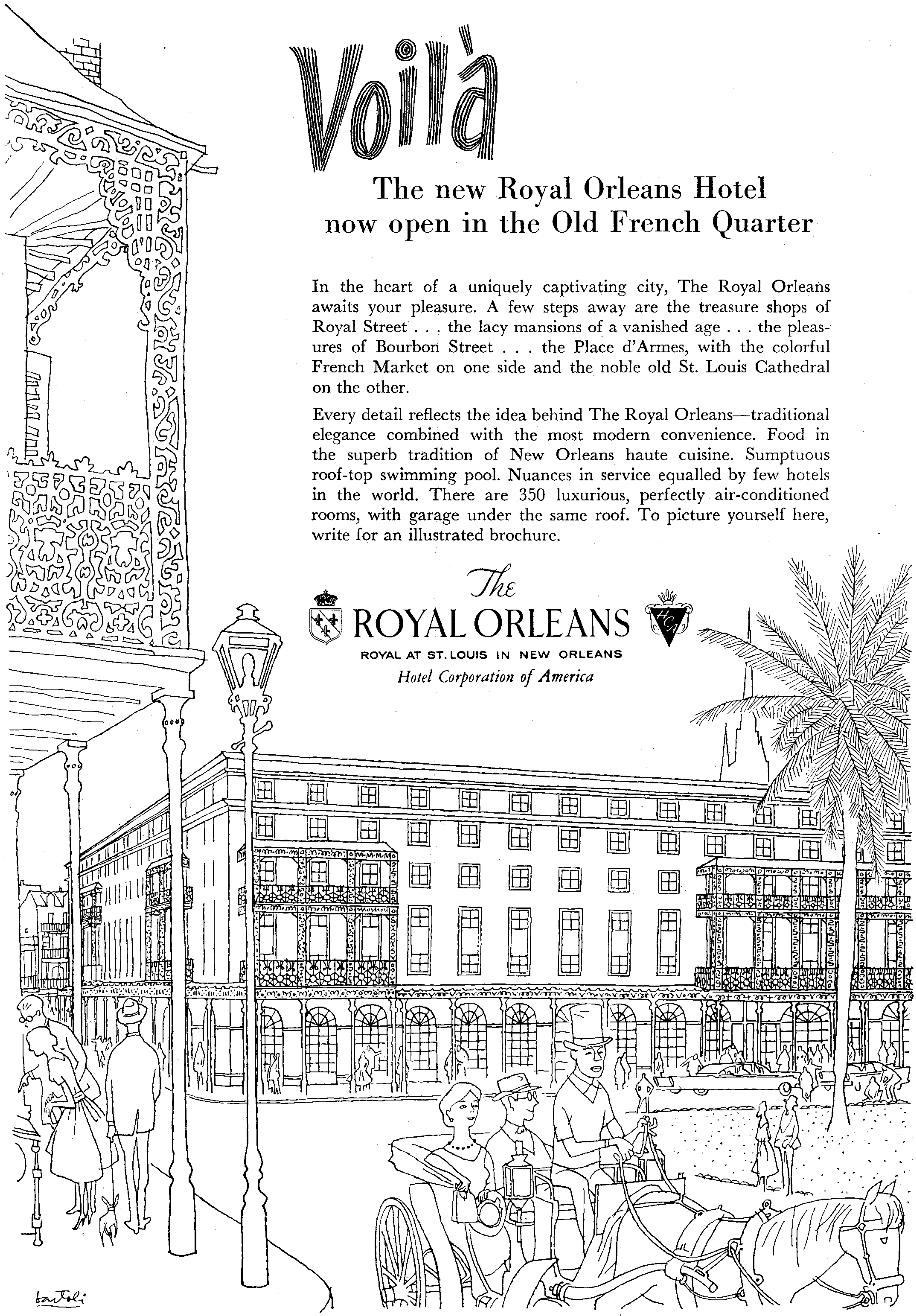

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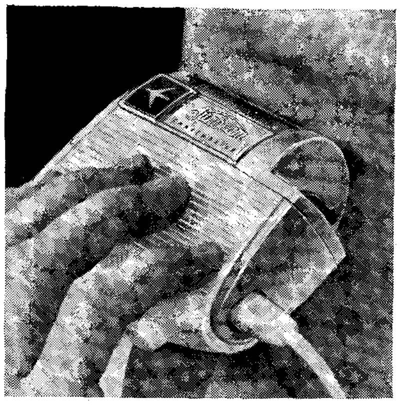

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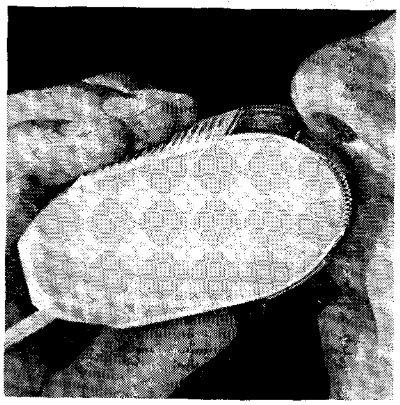

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3. New trimmer feature straightens sideburns, trims mustache.

4. Only blades can give you an electric shave so close, so fast, so comfortable.

Nothing shaves like a blade –

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Up to now you've had to make a choice. If you wanted the comfort and convenience of an electric, you've had to settle for less than a really close shave.

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This new Sunbeam Shavemaster introduces a basic new design that delivers a comfortable and really close shave. So close, it has to be compared with the results you get from a straight razor or the sharpest safety blade.

The reason is the new Sunbeam shaves you with real blades. It uses no clippers, no rotaries. Three real blades, locked in place inside its rounded head, shave the bristles of your beard—however they may grow—cleanly, smoothly and unbelievably fast.

No electric could ever shave you so close, so comfortably before.

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The new Shavemaster has changed electric shaving. And this is more than *our* opinion. It is the conviction of every man who uses it.

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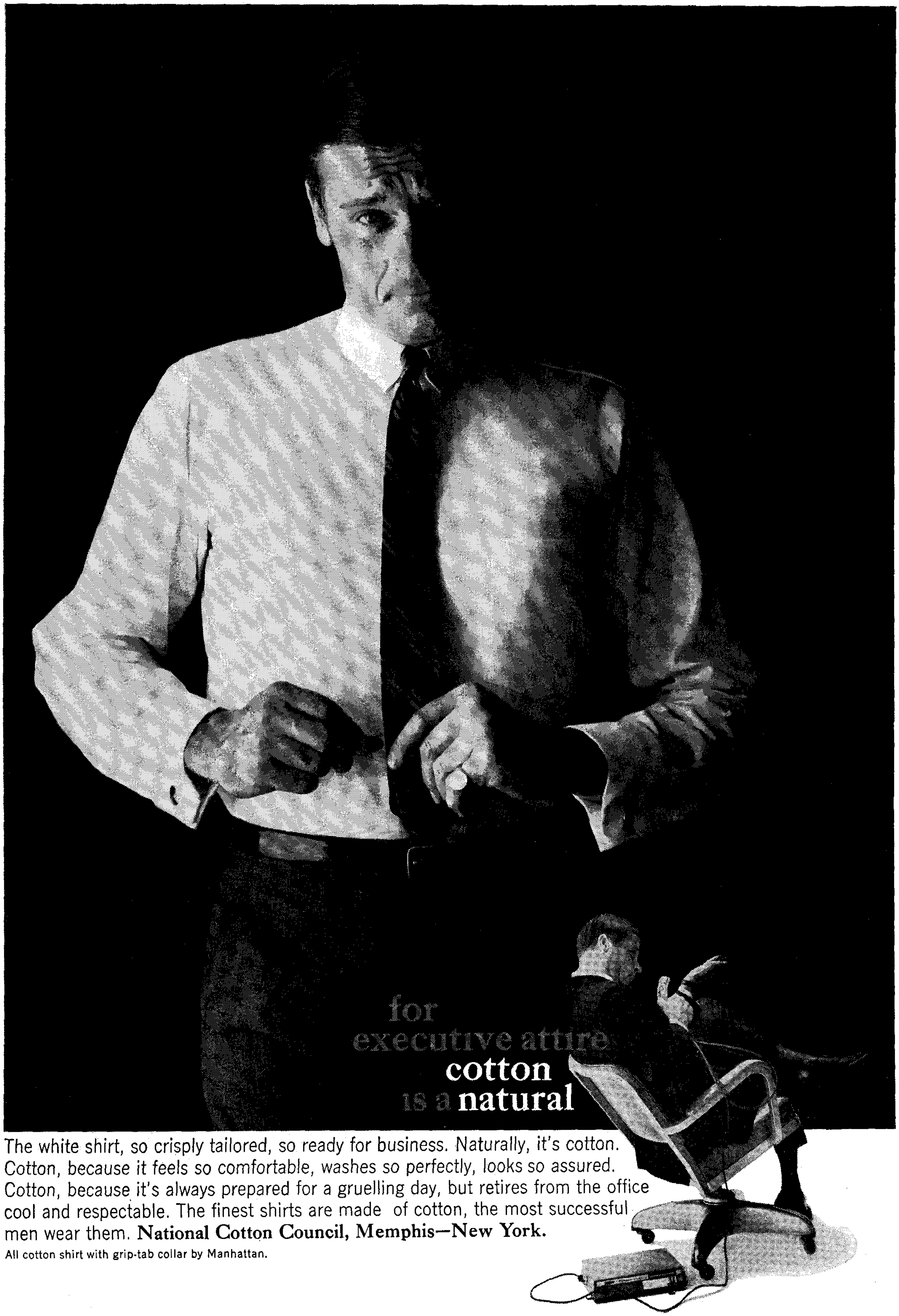

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Muzzle loading for pheasant—photo by Mark Shaw

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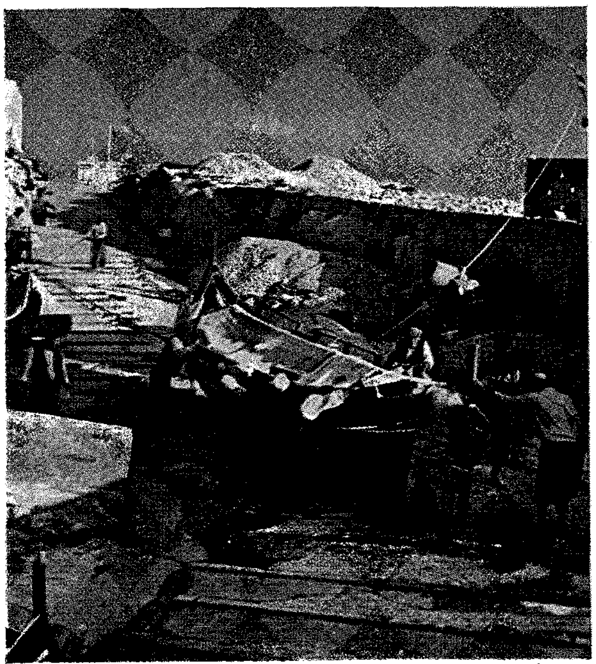
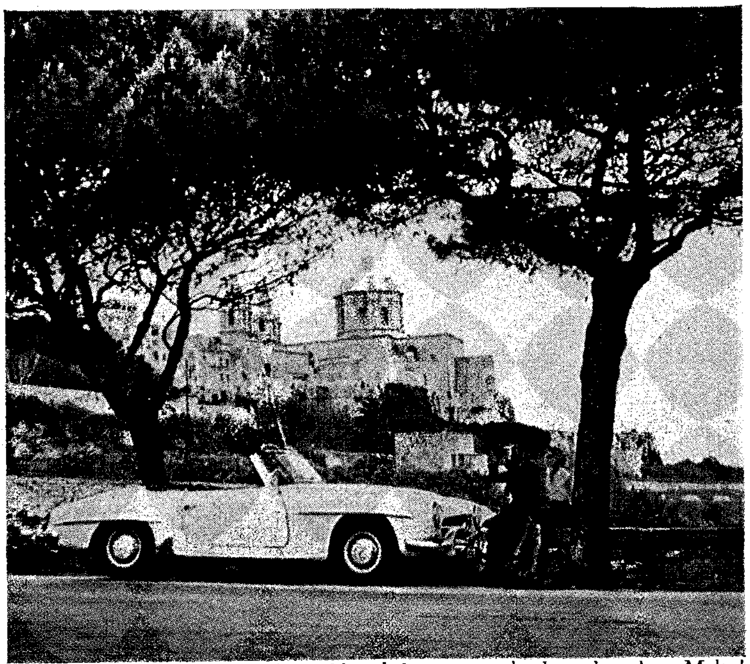


DOWN TO THE SEA—Even the boats are uniquely Maltese.



ISLAND OF CONTRASTS—The old and the new . . . both are loved on Malta!

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For all her charm, beauty, ideal location and historical interest, Malta is a paradise undiscovered. Easily reached . . . just 90 minutes by air from Rome and Naples . . . English-speaking Malta is the perfect playground and a truly great cultural and historical site.

Ten months of sunshine and crystal blue waters make Malta perfection itself for the water-sports fan. In fact, Malta offers sports of all kinds from horse-racing and polo to tennis and golf.

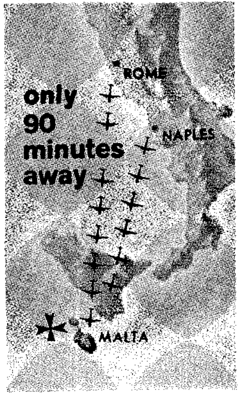
Or, if your interests lie in history, 5,000 years of civilization have left their treasures here. There are early pagan temples like the Hypogeum . . . magnificent cathedrals which trace Malta's Christian heritage back to 60 A.D. when St. Paul converted the island. There are museums filled with the medieval armor and treasures of the Knights of Malta and works of Italy's greatest artists.

Malta is an island which truly caters to your whim . . . rest, relax, soak up sun, explore the greatness of the past . . . everything is here for you. And to make paradise complete, life on Malta and her sister island of Gozo is inexpensive. The best hotel accommodations cost less than $10.00 a day including meals.

The island is small enough so that a few days will give you a rewarding sample of what she can offer. It is delightful enough to keep you longer if you wish. Make Malta a must on your trip to Europe. Consult your travel agent for complete details.

MALTA...Europe's new place to go!

In the center of the Mediterranean



All this year, Malta celebrates the 19th Centenary of the landing of St. Paul in 60 A.D.

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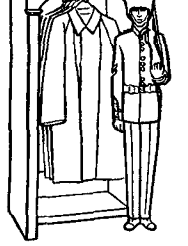

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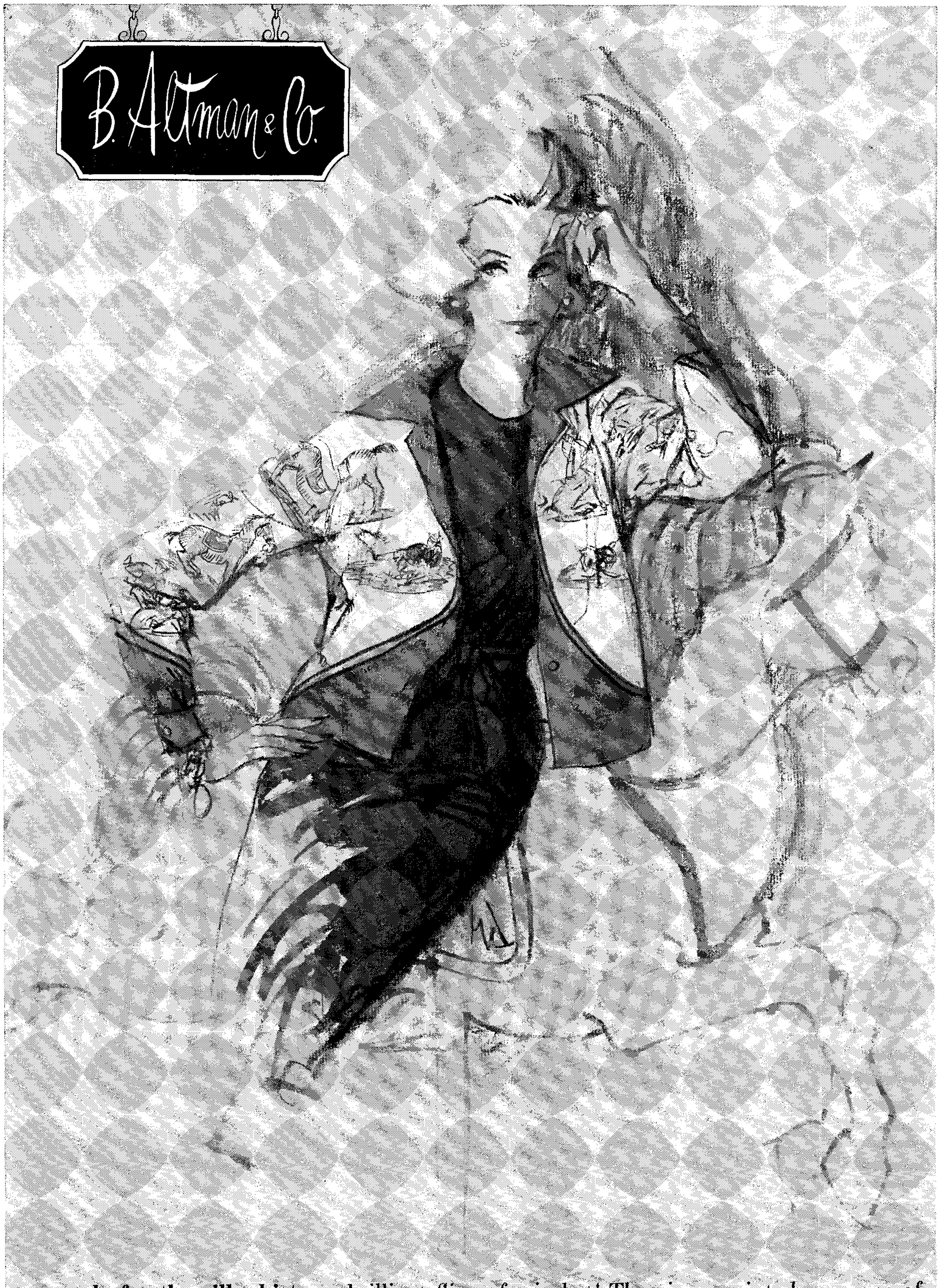


new role for the silk shirt... a brilliant fling of a jacket! The circus print shown, one of 100 in a collection imported from Italy... each in a limited edition! Sizes 8 to 14, 45.00. Studio 3, third floor... Fifth Avenue at 34th Street

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE try hard not to overestimate events simply because they happen to take place in our time and in our city and before our eyes, but we can't help feeling that the innumerable comings and goings we have observed at the United Nations during the past couple of weeks will find some sort of room for themselves in history. Not that we pretend to know what the plot of this extraordinary play will turn out to have been. How can we sum up from moment to moment a drama with plenty of speeches but no prepared script, with a full chorus of commentators but nobody to indicate which of a succession of climaxes is the crucial one? It may be a hundred years before the scholars (not yet born, their parents not yet born) elucidate what has been happening here this fall as we've stood applauding or booing, or merely staring and worrying, back of the barricades, but surely we're not mistaken about the look of the sets, the size and fantastic variety of the cast. Surely we're right in assuming that the frantic, uneven pace of the performance is rare in international gatherings. All those figures, large and small, famous and obscure, darting on and off planes, in and out of limousines, and through a thousand doorways (the grilled doors of embassies and missions, the tirelessly opening and closing glass doors of the great mothering hive of the United Nations itself)—their awkward haste is a new thing in the world, and we wonder if it doesn't also stand for something new. Not just panic, which is older than the first diplomat, or even the first doorway, but something truly new.

FOR us, the first-act curtain rose on Sunday, September 18th, with the arrival of Dr. Fidel Castro, Premier of Cuba, at Idlewild, and fell with a thud on Wednesday, September 28th, with his departure. It was an act that no sensible playwright would dare to compose, and even the most dogged critic would have a hard time recapitulating it. Still, we're tempted to try, if only to make things clearer to ourself, and we remind our readers that the occasional overtones of Mack Sennett to be found in this précis were matched, onstage, by overtones of Dostoevski.

For dramaturgic boldness, look, if you please, at the mixed bag of characters who arrived at Idlewild the same day as Castro: Frank Aiken, Irish Minister of External Affairs; Abdel Khalik Hassouna, Secretary-General of the Arab League; Dr. Bruno Kreisky, Foreign Minister of Austria; Wladyslaw Gomulka, First Secretary of the Polish Communist Party; and Antonin Novotny, First Secretary of the Czechoslovakian Communist Party and President of Czechoslovakia. A mixed bag in respect to early training as well as nationality and politics, for Aiken began life as a farmer, Hassouna as a minor official in the Egyptian government, Kreisky as a journalist, Gomulka as a plumber and blacksmith, Novotny as a locksmith.

That first night was comparatively peaceful. Castro quarrelled with Edward Spatz, owner and manager of the Shelburne Hotel, where the Cuban party had been accommodated; the police broke up a crowd of two thousand demonstrators outside the Russian Embassy, at 680 Park Avenue; and Police Commissioner Stephen Kennedy relaxed after a hard day by appearing on TV and questioning the sincerity of a group of Jewish policemen who had asked, and been refused, permission to knock off work on Rosh Hashana. The next morning, Nikita Sergeyevich Khrushchev, First Secretary of the Russian Communist Party and Chairman of the Council of Ministers, ex-shepherd and ex-miner, arrived aboard the Baltika, which tied up at Pier 73, in the East River. It was raining, and the roof of the pier leaked, but Khrushchev was in high spirits. Accompanying him were Todor Zhivkov, First Secretary of the Bulgarian Communist Party; Janos Kadar, Premier of Hungary; Gheorghe Gheorghiu-Dej, First Secretary of the Rumanian Communist Party; Kirill T. Mazurov, Premier of Byelorussia; and Nikolai V. Podgorny, Premier of the Ukraine.

From the pier, Khrushchev went straight to 680 Park Avenue and the others went to their U.N. missions. The events of the next day and a half can be shown in timetable form and serve as an almost hour-by-hour sample of what took place nearly every day:

MONDAY

2:00 P.M. Mazurov and Podgorny arrive at 680 Park Avenue to call on their extremely recent fellow-traveller.

3:55 P.M. Novotny arrives at 680 Park to pay a call.

4:00 P.M. Gomulka arrives at ditto to ditto.

4:06 P.M. Mazurov and Podgorny return to their missions.

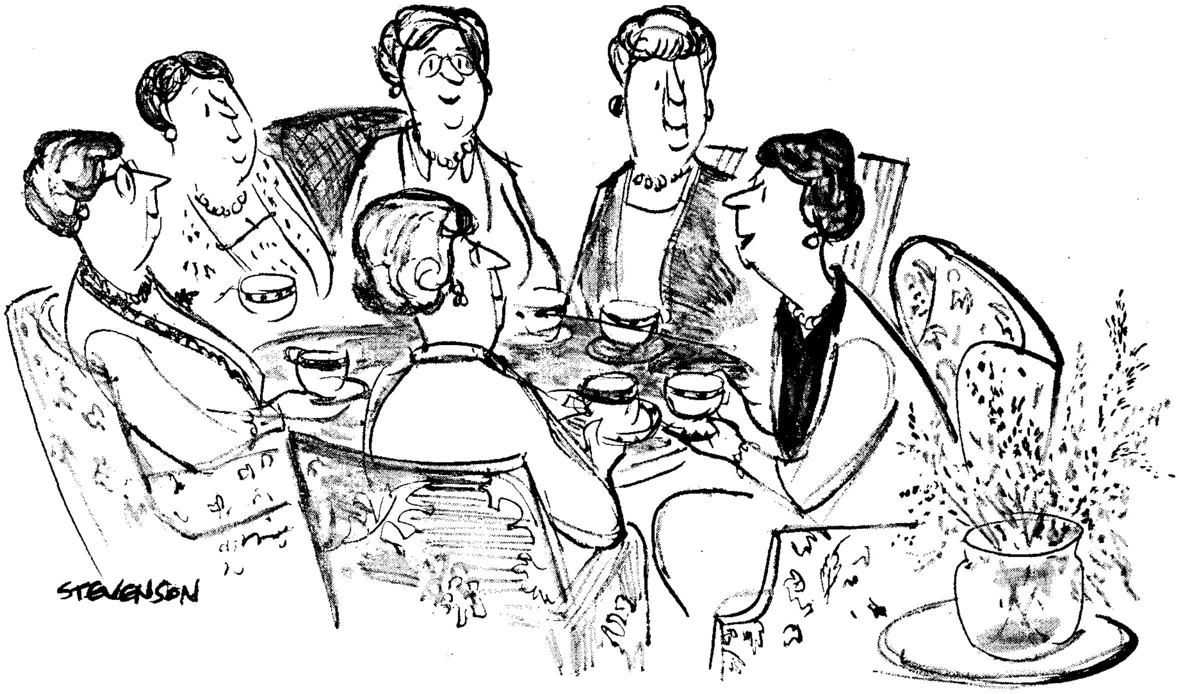
4:31 P.M. Nervily skipping a call on the chief, Zhivkov starts off, by car, on a two-hour sightseeing tour of Manhattan.

6:28 P.M. Khrushchev is seen at a third-story window of the Embassy, in shirtsleeves, thumbs in belt, staring down at the traffic on Park Avenue.

6:37 P.M. Novotny returns to his mission.

6:44 P.M. Gomulka returns to his mission.

7:20 P.M. Castro quits the Hotel Shel-



"Of course I prefer Nixon, but I think it would be too awful not to see what perfectly marvellous things Jackie could do to the White House."

• •

burne, expressing indignation over his treatment there. He and his party, bearing two hundred suitcases, descend on the U.N. Castro declares that they are all mountain people and, if they are unable to secure proper accommodations, will camp out in Central Park.

8:16 P.M. Podgorny decides it's time for another little visit to No. 680.

9:30 P.M. Commissioner Kennedy refuses to apologize to the New York Board of Rabbis.

TUESDAY

12:05 A.M. Castro leaves the U.N., having rejected a U.S. offer to provide lodgings at the Commodore.

12:30 A.M. Castro arrives at the Hotel Theresa, in Harlem. (Subsequently, it turns out that he had arranged to stay at the Theresa even before he picked a fight with Spatz on Sunday night.)

6:45 A.M. The Queen Elizabeth docks. Aboard are Marshal Tito, President of Yugoslavia, and Mehmet Shehu, Premier of Albania, who have avoided meeting throughout the voyage.

7:31 A.M. Tito arrives at the Yugoslav Mission, at 854 Fifth Avenue.

9:00 A.M. Premier Shehu arrives at the Albanian Mission, at 446 East Eighty-sixth Street.

12:12 P.M. Khrushchev pays a call on Castro at the Theresa. Described in the press as the biggest event in Harlem since the funeral of W. C. Handy.

1:15 P.M. Khrushchev returns to No. 680.

2:00 P.M. A policeman directing traffic on Lexington Avenue is knocked down by a car driven by a Moroccan delegate named Mohammed Britel. When the policeman gets to his feet and approaches the car to ask Mohammed for his license, Mohammed gets out of the car and slugs him. Other policemen take Mohammed to the precinct house, where he produces his credentials, claims diplomatic immunity from arrest, and is released.

2:28 P.M. Khrushchev leaves for the U.N.

2:30 P.M. Tito leaves for the U.N.

2:38 P.M. Castro leaves for the U.N.

2:40 P.M. Kadar leaves for the U.N.

6:45 P.M. Tito returns to the Yugoslav Mission.

6:50 P.M. Khrushchev returns to No. 680.

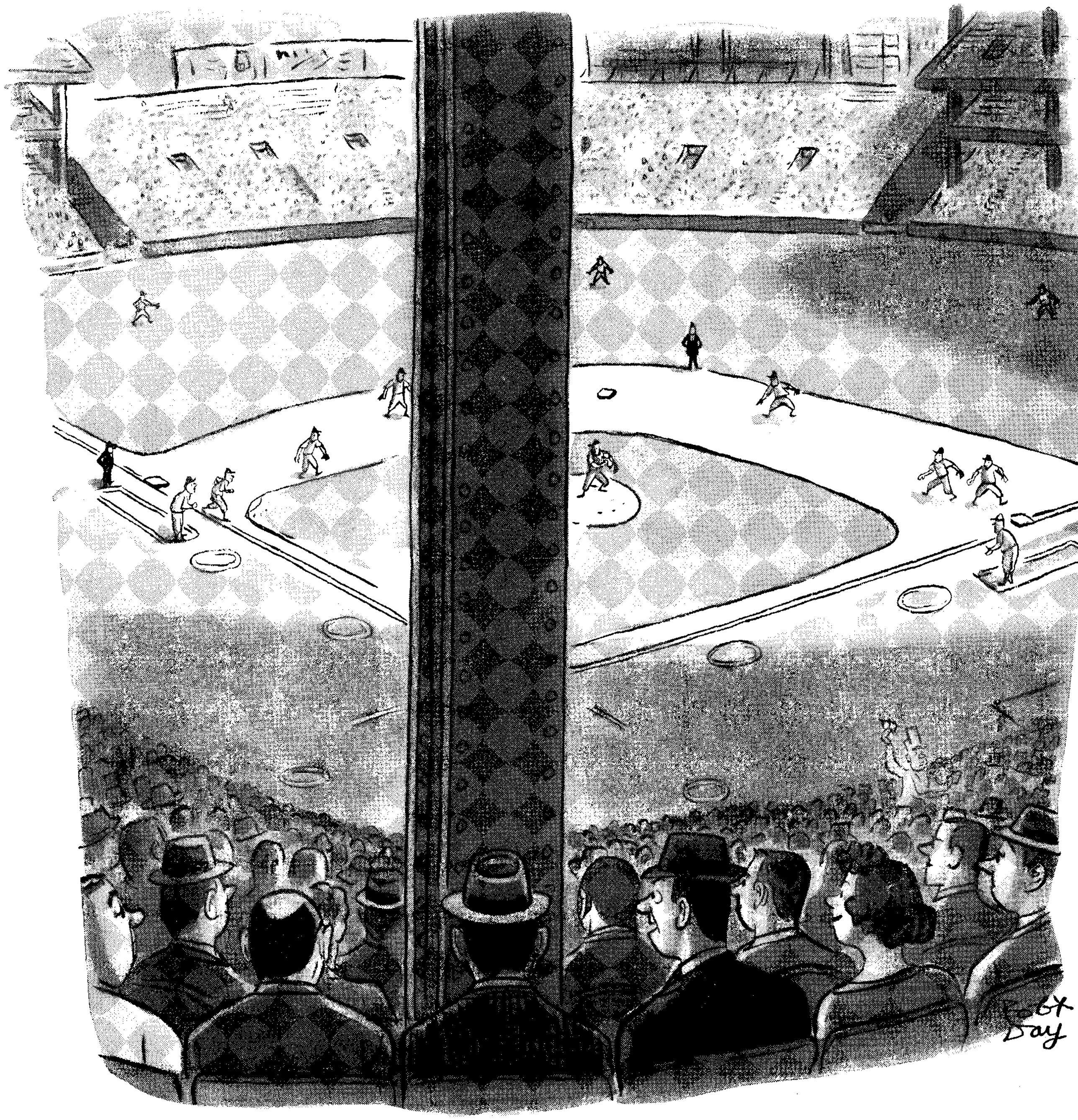
7:00 P.M. The heads of all the Iron Curtain countries start arriving at No. 680. Skull practice.

8:00 P.M. Frederick Boland, head of the Irish delegation to the U.N. and newly elected President of the General Assembly, is obliged to miss the opening of Brendan Behan's play "The Hostage" in order to preside over an evening session of the Assembly.

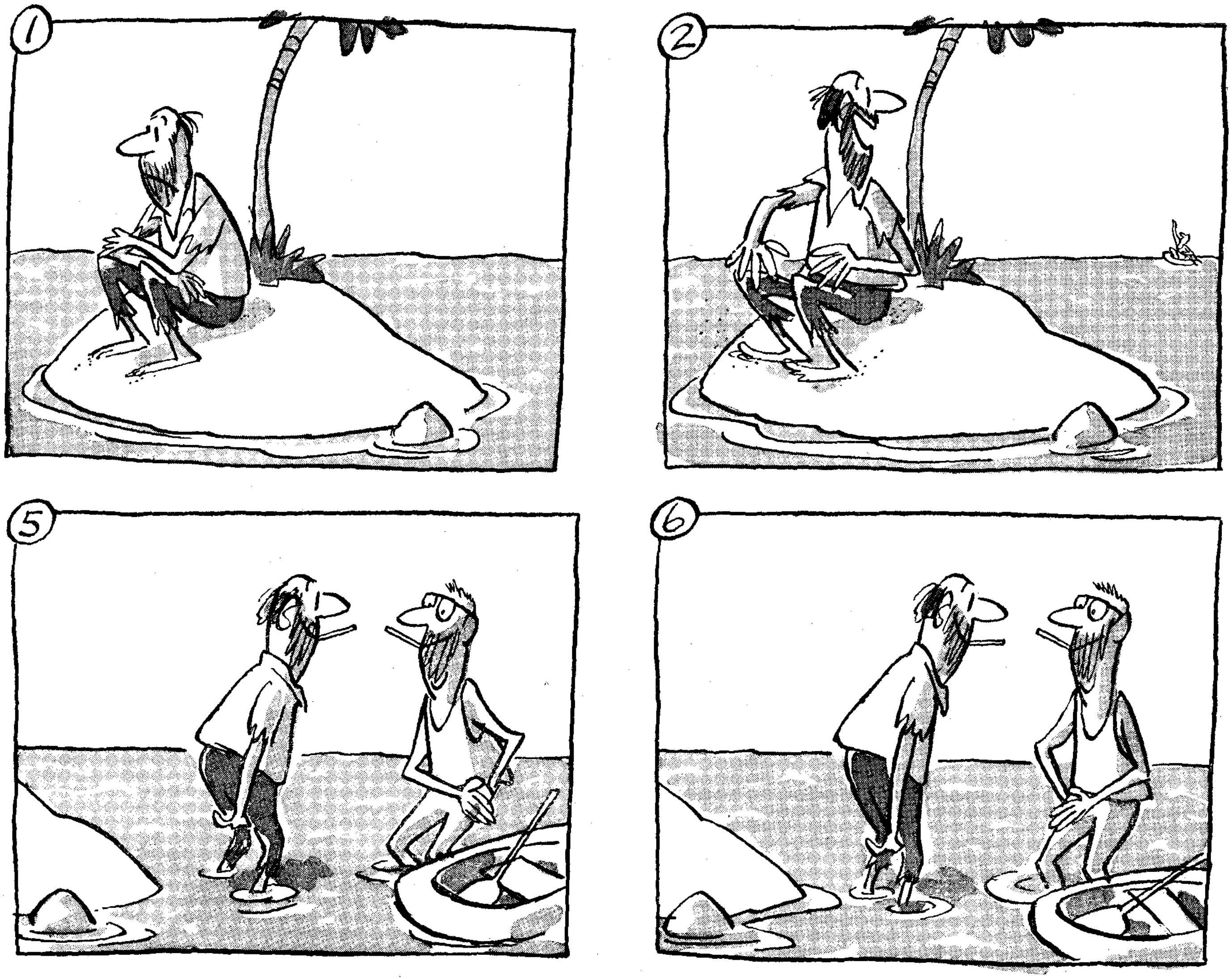
IT was on Wednesday afternoon that Khrushchev brought down the house with some skillful ad-libbing from a second-floor balcony at No. 680. Reporters in the street shouted questions up to Khrushchev, who shouted answers back. About two hours later, evidently delighted with himself, he held a second impromptu news conference from the same high perch. Zhivkov spent much of the afternoon sightseeing at the Museum of the City of New York. That night, Kwame Nkrumah, President of Ghana, landed at Idlewild and was driven to the Waldorf, and the next morning President Eisenhower landed at Idlewild and was driven to the Waldorf. Idlewild and the Waldorf were the two busiest places in town; somebody claimed to have seen a Carey Cadillac tooling steadily back and forth between them without a driver. Tito and Khrushchev met in a lounge at the U.N., and Tito and Castro met on the floor of the General Assembly. President Eisenhower addressed the Assembly at 11:15 A.M., gave a luncheon at the Waldorf for eighteen Latin-American delegates to the U.N., and received visits during the afternoon from the President of Ghana, the Premier of Nepal, the Premier of Lebanon, and Marshal Tito. The President of Ghana later called on Khrushchev at No. 680. Khrushchev attended a reception at the Plaza, given by the Togo delegation. Two well-dressed old ladies in the Plaza lobby called out "Boo!" to Khrushchev, who quickly turned and called out "Boo!" to them.

On the morning of the twenty-third, Premier Sylvanus E. Olympio of Togo called on Eisenhower at the Waldorf, and Khrushchev delivered his now famous tirade to the General Assembly. While he was speaking, a thirty-foot cabin cruiser sailed up the East River with "HE LIES" painted on its side in letters four feet high. On his return to the Embassy, Khrushchev received a two-hundred-year-old peace pipe from an antique dealer, who gave his name to the press and said he wished no publicity. The indefatigable Zhivkov went on a sightseeing jaunt to New Jersey. Mayor Wagner was still expecting Commissioner Kennedy to apologize to the rabbis, and the Commissioner was holding fast. In the late afternoon, Nkrumah called on Tito, and Gamal Abdel Nasser, President of the United Arab Republic, arrived at Idlewild and was driven to a rented estate at Sands Point; the estate was threatened with picketing by the United Revisionists of America, but nobody showed up. Groups that actually led demonstrations of one sort or another during this period were the Movimiento Recuperación, the Hungarian Freedom Fighters, the Patrick Henry League, the Serbian Citizens Group, the Committee on African Affairs, the Croatian Anti-Communist League, the Action for South Africa Group, the Abraham Lincoln Group, the White Rose, the Movement of the 26th of July, the Democratic Revolutionary Front, the Federation of Hungarian Former Political Prisoners, and the American Minute Men. Even the Committee for Non-Violent Action was pretty active, and members of the American Communist Party came out of nowhere to picket the anti-Russian picketers. Khrushchev had Castro to dinner on the evening of the twenty-third. Castro had been asked for seven o'clock, and Khrushchev stood waiting for him on the front steps of the Embassy from six-fifty-five to seven-thirty-eight. The two men embraced on meeting. Former Governor Lehman warmly defended Commissioner Kennedy against charges of bigotry, and the Mayor himself had some nice things to say about the Commissioner. This was Friday, and it was announced that Eisenhower was spending the weekend in Washington but would be back in New York on the twenty-sixth. It was also announced that the President of the Dominican Republic, momentarily expected at the U.N., had decided not to come. (The most prominent absentee was President de Gaulle.)

ON the morning of the twenty-fourth, Khrushchev, accompanied by Novotny, Gomulka, Mazurov, and Podgorny, motors out to the Russians' country place, in Glen Cove. When he is asked why he has come, he answers, "I like rabbits. There are no rabbits in New York." Many delegates spend the day shopping in town. Their favorite store appears to be E. J. Korvette, on East Forty-fourth Street. A big run is noted there on men's shirts and suits, infants' wear, and lingerie. Nasser is too busy to go shopping. At 11:30 A.M., he calls on Premier Saeb Salaam, of Lebanon, at the Plaza, and at 12:15 P.M. he calls on Tito at the Yugoslav Mission. After Nasser leaves, Tito goes for a drive and has lunch at a restaurant in Tarrytown, where a girl at a nearby table writes a poem to him on her napkin. In the meantime, Nasser drives out to Glen Cove and calls on Khrushchev, then turns around and

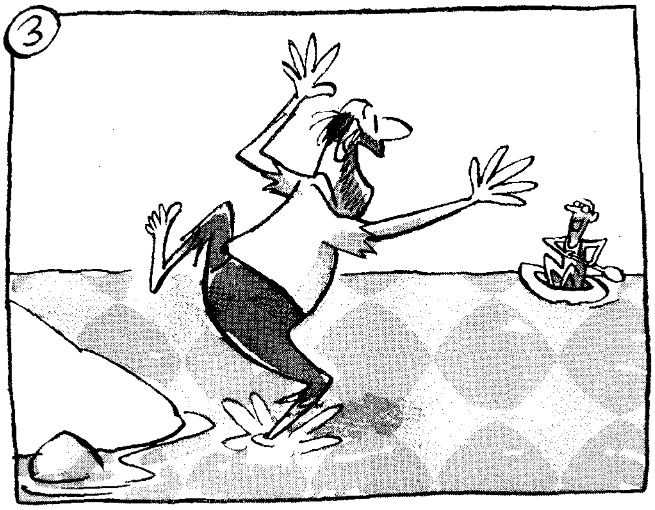


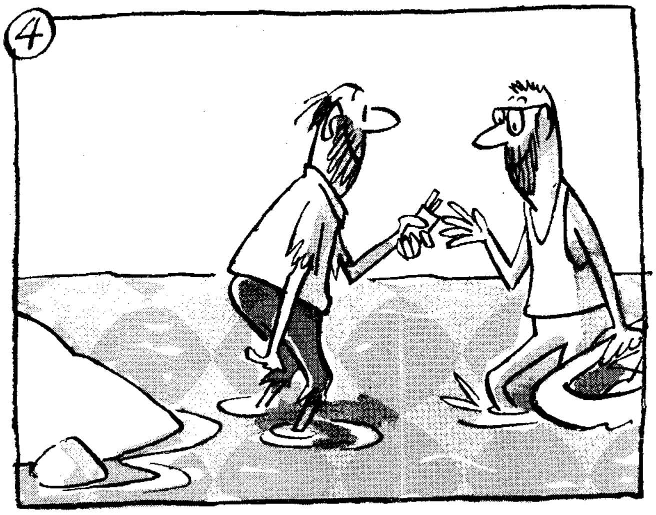
"High inside. Ball three. Count is now three balls and two strikes. Here comes the pitch."

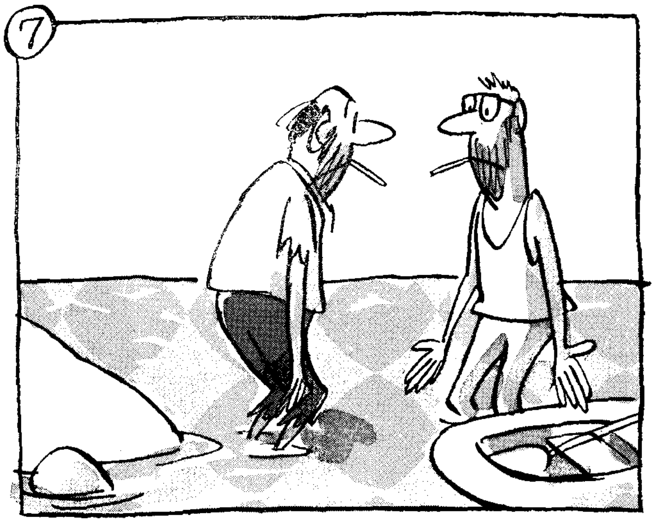


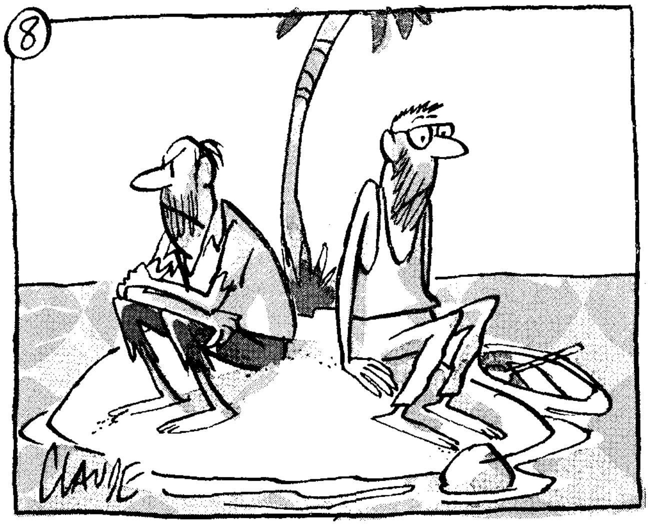
drives back to town and calls on Nkrumah at the Waldorf. At eleven the next morning, he calls on Castro at the Theresa, and by two he is back at Sands Point, in the nick of time to give Nkrumah lunch. After lunch, Nkrumah drives over to Glen Cove to pay a call on Khrushchev, and Premier Salaam pays a return call on Nasser. By now, the streets around the Theresa are full of pro-Castro demonstrators, who bang on bongo drums and chant, "Yellow press, yellow press, cha, cha, cha." Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru of India lands at Idlewild and is driven to the Hotel Carlyle. Tito takes a spin out to Alley Pond Park, in Queens. Novotny and Gomulka return to town from Glen Cove, as do Mazurov, Podgorny & Co. Prime Minister Harold Macmillan of Great Britain lands at McGuire Air Force Base, in New Jersey, and is driven to the Waldorf. The New York Board of Rabbis wishes that Commissioner Kennedy would apologize a *little*. Khrushchev returns to No. 680, having announced at a press conference earlier that day that he intends to make at least ten more speeches here, each twice as long as the one before it. "I have to justify my travel expenses," he says. Mehmet Shehu takes a brisk walk in Carl Schurz Park, returning to the Albanian Mission at ten-fifteen. There are ninety-six U.N. delegations sleeping in New York tonight. Two thousand people. Representing two billion people.

EISENHOWER flew in on the morning of the twenty-sixth. So did Prime Minister John Diefenbaker of Canada, who took up quarters at the Waldorf. Nkrumah had breakfast with Nehru at the Carlyle. Novotny made a speech at the morning session of the Assembly, and at the conclusion of the speech Macmillan and Nasser met on the floor of the Assembly chamber. Nehru and Tito put their heads together in the Delegates' Lounge for half an hour, after which Nehru drove to the Waldorf to have lunch with Macmillan and Diefenbaker. Eisenhower had lunch with Nelson Rockefeller and in the afternoon conferred, separately, with Nehru and Nasser. Khrushchev, meanwhile, was attending a luncheon at the Biltmore, given in his honor by Cyrus Eaton. At two-forty-five, Castro left the Theresa for the U.N. to deliver *his* now famous tirade. Dag Hammarskjöld lunched with Nkrumah in Nkrumah's apartment at the Waldorf, after which Macmillan and Diefenbaker called on Nkrumah there. Then Macmillan disconcerted the police by choosing to walk to the U.N., his only security guard an unarmed Scotland Yard man. (City detectives followed them at a discreet distance.) At three-fifty, Hammarskjöld having made a short, unexpected defense of his policies, and Khrushchev, back from the Biltmore, having pounded his desk in disapproval, Castro ascended the podium. He said he would be brief, and he spoke for four and a half hours. While Castro was speaking, Nehru called at the United Arab Republic Mission, at 900 Park Avenue, for a talk with Nasser. At eight-thirty, Nehru arrived at the Russian Embassy for dinner. Half an hour later, Tito paid a call on Nasser, and Castro, his speech having been completed at eight-ten (he had lost almost half his original audience, and the applause at the end came mainly from the Soviet bloc), retired for a few minutes to the Theresa. At nine-twenty-three, he felt sufficiently refreshed to pay a call on Novotny. Shortly after ten, Eisen-









hower, having addressed a dinner meeting of the National Conference of Catholic Charities at the Statler Hilton, returned to the Waldorf and went to bed. Nehru said good night to the Russians at ten-thirty, which was about the time that Nasser was setting out for Sands Point. A few minutes later, the devoted Podgorny dropped in at No. 680.

On the morning of the twenty-seventh, Macmillan and Eisenhower had a long breakfast together at the Waldorf. Tito and Nehru had breakfast together at the Carlyle, where Diefenbaker and Nehru were later to lunch. Khrushchev's chief luncheon companion that day, at No. 680, was Gomulka. Diefenbaker called on Eisenhower at three and Nehru called on Castro at six. That evening, Nehru gave a dinner at the Carlyle; among the guests were Khrushchev, Castro, Foreign Minister Selim Sarper of Turkey, Foreign Minister Mahmoud Fawzi of the United Arab Republic, and Foreign Minister Golda Meir of Israel. At ten minutes before midnight, Zhivkov, by then no doubt fairly sick of sightseeing, paid a call on Castro at the Theresa. He stayed until one-thirty. Bright and early the next morning, Nehru met Macmillan for breakfast at the Waldorf, Tito stopped by to see Khrushchev, and Eisenhower flew back to Washington. At ten-twenty-five, Cyrus Eaton paid a farewell call on Castro at the Theresa. At eleven-five, Castro paid a farewell call on Nasser at 900 Park Avenue. At one o'clock, Nasser met Nehru for lunch at the Carlyle; at three Macmillan paid a call on Nasser; and at four Nasser paid a call on Tito. By then, Castro had taken off from Idlewild; he was high over the coast, flying home to Cuba in a Russian plane.

THERE we bring down our curtain on the first act. Preposterous and unplayable, and yet all true, and the most powerful men on earth have been playing it. But the drama, as we have presented it to you, has a single, fatal defect. It is a dumb show, a film with the sound track cut away. We cannot tell you what the characters are saying. We cannot tell you because there is no way of finding out—not now, not yet. Nevertheless, we have confidence in this drama; we think it embodies something real. Never have so many Presidents, Premiers, Princes, Foreign Ministers, Cabinet Ministers, Ambassadors, and Heads of Delegations met in a single place, and never have they seemed to pay so little attention to the niceties of protocol, or of national self-esteem. They have come and gone in a hurry, by day or night, their shirttails flying; the heroes, the villains, and the occasional necessary buffoon have all seemed moved by the same sense of urgency. There at the barricades (which in fact have been only sawhorses, as the men in uniform on every corner have been only Officers Murphy and Shapiro), we've imagined that maybe a second, secret drama was being played out behind the sometimes farcical public one, that maybe something tremendous was being uttered back of the keening of sirens, the thumping of desks, the plucking of chickens. Maybe the voice that uttered it didn't belong to any of the principals in those morning, noon, and night encounters; maybe the voice belonged to those of us who stood watching, who didn't seem to speak at all. Whether there has been any such secret drama, whether there has been any such voice, we don't know and may never know, but we have our hopes.

LET OLD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT

I CAN take wistful humor or leave it alone, and I am not one of those who choke up at the memory of Harry Langdon, but about forty years ago there was a sequence in a film of his—called, I seem to remember, "His Wedding Day"—that still haunts my memory. In his usual hapless fashion, Langdon, through the machinations of a petulant, dish-faced girl and her scheming mother, was being euchred into matrimony. Just as the principals had assembled at the altar, Langdon's attention was drawn to a mysterious guest, in a black cape, studying him fixedly from a nearby pew. Who he was or why his baleful scrutiny should have unsettled the bridegroom-to-be was never elucidated, but it was clear the stranger possessed some horrid hypnotic power. Struggle as he would, Langdon could not detach his eyes from him, and when the other, satisfied that his will had triumphed, beckoned him to follow, Langdon complied with an obedient, fearful smile. As the wedding party looked on aghast—in movies of this genre, nobody ever made any effort to intervene—the two left the church, got into a ramshackle touring car, and drove off. The ensuing action was fairly violent automobile comedy of the period; hurtling along through traffic, the Svengali character removed the steering wheel and passed it to Langdon, who manipulated it dutifully for a good thirty seconds before the implications hit home. The moment they did, of course, his companion tossed the wheel out of the car altogether, and it became apparent to Langdon, as it had somewhat earlier to the audience, that he was in a most peculiar fix.

The same foreboding that dire consequences impended overcame me several afternoons ago when, rubbering into the window of a West Fourth Street bookshop, I was dealt a crippling slap on the back and spun around to find Osric Barber intently regarding me. My association with Barber, although meagre, is long-lived; we met originally at some Webster Hall saturnalia in the gladsome twenties, and across the years have ricocheted into each other in places as dissimilar as Cuernavaca, the Hudson Tubes, and the Deux Magots. That he was a *Künstler* of sorts, a painter or sculptor, I was dimly aware, but I had never seen his work. Every few years, a flamboyant announcement of a show of his would arrive, printed on buckram or asbestos, from a gallery that had gone bankrupt in the interim. The titles gave no clue to the nature of the art; some, such as "Sinfonietta No. 7," were musical, others ("Nerve Gas") medical, and I concluded that he must be mingling half a dozen media, none of which awoke my curiosity. His energy, I saw in the instant of recognition, had not lessened in the decade since our last encounter. The spade beard jutting from his chin, of the kind one observes on Spanish grandees and stomach specialists, was as sable as ever. His coal-black eyes sparkled in their sockets, and I was sure that his flashing incisors, even if capped, were equal to any Brazil nut.

"How the hell are you?" he demanded, thumping my chest. "I thought you were in Siam, or one of those godforsaken places." Had I been wearing a panung, I might have pretended I still was, but he was already busy with his own saga. "You can have that tropical bit," he said, with aversion. "I spent two years in Haiti, and, let me tell you, it's strictly for vultures. The Shell people wanted me to decorate their commissary in Dhahran last winter, but I just laughed in their face. *I* should eat figs and shrivel up with malaria so some old bag in Wisconsin draws her dividend? Not for me, Charlie. Anyway, I was tied up with the Oslo Museum at the time. That's how I got into industrial design, you know."

"Is that what— Is that your field now?" I asked, and edged toward the curb. "Must be absorbing."

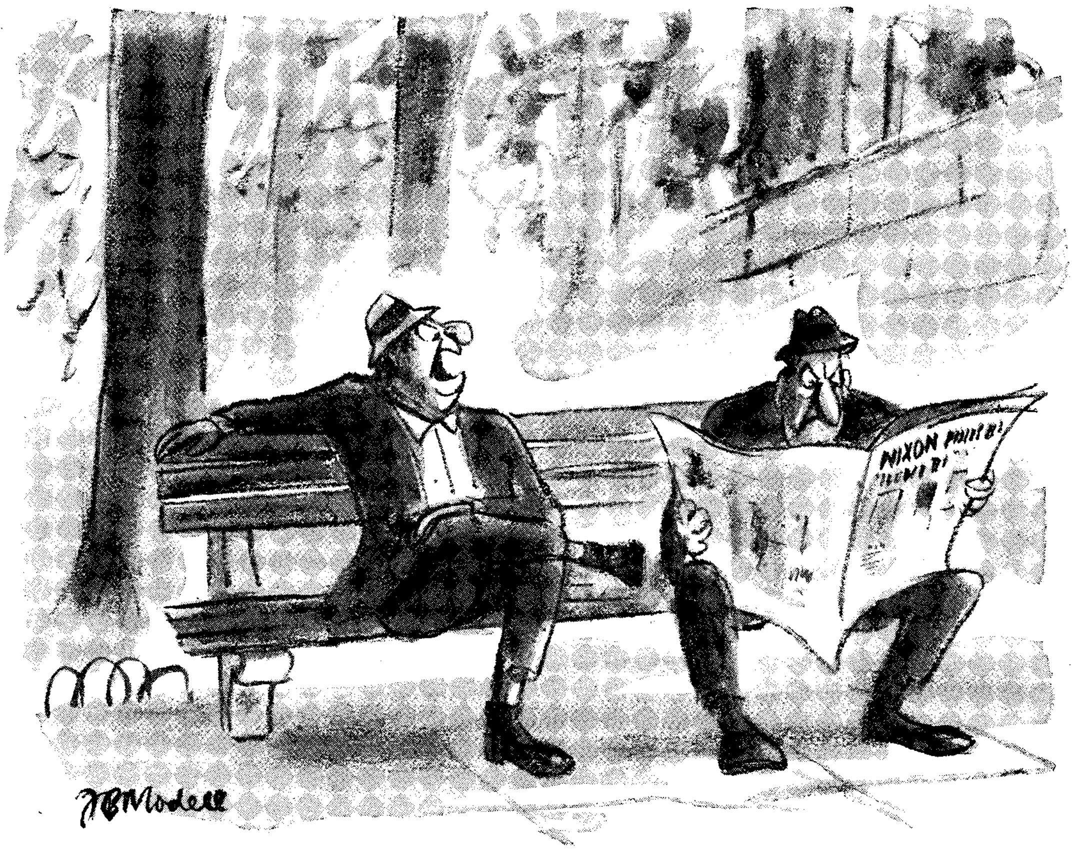
"The greatest," he said, and blocked my path. "I've done a couple of revolutionary things—the sardine tin I worked out for one of the Norwegian canneries, for instance. Remember how the key always broke off when you forced it, and you tore your hands to pieces? Well, no more. I designed a foolproof can that uses magnetic tape. Even a baby could open it."

"A baby who eats sardines, that is," I amended.

"Just a figure of speech," he said impatiently. "I also did over another medieval contraption—the pants hanger with the two wooden clips and the spring. I told the client, 'A man gets tired of finding his trousers on the bottom of the closet every morning. Give me carte blanche.' I tackled the problem, and, by jingo, I licked it the same way."

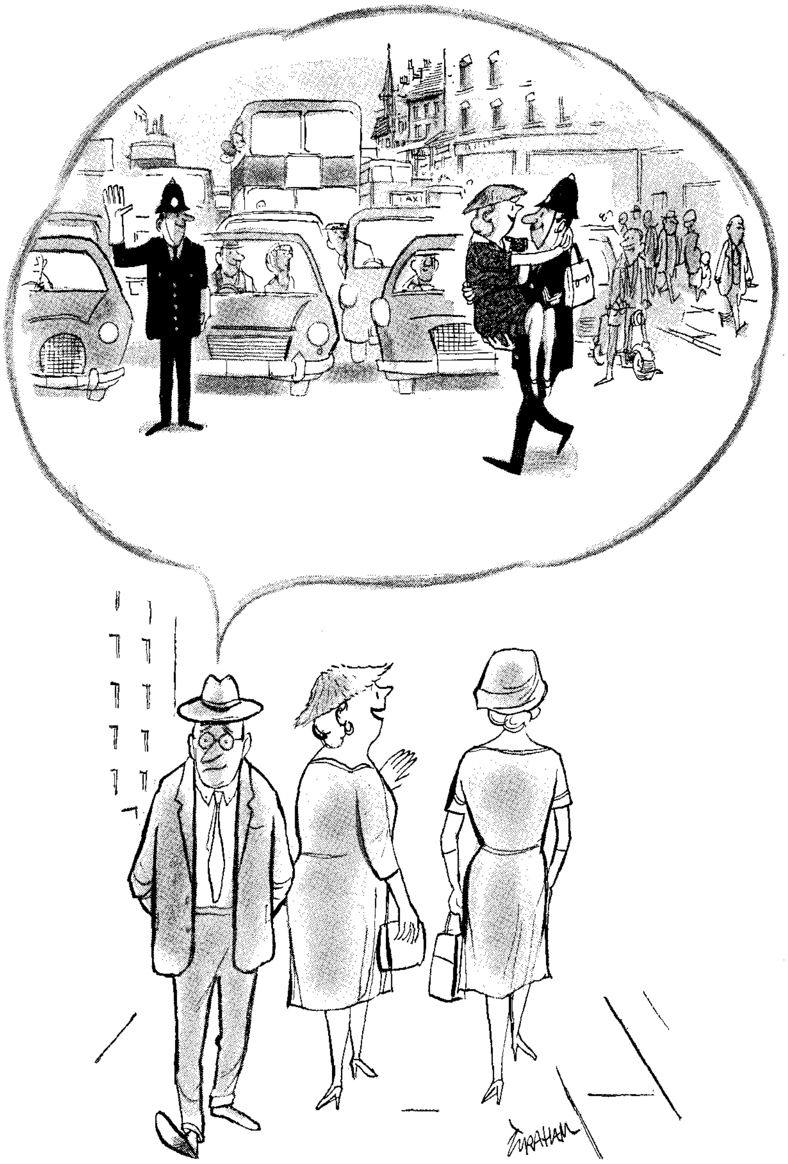
"With magnetic tape?"

"What else?" Barber returned. "I tell you, there's nothing that plastic won't do—it practically *thinks*. Look," he said, abruptly commandeering my arm, "have you got five minutes? Come on over to my drop, on Morton Street. I want to show you something."



"A plague on both their houses."

We rocked back and forth in a tug of war like two men testing overalls as I interposed every excuse I could contrive, but resistance was futile. Employing the whole arsenal of cajolery, reproach, and flattery, Barber maneuvered me westward into the heartland of the Village. In front of a tall, dingy building zigzagged by fire escapes and whose façade displayed innumerable bananalike protuberances buried under its stucco, Barber paused and turned to me. His eyes glittered with anticipation. "You'll flip when you get a load of this," he promised cryptically. "I guarantee you haven't seen anything like it in Siam—or anywhere else, for that matter. Follow me."



THE EAVESDROPPER

"And those wonderful English policemen . . ."

• •

Robbed of my will, I trailed after him through a fake-marble entryway lined with broken mailboxes and up five precipitous flights. His apartment, a railroad flat painted the color professionally known as cockroach green, was stifling, if not exotic, enough to revive memories of Bangkok. Halfway down its central corridor, Barber flung open a door and pressed a switch.

"My vivarium," he said, with a flourish toward a large shadow box illuminated on one wall. The enclosure was roughly five feet square, banked with gravel, rocks, and herbage, and shielded by a thick pane of plate glass. Writhing tumidly in its depths were six or seven snakes of assorted calibre; a pair of iguanas, startled out of their torpor by the sudden light, scurried into hiding under a plant. "What do you think of that for a collection?" demanded Barber pridefully. "I've got a couple of specimens in there that'll stand up alongside anything in the Bronx Zoo. But that's not the reason I brought you here. Like porpoises, these reptiles *talk*."

"You don't say," I said, humoring him. In dealing with mystics, I always feel, a placatory attitude is indicated. "You can hear 'em palaver, can you?"

"Plainer than I hear you," he averred. "Listen to this." He strode to the vivarium and fingered a panel beside it. A high-pitched, sustained hum became audible, punctuated at intervals by snorts and gurgles vaguely resembling Arabic labials. "Did you get that?" Barber crowed. "The blacksnake's teasing one of the iguanas! Ho-ho— Listen to him! He's a sketch."

Viewed as entertainment, the foolery impressed me as inferior to Bert Lahr's, but I withheld comment. "How long has this been going on?" I asked uncomfortably. "I thought serpents were—er—noiseless."

"So does everyone," my host replied. "Before I applied the principle of magnetic tape to 'em, nobody ever broke through the barrier. I still have a couple of bugs to iron out, but when I do, scientific circles will be agog." He shut off the sound and slid aside the glass front. "I may patent the idea—"

"Hey, what are you doing?" I exclaimed, recoiling.

"Opening the door so you'll get a better look," he said agreeably. "Come over here."

"No, no— I see them clear as can be," I protested. "Listen, Barber, that glass thingumajig— You don't seem to realize! They're liable to get out on the *floor*."

"That wouldn't hurt 'em," he said, in the tolerant voice one adopts toward an overwrought child. "I often let 'em crawl out and play for an hour before bedtime." He was a trifle surprised, he continued, that a man who had crisscrossed Southeast Asia should betray such antipathy to reptiles and so little knowledge of their characteristics. "I bet you believe that old bromide about their skins being cold and clammy," he said, reaching into the cage. "Have you ever handled one?"

I have watched a Malay deckhand run amuck, and I once passed a night in a reputedly haunted temple, but never before had I been confronted by an *exalté* with six feet of rock python twisting in his grasp importuning me to stroke its flesh. The fact that its name was Teddy and that, as Barber pleaded, it was an affectionate, harmless pet struck me as totally irrelevant. Short of fainting, therefore, I did the only practical thing under the circumstances. I cowered back into the farthest corner of the room, knees pressed together and fingers intertwined in a gesture of supplication. The pantomime, and the squeals I added to implement it, convinced Barber of my inflexibility. With a grunt of disgust, he tossed the constrictor back among its fellows and shut the glass front.

"I thought you liked animals," he grumbled. "I wouldn't have asked you up otherwise. No, not that way!" he called as I started for the street. "The living room's in here."

"I can't stay," I said distractedly. "I left my cat to be blocked—I mean my hat—and the store closes at five."

"Then I'll walk you to the corner," he offered. "I have to get some stuff to feed Teddy." I knew what stuff he meant—with long ears and a pink nose—but at least he had the grace not to particularize. As we pounded downstairs, Barber evidently decided to restore my *amour-propre*, if only for auld lang syne. "A lot of people have that same unreasoning fear of snakes," he confided chattily. "The two dames that lived under me moved out when they heard I had the vivarium. Some drunk in the building's always calling up the Board of Health to complain that there's a viper or an adder on his window sill, though they know damn well I haven't any."

"How do they know that?" I asked.

"Their instinct should tell 'em, if they weren't so full of prejudice," he retorted. "Just because it squirms, does that say it's poisonous?" He laughed tonelessly. "But the experience I had in the subway a couple of weeks ago—*that* was the living end. You've seen the reptile house at the Zoo?"

"Only in the distance."

"Well," said Barber, "I often drop up there from time to time to see what's new, like you probably do to the public library. So this day I speak of, I was ready to leave when I noticed two cops outside with a small boy, yacketing to the assistant curator. The kid was an amateur collector, a nice wide-awake youngster about thirteen, and he had a pillowcase full of snakes on the ground nearby. Seemed that one of 'em, a garter or something, had crept down a vent into the neighbors' bathroom, the way they will, and the cops, with their typical mentality, had confiscated the poor kid's property and brought him in for a lecture. Well, nobody was paying attention to the pillowcase, so I sashayed over and quietly teased open the top. What do you think I saw?"

"Something with scales," I ventured.

"*And* colors like the rainbow!" Barber said orgiastically. "Four little beauties—a hognose, a sidewinder, and a pair of baby racers. Just what I needed to round out my aggregation! Naturally, I couldn't let a chance like that slip by. I figured the Zoo couldn't use them, since it already had duplicates galore. The only problem was where to hide them, because I wasn't wearing a coat—just a sports shirt. The devil with it, I thought. I reached in and grabbed two in each hand, jammed them into my hip pockets, and took off—so fast that no one even gave me a second glance. Luckily—"

"Watch out!" I broke in as a truck backed out of a garage we were abreast of and almost cut us down.

"Boy, you've certainly got jumpy over the years," he observed, raising his eyebrows. "But as I was saying, the breaks were with me. Going through the turnstile at the main gate, I spot a woman with a baby carriage. She loans me a few safety pins from her child's blanket, I fasten my pockets neat and sweet, and I head for the I.R.T. Now comes the payoff. It's a long ride downtown, and the train fills up pretty well after Seventy-second Street. I'm hanging on to a strap—I couldn't sit down for fear of bruising the little guys—and all of a sudden they start acting up, leaping and twisting like crazy. I guess they were stimulated by my body heat. Anyhow, it must have looked as if I was doing a cooch, because everyone around me went into hysterics. I don't blame them for laughing, but then, just like that, the roof fell in. As the doors opened at Columbus Circle, the woman next to me let out a screech that paralyzed the whole car. Simultaneously, I reached for my hip and felt this critter wriggle past the safety pin."

"Well, I'm glad you were on deck to reassure everybody," I said inanely, and stuck out my hand. "This is my corner, old man. Lots of luck with the vivarium."

"Wait a minute." He stopped me. "Where is this hat place of yours?"

"In—er—Flatbush," I replied quickly. "On Borsalino Avenue. It's kind of far out, but they specialize in pugarees—"

"I'll drive you there," Barber decided. "I've got my car parked in the next block. You'll flip over it, I guarantee. It's a classic—a 1920 Stevens-Duryea model."

I could feel the cold perspiration start from my forehead. "Just tell me one thing," I said. "Can you detach the steering wheel when the car's in motion?"

"Why, I never tried," he said, his eyes widening in surprise.

"You will, Osric, you will," I predicted, and left him to work it out. And I'm sure he's done so, with his magnetic tape.

—S. J. PERELMAN

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SONG FOR A RAINY SEASON

Hidden, oh hidden
in the high fog
the house we live in,
beneath the magnetic rock,
rain-, rainbow-ridden,
where blood-black
bromelias, lichens,
owls, and the lint
of the waterfalls cling,
familiar, unbidden.

In a dim age
of water
the brook sings loud
from a rib cage
of giant fern; the vapor
climbs up the thick growth
effortlessly, turns back,
holding them both,
house and rock,
in a private cloud.

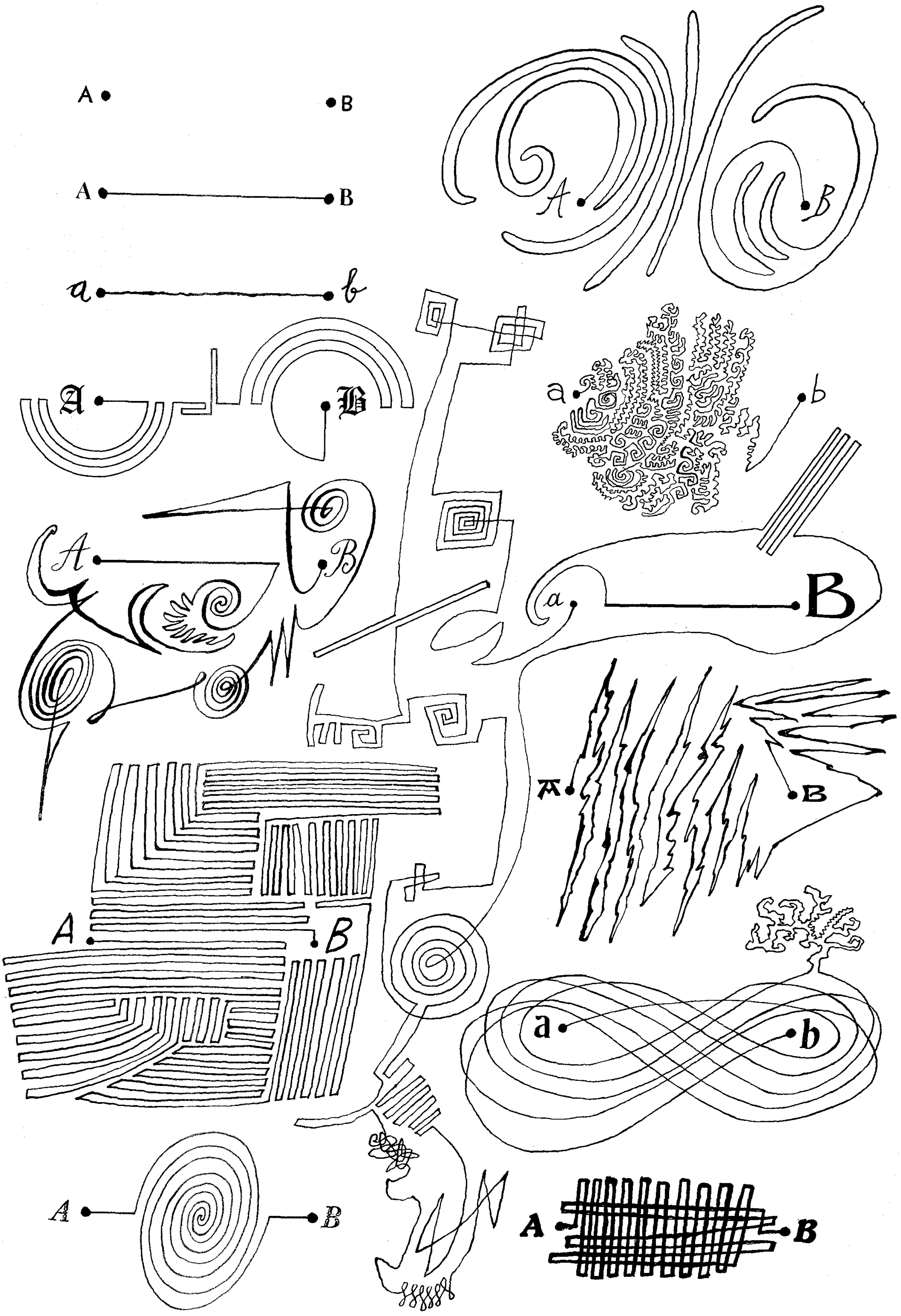
At night, on the roof,
blind drops crawl
and the ordinary brown
owl gives us proof
he can count:
five times—always five—
he stamps and takes off
after the fat frogs that,
shrilling for love,
clamber and mount.

House, open house
to the white dew
and the milk-white sunrise
kind to the eyes;
too indulgent, perhaps,
to silver fish, mouse,
to bookworms,
big moths,
and the mildew's
ignorant maps,

darkened and tarnished
by the warm touch
of the warm breath,
maculate, cherished,
rejoice! For a later
era will differ.
(O difference that kills,
or intimidates, much
of all our small shadowy
life!) Without water

the great rock will stare
unmagnetized, bare,
no longer wearing
rainbows or rain,
the forgiving air
and the high fog gone;
the owls will move on
and the several
waterfalls shrivel
in the steady sun.

—ELIZABETH BISHOP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STEINBERG

THE DOGS IN THE GREAT GLEN

THE professor had come over from America to search out his origins, and I met him in Dublin on the way to Kerry, where his grandfather had come from and where he had relations, including a granduncle, still living.

"But the trouble is," he said, "that I've lost the address my mother gave me. She wrote to tell them I was coming to Europe. That's all they know. All I remember is a name out of my dead father's memories: the great Glen of Kanareen."

"You could write to your mother."

"That would take time—she'd be slow to answer—and I feel impelled right away to find the place my grandfather told my father about. You wouldn't understand," he said. "Your origins are all around you."

"You can say that again, Professor," I said. "My origins crop up like the bones of rock in thin, sour soil."

"It's no laughing matter," he said. "It isn't for me. This island's too small to afford a place in which to hide from one's origins. Or from anything else."

He said, "But it's large enough to lose a valley in. I couldn't find the Valley of Kanareen marked on any map or mentioned in any directory."

"I have a middling knowledge of the Kerry mountains," I said. "I could join you in the search."

"It's not marked on the half-inch ordnance-survey map."

"There are more things in Kerry than were ever dreamt of by the ordnance survey. The place could have another official name. At the back of my head I feel that once in the town of Kenmare in Kerry I heard a man mention the name of Kanareen."

We set off two days later in a battered, rattly Ford Prefect, idling from place to place in the lackadaisical Irish summer, hoping we might slip into the land whose legends were part of his rearing.

"Until I met you," the professor said, "I was afraid the valley might have been a dream world my grandfather imagined to dull the edge of the first nights in a new land. I could see how he might have come to believe in it himself and told my father—and then, of course, my father told me."

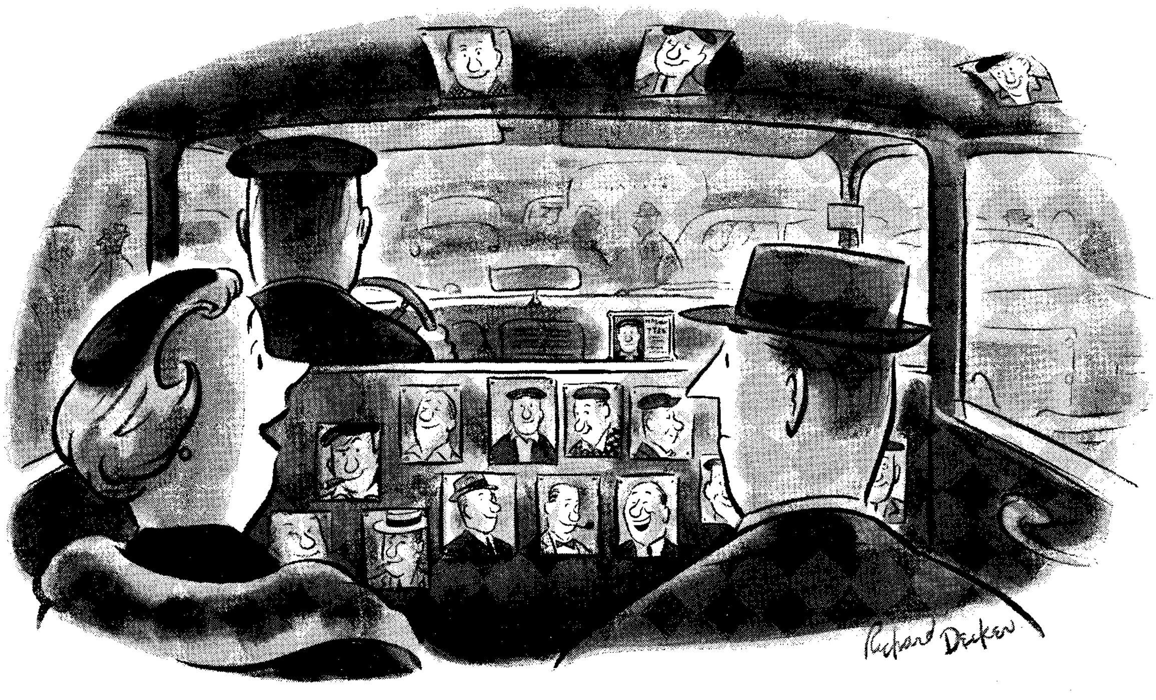
One of his grandfather's relatives, it seems, was a Cistercian monk in Mount Melleray, and we went there hoping to see the evidence of a name in a book and to kneel, perhaps, under the high arched roof of the chapel, close to where that monk had knelt. But it was late evening by the time we had traversed the corkscrew road over the purple Knockmealdowns and gone up to the mountain monastery through forests the monks had made in the wilderness, and the doors were closed. The birds sang vespers. The great silence affected us with something between awe and a painful shyness. We hadn't the heart to ring the doorbell or even to promise ourselves to return in the morning. Not speaking to each other, we retreated, closed out by the holy, unreal, unanswering stillness. It could easily have been that his grandfather never had a relative who was a monk in Melleray.

A cousin of his mother's mother, he had been told, was a cooper in Lady Gregory's Gort, in the County Galway. But when we crossed the country westward to Gort, it produced nothing except the information that apart from the big breweries—where they survived like birds or bison in a sanctuary—the coopers had gone, leaving behind them not a hoop or a stave. So we visited the woods of Coole, close to Gort, where Lady Gregory's house had once stood, and on the brimming lake water among the stones we saw by a happy, poetic accident the number of swans that the poet had seen.

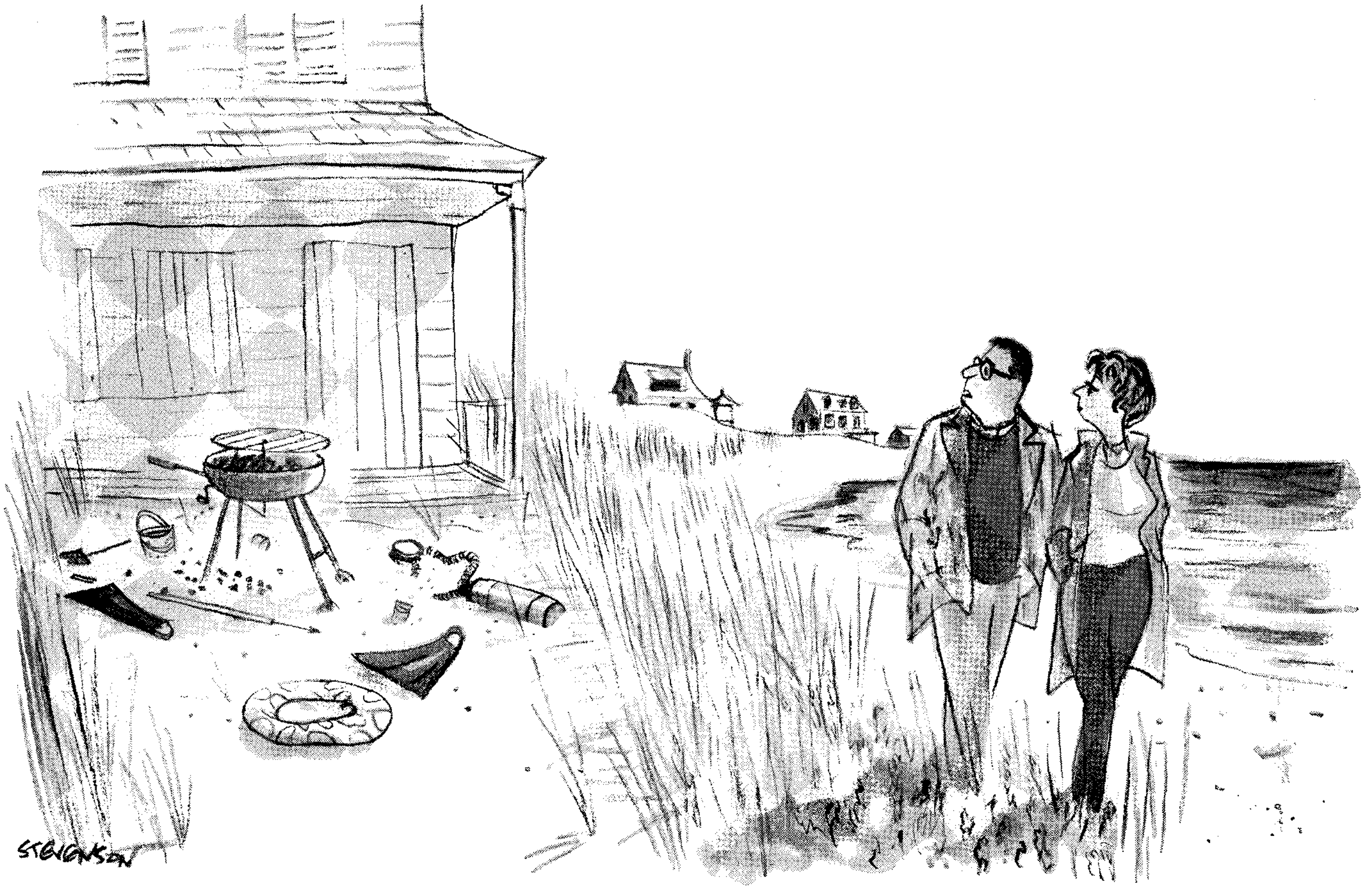
Afterward, in Galway City, there was—as there always is in Galway City—a night's hard drinking that was like a fit of jovial hysteria, and a giggling ninny of a woman in the bar kept saying to the professor, "You're the nicest American I ever met. You don't look like an American. You don't even carry a camera. You look like a Kerryman."

And in the end, we came to Kenmare in Kerry, and in another bar we met a talkative Kerryman who could tell us all about the prowess of the Kerry team, about the heroic feats of John Joe Sheehy or Paddy Bawn Brosnan, but he couldn't tell us where in the wilderness of mountains we might find the Glen of Kanareen. Nor could anybody else in the bar be of the least help to us, not even the postman, who could only say that wherever the place was—that is, if it was at all—it wasn't in his district. "It could, of course," he said, "be east over the mountain." Murmuring sympathetically, the entire bar assented—the rest of the world was east over the mountain. With the resigned air of men washing their hands of a hopeless case, the postman and the football savant directed us to a roadside post office twelve miles away.

In a high-hedged garden before an old gray stone house with latticed windows and an incongruous green official post-office sign, there was a child quite naked playing with a



"I always get the two confused. Would you say he's an egoist or an egotist?"



"There's something sad and sort of poetic about these places in October."

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colored musical spinning top as big as itself, and an old half-deaf man sunning himself and swaying in a rocking chair, a straw hat tilted forward to shade his eyes. Like Oisin remembering the Fenians, he told us he had known once of a young woman who married a man from a place called Kanareen, but there had been contention about the match and her people had kept up no correspondence with her. But the day she left home with her husband, that was the way she went. He pointed. The way went inland and up and up. We followed it. "That young woman could have been a relation of mine," the professor said.

On a rock-strewn slope—and silhouetted on a saw-toothed ridge where you'd think only a chamois could get by without broken legs—small black cows, accurate and active as goats, rasped good milk from the grass between the stones. The professor's grandfather had told his father about those athletic, legendary cows and about the proverb that said "Kerry cows know Sunday." For in famine times, a century since, mountain people bled the cows once a week to mix the blood into yellow maize meal and provide a meat dish, a special Sunday dinner.

The road twisted on across moorland that on our left sloped dizzily to the sea, as if the solid ground might easily slip and slide into the depths. Mountain shadows melted into a green bay. Across a ravine, set quite alone on a long, slanting brown knife blade of mountain, was a white house with a red door. The rattle of our little car affronted the vast stillness. We were free to moralize on the extent of all space in relation to the trivial area that limited our ordinary daily lives.

We came on two old druids resting from work on the leeward side of a turf bank. They listened to our inquiry with the same attentive, half-conscious patience they gave to bird cries or the sound of wind in the heather. Then they waved us ahead toward a narrow cleft in the distant wall of mountains. They offered us strong tea and a drop out of a bottle. They sucked their pipes. They watched us with kind irony as we drove off. Until the gap swallowed us and the hazardous, twisting track absorbed all our attention, we could look back and still see them, motionless, waiting with indifference for the landslide that would end it all.

BY a roadside pool where water beetles lived their vicious, secretive lives, we sat and rested, with the pass and the cliffs, overhung with heather, behind us and another ridge ahead. Below us, in the dry summer the bed of a stream held only a trickle of water twisting painfully around piles of round black stones.

"That silly woman in Galway," the professor said. He dropped a stone into the pool, and the beetles submerged to weather the storm. "That day by the lake at Lady Gregory's Coole," he said. "Nine-and-fifty swans. The exact number Yeats saw when the poem came to him. 'Upon the brimming water among the stones/Are nine-and-fifty swans.' Since I don't carry a camera, nobody will ever believe me. But you saw them. You counted them. Now that I'm so far," he added, "I'm half afraid to finish the journey. What will they be like? What will they think of me? Will I go over that ridge there to find my grandfather's brother living in a cave?"

Poking at and tormenting the beetles on the black mirror of the pool, I told him, "Once I went from Dublin to near Shannon Pot, where the river rises, to help an American woman find the house where her dead woman friend had been reared. On her deathbed, the friend had written it all out on a sheet of notepaper: 'Cross the river at Battle Bridge. Go straight through the village with the ruined castle on the right. Go on a mile to the crossroads and the laborer's cottage with the lovely snapdragons in the flower garden. Take the road to the right there, and then the second boreen on the left beyond the schoolhouse. Then stop at the third house on that boreen. You can see the river from the flagstone at the door.’

“Apart from the snapdragons, it was exactly as she had written it down. The dead woman had walked that boreen as a barefooted schoolgirl. Not able to revisit it herself, she entrusted the mission as her dying wish to her dearest friend. We found the house. Her people were long gone from it, but the new tenants remembered them. They welcomed us with melodeon and fiddle, and all the neighbors came in. They feasted us with cold ham and chicken, porter and whiskey, until I had cramps for a week.”

“My only grip on identity,” he said, “is that a silly woman told me I looked like a Kerryman. My grandfather was a Kerryman. What do Kerrymen look like?”

“Big,” I said.

“And this is the heart of Kerry. And what he said about the black cows was true. With a camera I could have taken a picture of those climbing cows. And up this hill trail,” he said, “and over that ridge is Kanareen.”

“We hope,” I said.

THE tired, cooling engine coughed apologetically when we abandoned it and put our city-shod feet to the last ascent.

“If that was the mountain my grandfather walked over in the naked dawn, coming home from an all-night cardplaying, then by God he was a better man than me,” said the professor. He folded his arms and looked hard at the razor-cut edges of stone on the side of the mountain. “Like walking up the side of a house,” he said. “My father told me that one night coming from the cardplaying my grandfather slipped down fifteen feet of rock, and the only damage done was the ruin of one of two bottles of whiskey he had in the tail pockets of his greatcoat. The second bottle was unharmed.”

The men who surfaced the track we were walking on had been catering to horses and narrow, iron-hooped wheels. After five minutes of agonized slipping and sliding, wisdom came to us and we took to the cushioned grass and heather. As we ascended, the professor told me what his grandfather had told his father about the market town he used to go to when he was a boy. It was a small town where, even on market days, the dogs would sit nowhere except exactly in the middle of the street. They were lazy town dogs—not active, loyal, and intelligent, like the dogs the grandfather had known in the great Glen. The way the old man had described it, the town’s five streets grasped the ground of Ireland as the hand of a strong swimmer might grasp a ledge of rock to hoist himself out of the water. On one side was the sea. On the other side, a shoulder of mountain rose so steeply that the Gaelic name of it meant the gable of a house.

When the old man went as a boy to the town on a market day, it was his custom to climb that mountain. Up through furze, and following goat tracks, leaving his shiny boots—which he only put on, anyway, when he entered the town—securely in hiding behind a furze bush. The way he remembered that mountain, it would seem that twenty minutes’ active climbing brought him halfway to heaven. The little town was far below him, and the bay and the islands. The unkempt coastline tumbled and sprawled to left and right, and westward the ocean went on forever. The sounds of market day—voices, carts, dogs barking, musicians on the streets—came up to him as faint, silvery whispers. On the tip of one island, two tall aerials marked the place where, he was told, messages went down into the sea, to travel all the way to America by cable. That was a great marvel for a boy from the mountains to hear about—the words of people in every tongue of Europe far down among monstrous fish and shapeless sea serpents that never saw the light of the sun. He closed his eyes one day and it seemed to him that the sounds of the little town were the voices of Europe setting out on their submarine travels. That was the time he knew that when he was old enough he would leave the Glen of Kanareen and go with the voices westward to America.

“Or so he said. Or so he told my father,” said the professor.

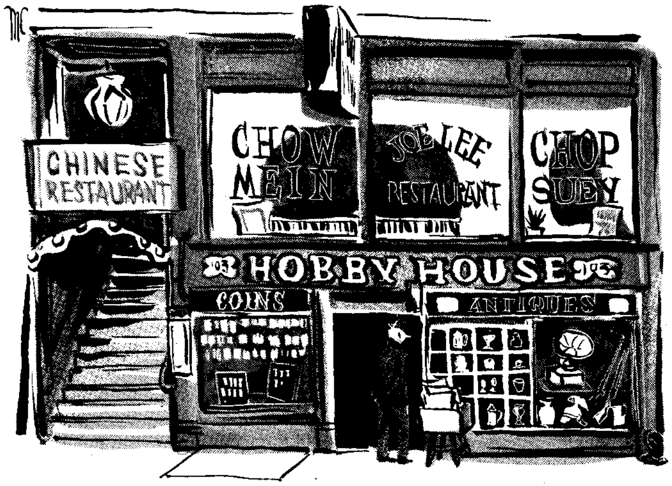
Another fifty yards and we would be on top of the ridge. We kept our eyes on the ground, fearful of the moment of vision and, for good or ill, revelation. Beyond the ridge there might be nothing but a void to prove that his grandfather had been a dreamer or a liar. Rapidly, nervously, he tried to talk down his fears. “He would tell stories forever, my father said, about ghosts and the good people. There was one case of an old woman whose people buried her—when she died, of course—against her will, across the water, which meant on the far side of the lake in the Glen. Her dying wish was to be buried in another graveyard, nearer home. And there she was, sitting in her own chair in the chimney corner waiting for them, when they came home from the funeral. To ease her spirit, they replanted her.”

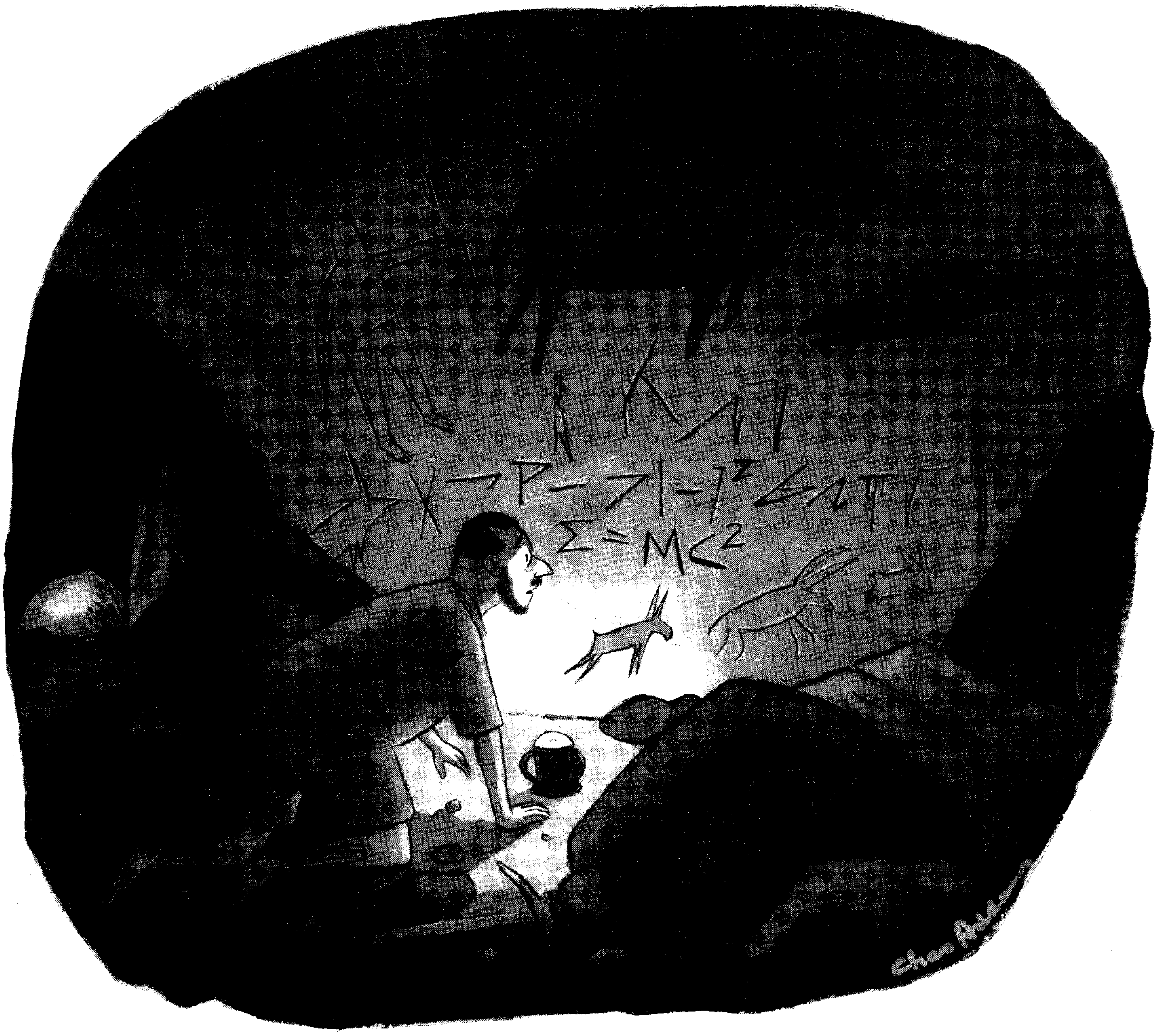
To ease the nervous moment, I said, “There was a poltergeist once in a farmhouse in these mountains, and the police decided to investigate the queer happenings, and didn’t an ass’s collar come flying across the room to settle around the sergeant’s neck? Due to subsequent ridicule, the poor man had to be transferred to Dublin.”

Laughing, we looked at the brown infant runnel that went parallel to the path. It flowed with us; we were over the watershed. So we raised our heads slowly and saw the great Glen of Kanareen. It was what Cortes saw, and all the rest of it. It was a discovery. It was a new world. It gathered the sunshine into a gigantic colored bowl. We accepted it detail by detail. “It was there all the time,” the professor said. “It was no dream. It was no lie.”

The first thing we realized was the lake. The runnel leaped down to join the lake, and we looked down on it through ash trees regularly spaced on a steep, smooth green slope. Grasping from tree to tree, you could descend to the pebbled lapping edge of the water.

“That was the way the boys in his time climbed down to fish or swim,” the professor said. “Black, bullheaded mountain trout. There was one place where they could dive off sheer rock into seventy feet of water. Rolling like a gentle sea—that was how he





described it. They gathered kindling on the slopes under the ash trees."

After the lake, we realized the guardian mountain; not rigidly chiselled into ridges of rock, like the mountain behind us, but soft and gently curving—protective. Green fields swathed its base. Sharp lines of stone walls, dividing wide areas of moorland sheep-grazing, marked man's grip for a thousand feet or so above sea level, then gave up the struggle and left the mountain alone and untainted. Halfway up, one snow-white cloud rested as if it had hooked itself on a snagged rock, and there it stayed, motionless, as step by step we went down into the Glen. Below the cloud, a long cataract made a thin white forked-lightning line, and became a river; in the heart of the Glen it lay sprawled on a brown and green and golden patchwork bed.

"It must be some one of those houses," the professor said, pointing ahead and down to the white houses of Kanareen.

"Take a blind pick," I said. "I see at least fifty."

They were scattered over the Glen in five or six clusters.

"From what I heard, it should be over in that direction," he said.

Small rich fields were ripe in the sun. Five hundred yards away, a dozen people were working at the hay. They didn't look up or give any sign that they had seen two strangers cross the high threshold of their kingdom, but as we went down, stepping like Grenadier Guards, the black-and-white sheepdogs detached themselves from the haymaking and moved silently across to intercept our path. Five of them I counted. My step faltered. "This could be it," I suggested with hollow joviality.

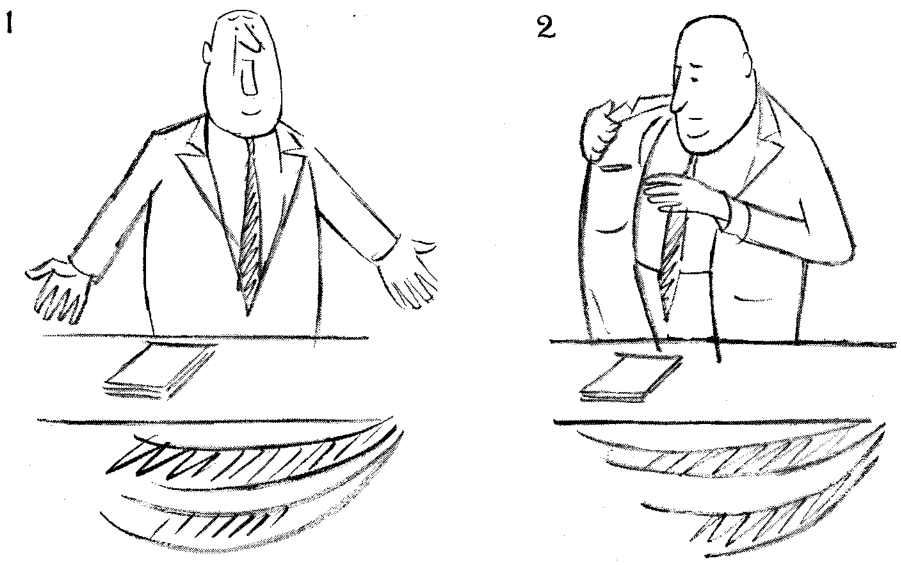
The professor said nothing. We went on down, deserting the comfort of the grass and heather at the side of the track. It seemed to me that our feet on the loose pebbles shook echoes even out of the imperturbable mountain. The white cloud had not moved. The haymakers had not honored us with a glance.

"We could make ourselves known to them in a civil fashion," I said. "We could ask the way to your granduncle's house. We could have a formal introduction to those slinking beasts."

"No," he said. "Give me my head. Let me try to remember what I was told."

"The hearts of these highland people, I've heard, are made of pure gold," I said. "But they're inclined to suspicion of town-dressed strangers. As sure as God made smells and shotguns, they think we're inspectors from the government."

He laughed. His stride had a new elasticity in it. He was somebody else coming home. The white cloud had not



"My principles, good friends, are not a matter of political expediency. They are part and parcel of the very fibre of my being. These cherished principles . . . I learned at my mother's knee."

* * *

moved. The silent dogs came closer. The unheeding people went on with their work.

"The office of rates collector is not sought after in these parts," I said. "Shotguns are still used to settle vexed questions of land title. Only a general threat of excommunication can settle a major feud."

"This was the way he'd come home from the gambling cabin," the professor said, "his pockets clinking with winnings. That night he fell, he'd won the two bottles of whiskey. He was only eighteen when he went away. But he was the tallest man in the Glen. So he said. And lucky at cards."

The dogs were twenty yards away, silent, fanning out like soldiers cautiously circling a point of attack.

"He was an infant prodigy," I said. "He was a peerless grandfather for a man to have. He also had one great advantage over us—he knew the names of these dogs, and they knew his smell."

The professor took off his white hat and waved at the workers. One man at a haycock raised a pitchfork—in salute or in threat? Nobody else paid the least attention. The dogs were now at our heels, suiting their pace politely to ours. They didn't even sniff. They had impeccable manners.

"This surely is the right glen," he said. "The old man was never done talking about the dogs. They were all black-and-white in his day, too."

He stopped to look at them. They stopped. They didn't look up at us. They didn't snarl. They had broad, shaggy backs. Even for their breed, they were big dogs. Their long tails were rigid.

Fixing my eyes on the white cloud, I walked on. "Let's establish contact," I said, "before we're casually eaten. All I ever heard about the dogs in these mountains is that their family tree is as old as the Red Branch Knights. That they're the best sheepdogs in Ireland and better than anything in the Highlands of Scotland. They also savage you first and bark afterward."

Noses down, they padded along behind us. Their quiet breath was hot on my calves.

"Only strangers who act suspiciously," the professor said.

"What else are we? I'd say we smell bad to them."

"Not me," he said. "Not me. The old man told a story about a stranger who came to Kanareen when most of the people were away at the market. The house he came to visit was empty except for two dogs. So he sat all day at the door of the house, and the dogs lay and watched him and said and did nothing. Once, he felt thirsty and went into the kitchen of the house and lifted a bowl to go to the well for water. There was a snarl that froze his blood. So he went thirsty and the dogs lay quiet."

"Hospitable people."

"The secret is, touch nothing; lay no hand on property and you're safe."

"So help me God," I said, "I wouldn't deprive them of a blade of grass."

Twice in my life I had been bitten by dogs. Once, walking to school along a side street on a sunny morning and simultaneously reading in the *Boys' Magazine* about a soccer center forward, the flower of the flock, called Fiery Cross the shooting Star—he was red-headed and his surname was Cross—I had stepped on a sleeping Irish terrier. In retaliation, the startled brute had bitten me. I couldn't find it in my heart to blame him, so that in my subconscious dogs took on the awful, Heaven-appointed dignity of avenging angels. The other time—and this was an even more disquieting experience—a mongrel dog had come up quietly behind me while I was walking on the fairgreen in the town I was reared in and bitten the calf of my leg so as to draw spurts of blood. I kicked him, and he had walked away as if it was the most natural, legitimate thing in heaven and earth for a dog to bite me and be kicked in return. Third time, I thought, it will be rabies. So now as we walked and the silent watchers of the valley padded at our heels, I enlivened the way with brave and trivial chatter. I recited my story of the four wild brothers of Adrigole.

"Once upon a time," I said, "there lived four brothers in a rocky corner of Adrigole in West Cork, under the mountain called Hungry Hill. Daphne du Maurier wrote a book called after the mountain, but divil a word in it about the four brothers of Adrigole. They lived, I heard tell, according to instinct and never laced their boots and came out only once a year to visit the nearest town, which was Castletownberehaven, on the side of Bantry Bay. They'd stand there, backs to the wall, smoking, saying nothing, contemplating the giddy market-day throng. One year, they ran out of tobacco and went into the local branch of the Bank of Ireland to buy it, and raised havoc because the teller refused to satisfy their needs. To pacify them, the manager and the teller had to disgorge their own supplies. So they went back to Adrigole, to live happily without lacing their boots, and ever after they thought that in towns and cities the bank was the place where you bought tobacco."

On a level with the stream that came from the lake and went down to join the valley's main river, we walked toward a group of four whitewashed thatched farmhouses that were shining and scrupulously clean. The track looped to the left. Through a small, triangular meadow a short cut went straight toward the houses. In the heart of the meadow, by the side of the short cut, there was a spring well of clear water, the stones that lined its sides and the roof cupped over it all white with lime. The professor went down three

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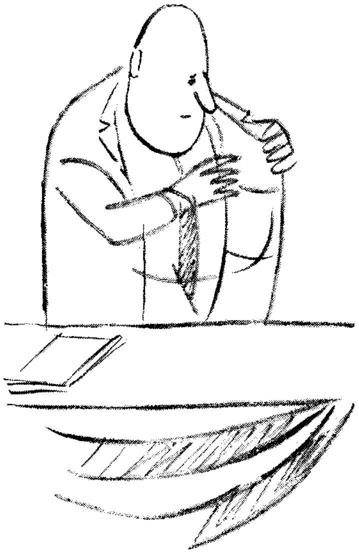

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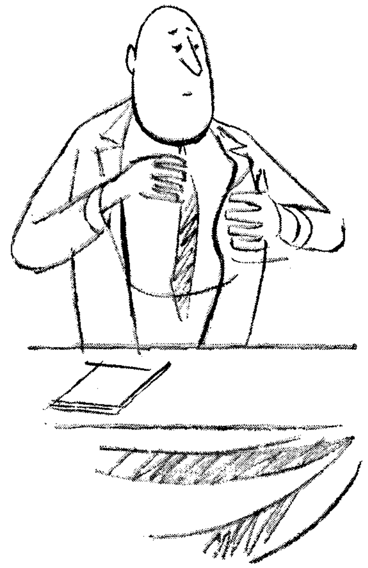

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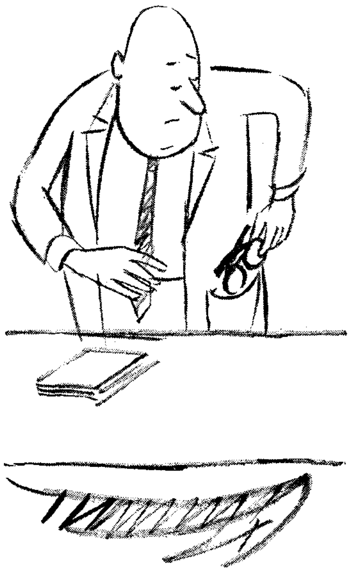

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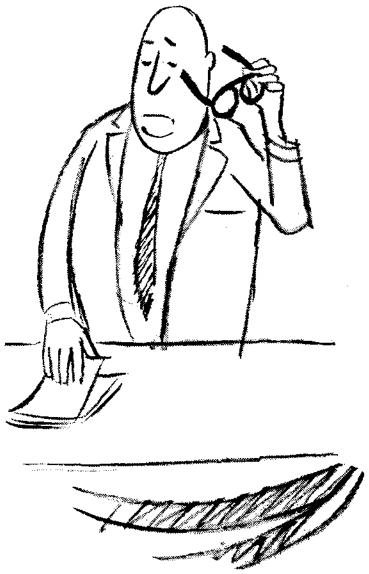

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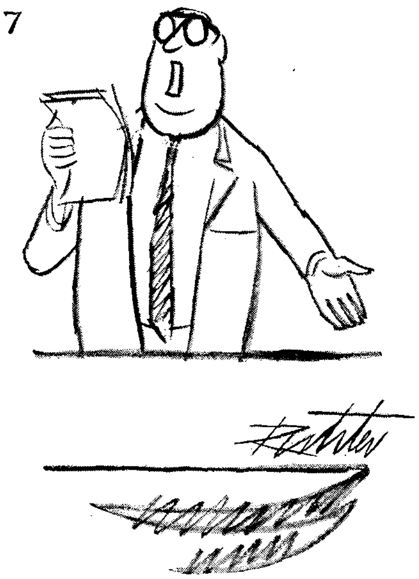


stone steps and looked at the water. For good luck, there was a tiny brown trout imprisoned in the well. He said quietly, "That was the way he described it. But it could hardly be the selfsame fish."

He stooped to the clear water. He filled his cupped hands and drank. He stooped again, and again filled his cupped hands, and slowly, not spilling a drop, came up the moist, cool steps. Then, with the air of a priest scattering hyssop, he sprinkled the five dogs with the spring water. They backed away from him thoughtfully. They didn't snarl or show teeth. He had them puzzled. He laughed with warm good nature at their obvious perplexity. He was making his own of them. He licked his wet hands. I watched him. Like good pupils attentively studying a teacher, the dogs watched him.

"Elixir," he said. "He told my father that the sweetest drink he ever had in his life was out of this well when he was on the way back from a drag hunt in the next glen. He was a great hunter."

"He was Nimrod," I said. "He was everything. He was the universal Kerryman."

"No kidding," he said. "Through a thorn hedge six feet thick and down a precipice and across a stream to make sure of a wounded bird. Or all night long waist-deep in an icy swamp waiting for the wild geese. And the day of this drag hunt. What he most remembered about it was the way they sold the porter to the hunting crowd in the pub at the crossroads. To meet the huntsmen halfway, they moved the bar out to the farmyard. With hounds and cows and geese and chickens, it was like having a drink in Noah's Ark. The pint tumblers were set on doors lifted off their hinges and laid flat on hurdles. The beer was in wooden tubs, and all the barmaids had to do was dip and there was the pint. They didn't bother to rinse the tumblers. He said it was the quickest-served and the flattest pint of porter he ever saw or tasted. Bitter and black as bog water. On the way home, he spent an hour here rinsing his mouth, and the well water tasted as sweet, he said, as silver."

The white cloud was gone from the mountain. "Where did it go?" I said. "Where could it vanish to?" In all the wide sky there wasn't a speck of cloud. The mountain was changing color, deepening to purple with the approaching evening.

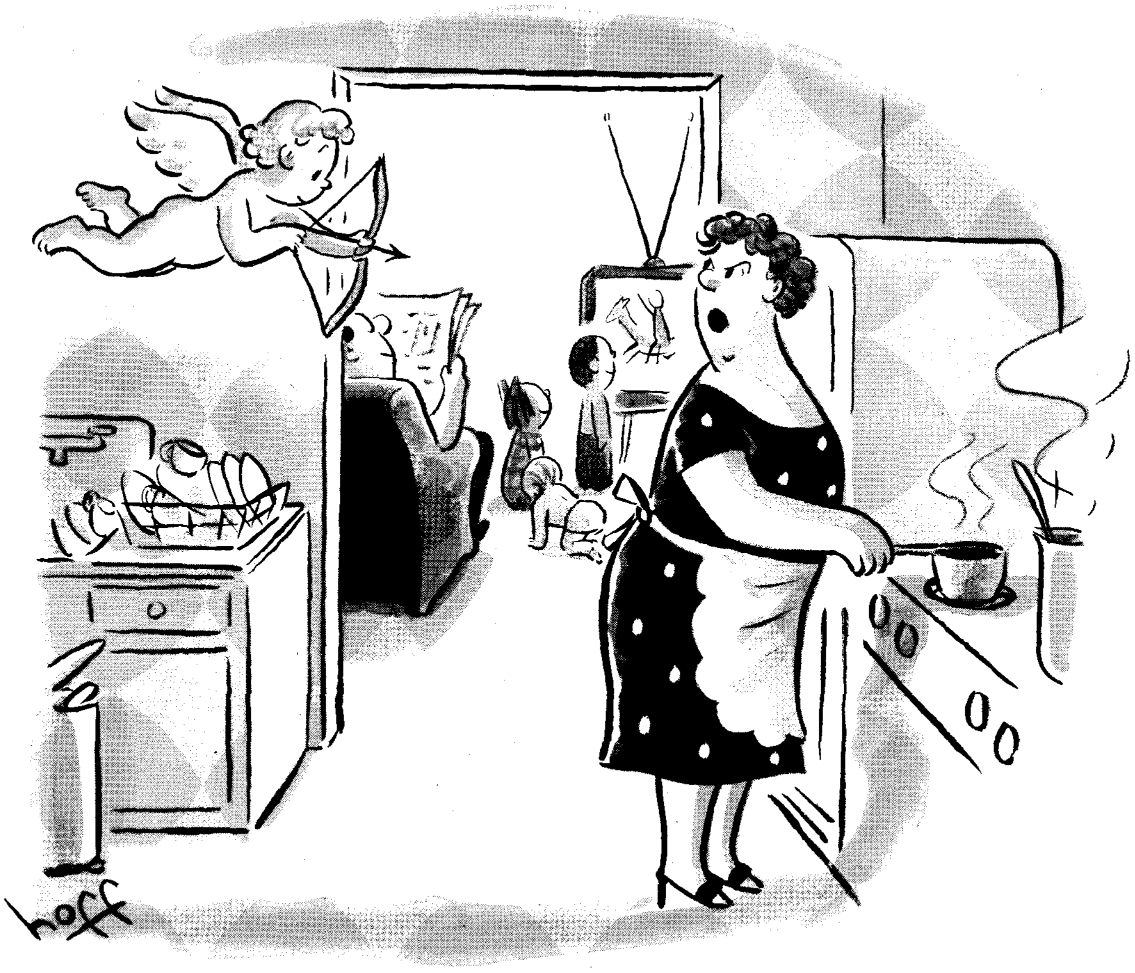
HE grasped me by the elbow, urging me forward. He said, "Step on it. We're almost home."

We crossed a crude wooden stile and followed the short cut through a walled garden of bright-green heads of cabbage and black and red currant bushes. Startled, fruit-thieving birds rustled away from us, and on a rowan tree a sated, impudent blackbird opened his throat and sang.

"Don't touch a currant," I said, "or a head of cabbage. Don't ride your luck too hard."

He laughed like a boy half hysterical with happiness. He said, "Luck. Me and these dogs," he said, "we know each other. We've been formally introduced. Glad to know you, dogs," he said to them over his shoulder.

They trotted behind us. We crossed a second stile and followed the short cut through a haggard, and underfoot the ground was velvety with chipped straw. We opened a five-barred iron gate, and to me it seemed that the noise of its creaking hinges must be audible from end to end of the Glen. While I paused to rebolt it, he and the dogs went on, the dogs trotting in the lead. I ran



"Buzz off!"

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after them. I was the stranger, who had once been the guide. We passed three houses as if they didn't exist. They were empty. The people who lived in them were above at the hay. Toward the fourth thatched house of the group we walked, along a green boreen lined with hazels and an occasional mountain ash. The guardian mountain was by now so purple that the sky behind it seemed, by contrast, as silvery as the scales of a fish. From unknown lands behind the lines of hazels two more black-and-white dogs ran, barking with excitement, to join our escort. Where the hazels ended, there was a house fronted by a low stone wall and a profusion of fuchsia. An old man sat on the wall, and around him clustered the children of the four houses. He was a tall, broad-shouldered old man with copious white hair and dark side whiskers and a clear, prominent profile. He was dressed in good gray, with long, old-fashioned skirts to his coat—formally dressed as if for some important event—and his wide-brimmed black hat rested on the wall beside him, and his joined hands rested on the curved handle of a strong ash plant. He stood up as we approached. The stick fell to the ground. He stepped over it and came toward us. He was as tall or—without the slight stoop of age—taller than the professor. He put out his two hands and rested them on the professor's shoulders. It wasn't an embrace. It was an appraisal, a salute, and a sign of recognition.

He said, "Kevin, well and truly we knew you'd come if you were in the neighborhood at all. I watched you walking down. I knew you from the top of the Glen. You have the same gait my brother had, the heavens be his bed. My brother that was your grandfather."

"They say a grandson often walks like the grandfather," said the professor.

His voice was shaken and there were tears on his face. So, a stranger in the place myself, I walked away a bit and looked back up the Glen. The sunlight was slanting now, and shadows were lengthening on mountain slopes and across the small fields. From where I stood, the lake was invisible, but the ash wood on the slope above it was dark as ink. Through sunlight and shadow the happy haymakers came running down toward us, and—barking, playing, frisking over each other—the seven black-and-white dogs, messengers of good news, ran to meet them. The great Glen, all happy echoes, was opening out and singing to welcome its true son.

Under the hazels, as I watched the running haymakers, the children came shyly around me to show me that I also was welcome. Beyond the high ridge, the hard mountain the cardplayers used to cross to the cabin of the gambling stood up gaunt and arrogant and leaned over toward us as if it were listening.

It was moonlight, I thought, not sunlight, over the great Glen. From house to house the dogs were barking, not baying the moon but to welcome home the young men from the cardplaying over the mountain. The edges of rock glistened like quartz. The tall young gambler came laughing down the Glen, greatcoat swinging open, waving in his hand the one bottle of whiskey that hadn't been broken when he tumbled down the spink. The ghosts of his own dogs laughed and leaped and frolicked at his heels. —Benedict Kiely

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EARTH AND FIRE

All do not seek the exalted fire;
All do not let the moment bless.
And yet what so rewards desire,
So nourishes? Confess:
He's wrong who toils for less.

Measure the ground and weigh its yield,
Changing the crops while seasons turn.
Yet who can say a barren field
Where the dry brambles burn
Brings not the best return?

Then the fine breath of wintry air
Answers the crisp and stubborn earth.
Without the exaltation there
Uniting death and birth,
What is a man's song worth?

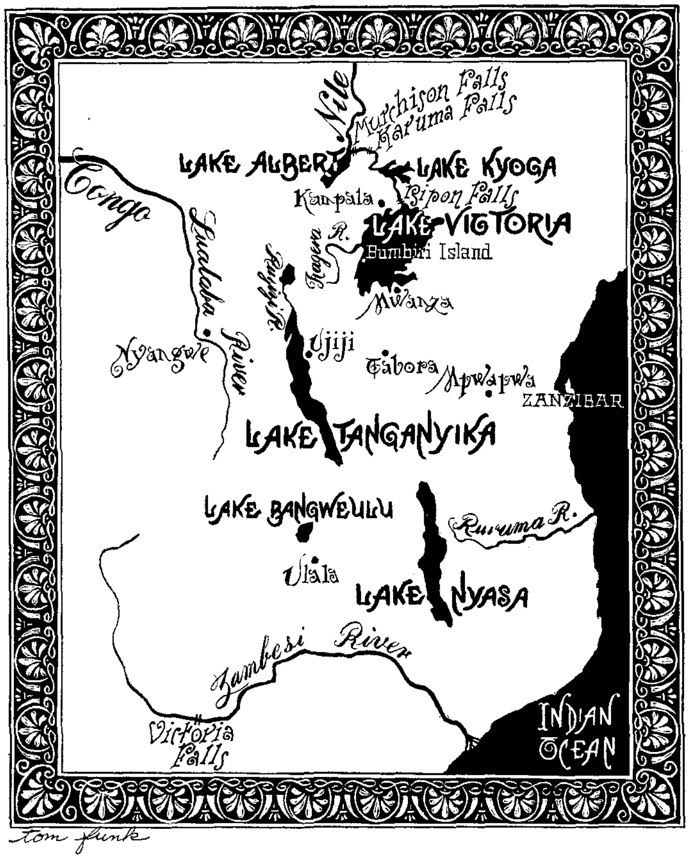
Earth's natural order brings a wealth
Of promise, bounty, and regret.
Through changes he alone has health
And writes off all the debt
Whose heart on heaven is set.

—Vernon Watkins

ANNALS OF EXPLORATION

THE FOUNTAINS OF THE NILE

III—LIVINGSTONE AND STANLEY



WE tend to think of David Livingstone as being an old man when, in 1865, at the urging of the Royal Geographical Society, he set out upon what was to be his last journey to Africa, but he was only fifty-two, and at that age, more than ever, he had the quality that the Arabs describe as *baraka*. In the most improbable circumstances, he had the power of enhancing life and making it appear better than it had been before. His mere presence seems to have conferred a blessing on everyone who met him; even Arab slavers felt it and helped him when they could. It was perfectly true that his Zambesi expedition, from 1858 to 1864, when he ascended the Zambesi River to the Victoria Falls and discovered Lake Nyasa, had been a disaster for his companions; even those who survived had been pushed beyond all reasonable limits and had often found him self-willed and impatient of any weakness. Livingstone was never at his best when he was travelling with other white men, since he forced his own incredibly high standards upon them. But in 1865 he was on his own again, and no one had to suffer but himself. Moreover, his extraordinary concentration on Africa had not diminished in the least. The others who went there might lose faith and become confused in quarrels among themselves; he, never. Africa by now was an essential part of his existence; he lived for Africa, and it is only when this is understood that one can find some purpose in the apparent aimlessness of his wanderings and in the sublime obstinacy with which he kept on and on when there appeared to be no point in his continuing. Most other explorers proceeded in a straight line on their African journeys; they set forth with some definite object in mind, and when they had accomplished their missions their one desire was to return home. But Livingstone's mission began and ended in Africa. He travelled, as it were, in circles, dwelling with the Africans themselves, eating their food, sleeping in their huts, and, without losing his identity, making their life his own. No one understood the African Negroes and the fearful hardships to which they submitted better than he did. Only he could have written, "The strangest disease I have seen in this country seems really to be broken-heartedness, and it attacks free men who have been captured and made slaves." In those few words, he came to the root of the matter, and they may have been just as effective as all the evidence of atrocities and all the humanitarian outpourings that were then being broadcast from the pulpit, the House of Commons, and the Anti-Slavery Society in England.

One might perhaps find some parallel between this life and the career of Dr. Schweitzer, in Lambaréné, except that Livingstone was a nomad; he had to keep on—and how clearly one sees that calm and rugged figure, with the flapped cap on his head, his walking stick in his hand, marching through the bush—because he was one of those people who cannot bear not to look over the top of the next hill. Then, too, one must remember how complete and steady men's convictions were in Victorian times. The doubts and uncertainties that have overtaken life in the twentieth century were unthinkable then. Livingstone's faith in God was absolute, and since he felt instinctively that his true approach to God was in Africa, it seems possible that he went to meet his death there rather more gladly, feeling more spiritually content, than he could have done in any other place.

Even if the Royal Geographical Society had not urged him on, even if the slave trade had not existed to assail his spirit, his twenty-one years in Africa must have drawn him back. There was so much work there still to be done. When he first arrived in Africa, in the eighteen-forties, the interior of the continent had been an enormous unknown void, reaching from the Kalahari Desert almost as far north as Timbuctoo. Livingstone himself had done as much as, and perhaps more than, any other man to explore that void, but still there remained a thousand problems unresolved, including the greatest and oldest problem of all—the mystery of the sources of the Nile. It was a mystery that had been persistently probed but never penetrated. In 1858, John Hanning Speke, travelling as subaltern with an expedition headed by Richard Burton, had made a digressive quick march north from Tabora and become the first European to catch sight of Lake Victoria; instantly, he concluded that the source of the Nile lay at his feet. Burton, back in Tabora reorganizing the expedition, felt otherwise; it was folly, he declared, to maintain that an unmapped, unnavigated body of water of undetermined size gave rise to the mightiest river in the world. How did Speke know that any river at all fell away from the lake? How *could* he know until he had circumnavigated it? Burton himself favored Lake Tanganyika as the source of the Nile; there was no doubt about its having a river—the Ruzizi—at its northern end, and though a party of Arab traders had re-

Whitney Darrow, Jr

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ported that the Ruzizi flowed *into* the lake, the reports might have been wrong. And so the quarrel between the two men dragged on, but in 1862 Speke and James Grant returned to Lake Victoria, and this time Speke found supporting evidence; a river did indeed flow out of the northern end—at a point he named Ripon Falls, in honor of a president of the Royal Geographical Society. Then, in 1864, Samuel Baker and his wife discovered Lake Albert and were able to confirm that Speke's river flowed into it, and then out again, at *its* northern end. But was this the Nile? No one knew. Baker had not circumnavigated his lake, nor had he followed the northward-flowing river to the sea. And how did Lake Tanganyika and its flighty Ruzizi fit into the scheme? These were the questions that Sir Roderick Murchison, who had become president of the Royal Geographical Society in 1862, now asked Livingstone to settle definitively.

Through the years of his great journeys, Livingstone had developed more and more from the medical missionary into the explorer. He had come to believe that his real work in Africa was not so much in the saving of individual human souls as in the opening up of the country so that Christianity and civilization could follow in his wake. In 1865, there were no really urgent duties to hold him in Britain; he had no home or parish there, he had left the London Missionary Society (though he remained on the best of terms with it), and his wife had died three years before in Africa. Robert, his eldest son, was also dead; he had been impressed at Boston into the Northern forces in the American Civil War, and had succumbed to wounds at the age of eighteen in a prisoners' camp at Salisbury, North Carolina. As for the other children, they were being well cared for in England. Livingstone's books had made him the most famous of all African explorers, but he cared nothing for fame or the life of a public personality in England. His royalties brought him enough money to make him as independent as he wished to be on his own Spartan scale of living, and now there was this stimulating invitation from the Royal Geographical Society that would allow him to travel in the best of circumstances and carry on with the work to which he had given his life—to strike one more blow against slavery and to solve finally the great enigma of the lake-and-river system in the center of the continent.

Like Burton before him, Livingstone was coming around to the view that the true solution of the Nile had already been propounded by Herodotus and the ancient geographers, if not by the Old Testament itself. He was fascinated by Herodotus' description of the Nile as springing from fountains of bottomless depth at the foot of high mountains somewhere in the center of Africa. In reality, this last journey of Livingstone's was a half-mystical attempt to rediscover those fountains—

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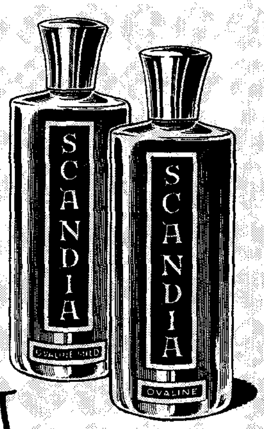

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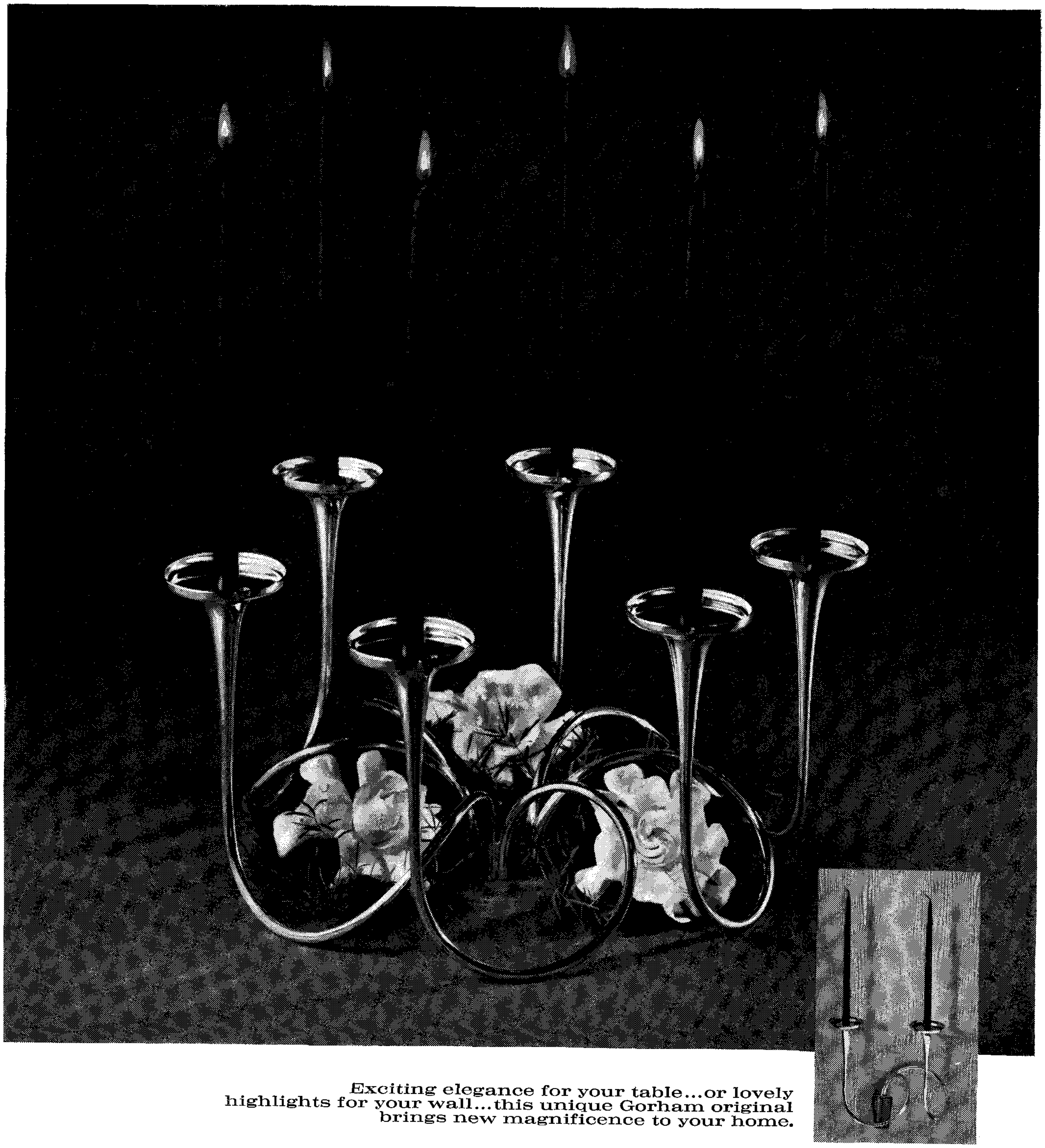
to find a unity with the past, a divine pattern in the geography of the river. This was to be the final achievement of his life. Of course he had to go.

Physically, he appears to have been strong enough to undertake the journey. His health had not been seriously impaired by his previous work in Africa, and in any case he had been rested by a year in England. His shoulder, which had been crushed by a lion some twenty years before and had never been properly set, still troubled him from time to time, but this was not a grave impediment. Indeed, all was confidence and hope as the new journey was about to start. Everyone wished him well. His attack of the previous year on the Portuguese for permitting slave-driving to continue in their African territories had been an embarrassment to the British government, but that did not prevent the Prime Minister from inquiring if there was any way in which he could serve Livingstone. And Murchison had written, "As to *your future*, I am anxious to know what *your own wish* is as respects a renewal of African exploration. . . ." Did Livingstone wish to proceed by way of the Ruvuma River and around the southern end of Lake Tanganyika, and thus perhaps reach the sources of the Nile? Such a journey would enable him to settle "all the great disputes now pending." But there was no obligation for Livingstone to go; another man could be found to lead the expedition—perhaps John Kirk, who had been with him on the Zambesi?

Livingstone replied that he had been contemplating a new expedition of the very kind that Murchison suggested. "If I can get a few hearty companions," he wrote, "I shall enjoy myself and feel that I am doing my duty. As soon as my book [his "Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and Its Tributaries"] is out, I shall start." He invited Kirk to accompany him, but Kirk was about to marry and no doubt felt that for the moment he had had enough of Livingstone's formidable campaigning. Livingstone bore him no grudge; instead, he busied himself in getting Kirk the desirable post of acting surgeon and vice-consul at the British agency at Zanzibar.

And so it was determined that Livingstone should go alone. The Foreign Office came forward with the not overwhelmingly generous gift of five hundred pounds for the expedition (though it later provided an additional thousand pounds), the Society produced another five hundred, and Livingstone and his friends found the rest. The explorer



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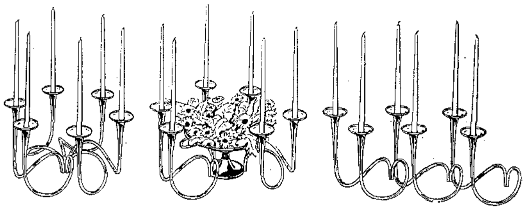

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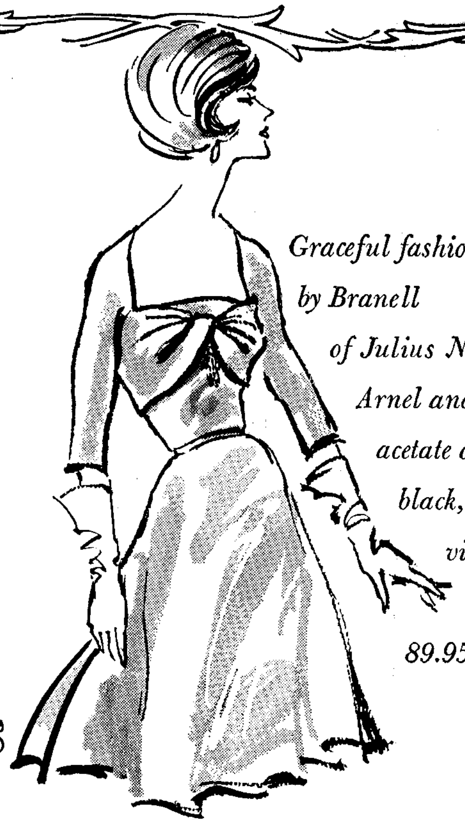

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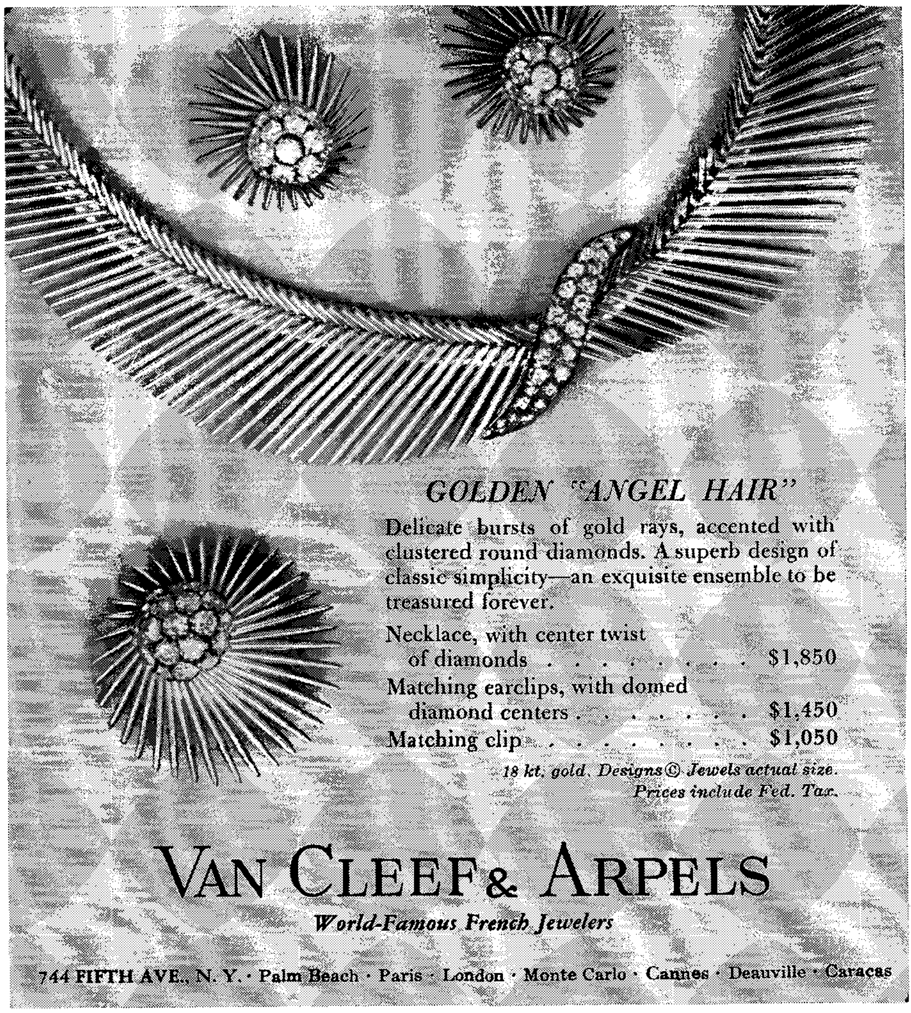

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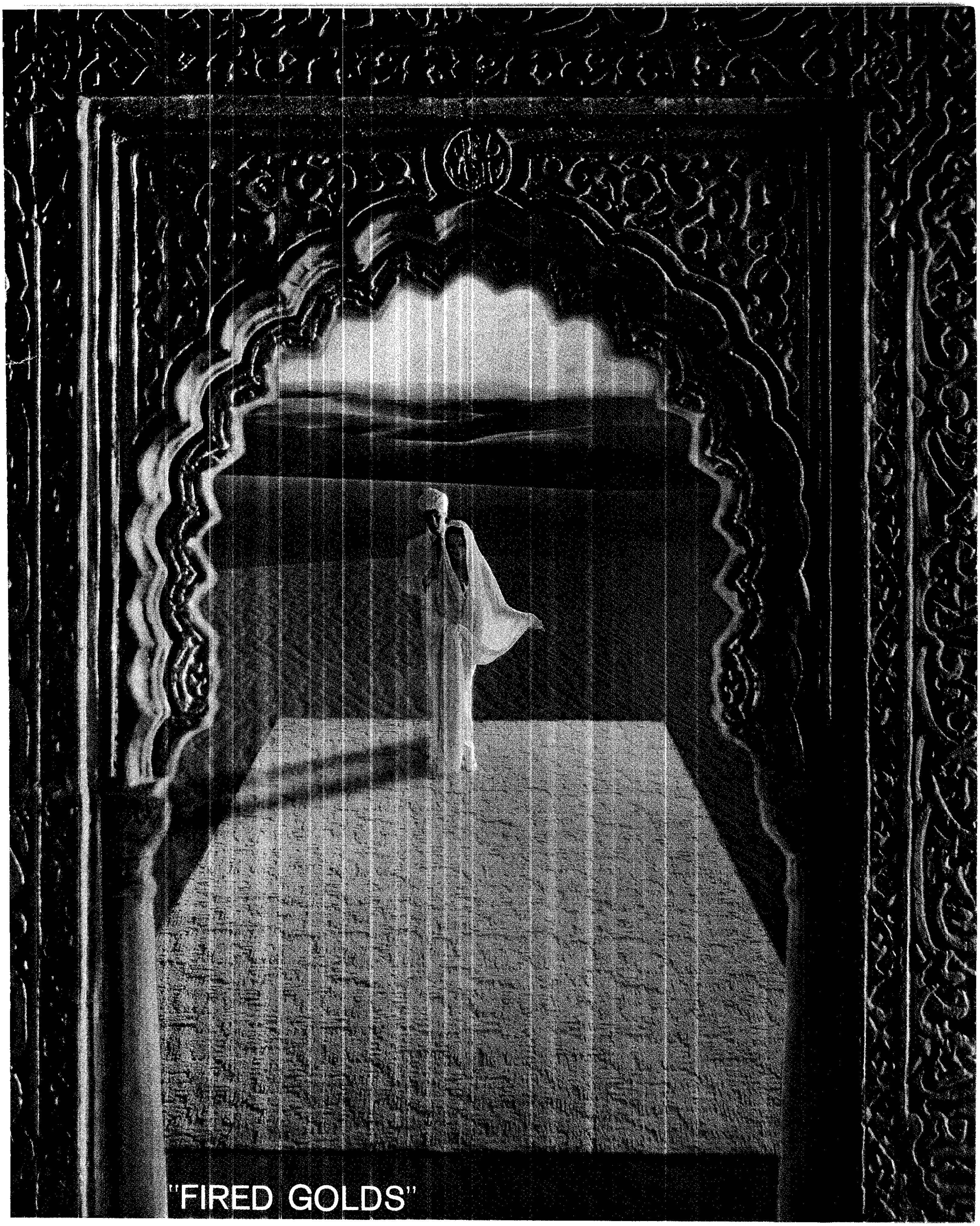
was appointed "consul for Central Africa," without salary, and in August, 1865, he sailed from Folkestone. He travelled via Paris (where he dropped his daughter Agnes off at school), Cairo, and Bombay, and at the end of January, 1866, he arrived at Zanzibar.

Zanzibar was now being drawn more and more into the network of Western commerce and politics. There were half a dozen foreign consulates on the sea front, and many of the Arab and Indian merchants were growing rich. It was no longer a great event when the town drum was beaten to announce the approach of an ocean-going ship (one beat for a ship from the north and two for a ship from the south), for the island was constantly visited by merchantmen and men-of-war from almost all the European powers. The traffic in slaves had, if anything, grown heavier; it was now estimated that between eighty and a hundred thousand were brought down from the interior every year, and although none were supposed to go beyond the dominions of the Sultan of Zanzibar, there was no real check on the dhows that sailed back to Arabia and the East in June, when the southwest monsoon began to blow. "It is the old, old way of living," Livingstone wrote. "Eating, drinking, sleeping; sleeping, drinking, eating . . . slave dhows coming and slave dhows going away; bad smells. . . . On visiting the slave market, I found about three hundred slaves exposed for sale. . . . All who have grown up seem ashamed at being hawked about for sale. The teeth are examined, the cloth lifted to examine the lower limbs, and a stick thrown for a slave to bring, and thus exhibit his paces. Some are dragged through the crowd by hand, and the price called out incessantly; most of the purchasers were northern Arabs and Persians." However, the Sultan, upon whom Livingstone called, was both amiable and helpful; he gave Livingstone a *firman* to the sheiks in the interior, and lent him a large, square house on the sea wall on the outskirts of the town (it is still standing), which was conveniently placed for dropping stores directly down into boats. And Kirk would soon arrive to take up his new job at the agency, where he could be of great help to the expedition.

There was a complex relationship between these two men. Although Kirk was much younger than Livingstone, their backgrounds were very similar: Kirk, too, had come from a religious household in Scotland; he, too, had received a degree in medicine and had gone abroad to satisfy a craving for ad-



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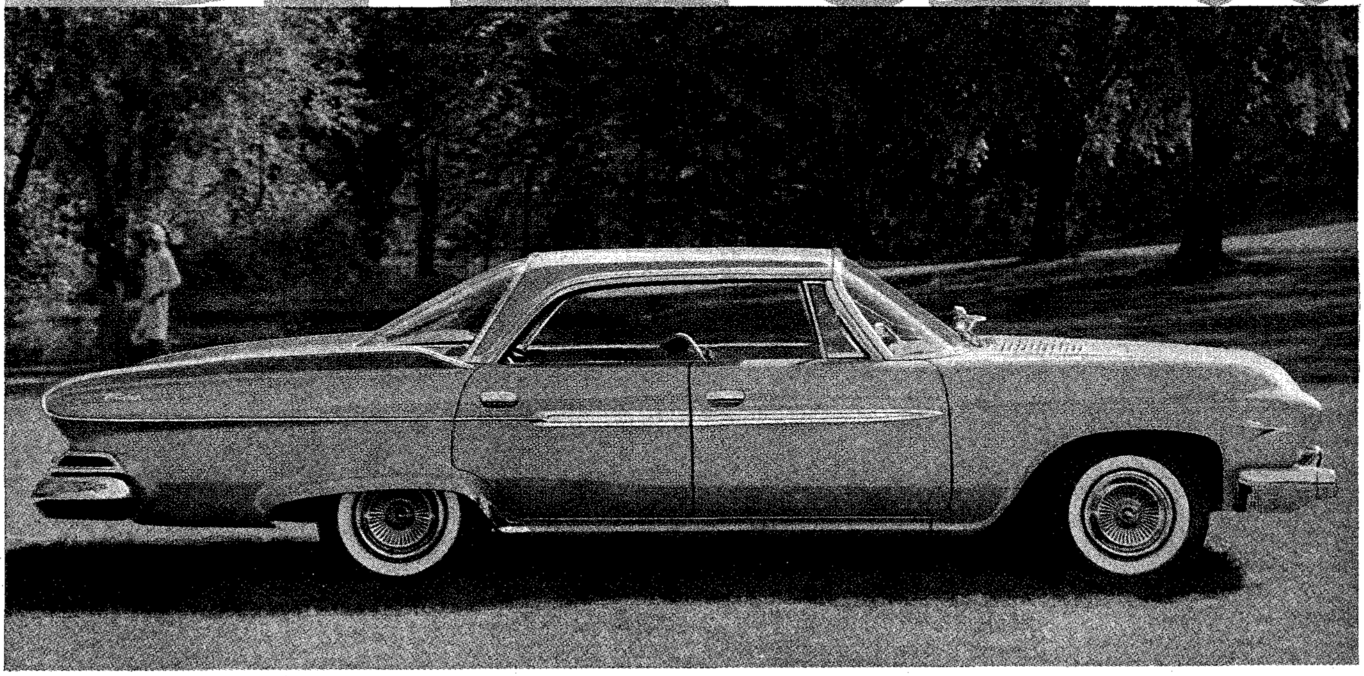

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venture, at first in the Crimea and then in Africa. Livingstone had taken him on the Zambesi expedition in 1858 as physician and naturalist, and they had established the kind of intimacy that can develop only through a long series of shared experiences on a dangerous journey. In the end, Kirk had been invalided home, but the two men had had five years or more together in Africa, and Kirk had been at Livingstone's side when he discovered Lake Nyasa. As a naturalist, Kirk had shown exceptional promise, bringing home a valuable collection of African plants, some of which were entirely new to science. As a companion in adversity, he had been admirable, for he had just those qualities that make an ideal chief of staff—shrewdness and common sense in dealing with others, which Livingstone himself so often lacked. There had been differences, of course. At times on the Zambesi, Kirk had thought that his leader was out of his mind, and later on he had been deeply hurt when he believed (probably erroneously) that Livingstone had reported adversely on him to the Foreign Office. Kirk had been too close to Livingstone for blind hero worship. He had written to a friend, "He [Livingstone] must have saved a good deal of money, not that I think that he sets much value on that. He would give all for a C.B. or, better, a K.C.B., and there will be a push made in some quarters to get it for him." This was unfriendly, and yet it was very likely true (even though Livingstone in the end never received any honor from the government). But all this was over and done with, and there was no doubt whatever that Kirk's fundamental loyalty to his old leader was quite unshakable. Now he would be in a position to act as the expedition's representative in Zanzibar; at a later stage, he was to send porters and supplies on to Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, to await Livingstone's arrival. The expedition that Livingstone assembled was modest compared to the usual thing, but he thought it lavish; he had brought a number of sepoys with him from Bombay, and he had in his service two devoted bearers—Susi and Chuma—who had been with him on the Zambesi. The rest of the caravan he recruited in Zanzibar, bringing the total number to sixty. In addition, there was a small train of camels, buffaloes, mules, and donkeys, to serve as baggage animals.

Livingstone's plan was to keep well south of the usual caravan routes, striking directly inland toward the unexplored country south of Lake Tanganyika, and with that object in view he

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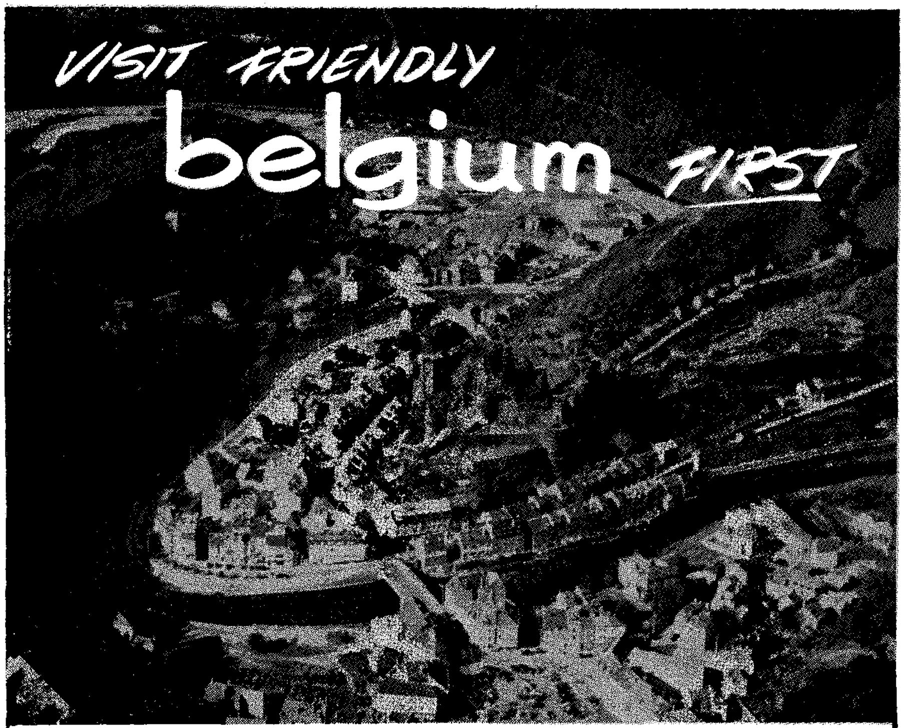

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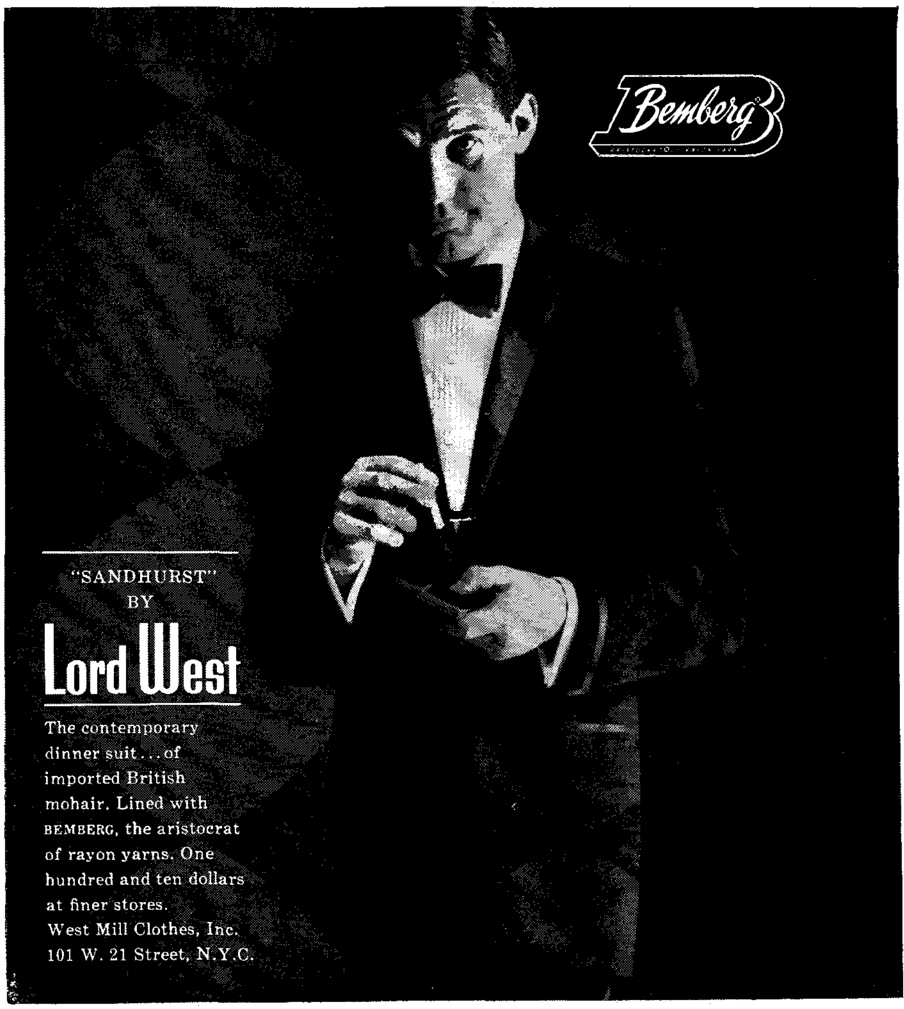

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landed in March, 1866, at the mouth of the Ruvuma River, which now divides Tanganyika from Portuguese East Africa. There began the incredible series of wanderings that were to continue for seven years and to end in a failure that was also the triumph of a man's unconquerable mind. Never can there have been a journey founded upon so many misapprehensions. It was a search for the source of a river in a region where it did not exist; it was an anti-slavery expedition that had no power whatever to put down slavery; it was the march of a man who believed that he alone, unarmed and unsupported, could pass through Africa, which was quite impossible. But none of this made any difference. Through a series of paradoxes, all comes right in the end. The march goes on—but only because the Arab slavers take care of the sick and lonely man in the wilderness. Slavery is dealt a blow from which it never recovers—but only because Livingstone was the helpless witness of a massacre. Even the mystery of the Nile is solved—not by Livingstone himself but by another man, whom Livingstone inspired to go off in a different direction. And to Livingstone, no doubt, all this was as it should have been; it was the will of God.

IT *is astonishing that Livingstone did* not die much sooner. Quite early in his march, he lost nearly all his men and animals, and, what was just as disastrous, his medicine chest as well. At the end of a year, he struggled up to the southern end of Lake Tanganyika, where the Arab slavers took care of him, though at the same time they had made it almost impossible for him to go on; here, as in the Sudan, they had aroused bitter hatred among the tribes, and porters were unobtainable. Yet Livingstone did manage to go on, striking out west to the Lualaba River, then south to Lake Bangweulu, which no white man had ever seen before, then north to Lake Tanganyika again. In March, 1869, three years after leaving the coast, he arrived at Ujiji, almost toothless and half dead with malaria and other illnesses—"a ruckle of bones," as he said—only to find that the stores Kirk had sent on had been looted en route, and that hardly anything of use remained. There was no quinine and—what was nearly worse—no mail. The absence of news from the outside world seems to have afflicted the explorers almost more than any other hardship; in the hope of finding mail at some outlandish spot, they would rouse themselves from their illnesses and march on for weeks, or even

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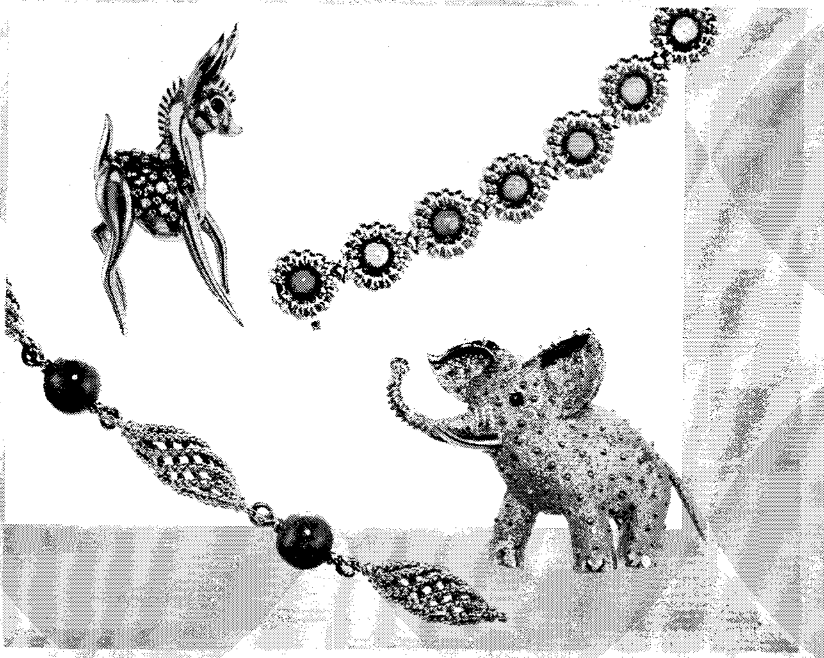
months. For Livingstone in Ujiji, the deprivation was doubled, because the Arab traders refused to carry Livingstone's own letters down to the coast. He had written forty-two of them, and the Arabs knew all too well that the package contained a full account of the atrocities they were committing in the interior.

So there was nothing to do but go on again, without medicine and without supplies. Once more, Livingstone headed west for the Lualaba, which he had begun to believe was the Nile. Now, the Lualaba has nothing to do with the Nile; it is, in fact, the upper Congo River, flowing in a great northward-bending arc to the Atlantic Ocean, but Livingstone had no means of knowing this. His outward journey came to a fearful halt one morning at the riverbank village of Nyangwe, where he saw a group of Arab traders open up their rifles, at point-blank range, on the natives.

Up to then, Livingstone had enjoyed this place; he liked to watch the people coming into market—sometimes as many as three thousand of them—to barter their chickens and fruit, with the broad river flowing by into the jungle. His description of what happened on the morning of July 15, 1871, reveals, as no other such report ever has, the depths of the tragedy that afflicted the Central African Negroes when the outside world burst in upon them, hardly as long as three generations ago. The Dugumbe referred to in his account was one of the better-established, and therefore more restrained, slavers—but a slaver nonetheless. The Tagamoio who appears in the last paragraph more nearly represents the Arabs and their terrorist methods in Central Africa at the time.

> It was a hot, sultry day, and when I went into the market, I saw . . . three of the men who had lately come with Dugumbe. I was surprised to see the three with their guns, and felt inclined to reprove them, as one of my men did, for bringing weapons into the market, but I attributed it to their ignorance, and, it being very hot, I was walking away to go out of the market, when I saw one of the fellows haggling about a fowl, and seizing hold of it. Before I got thirty yards out, the discharge of two guns in the middle of the crowd told me that slaughter had begun; the crowds dashed off from the place, and threw down their wares in confusion, and ran. At the same time that the three opened fire on the mass of people near the upper end of the market place, volleys were discharged from a party down near the creek on the panic-stricken women, who dashed at the canoes. These, some fifty or more, were jammed in the creek and the men forgot their paddles in



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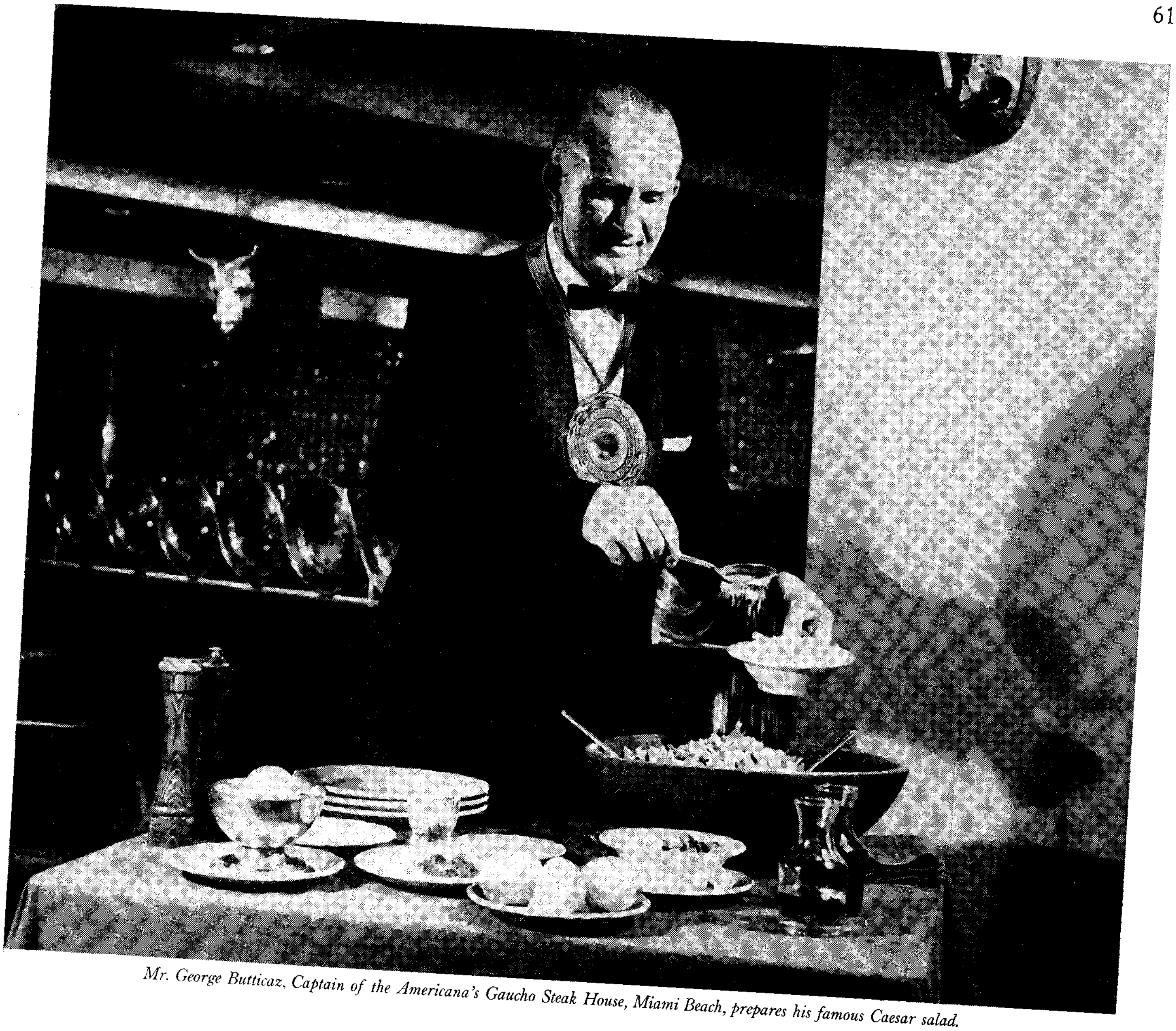

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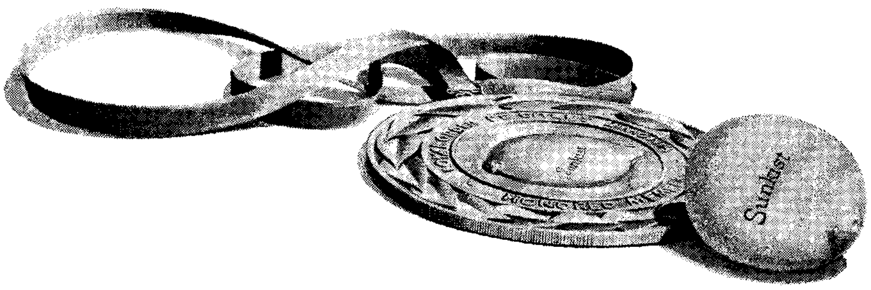


the terror that seized all. The canoes were not to be got out, for the creek was too small for so many; men and women, wounded by balls, poured into them, and leaped and scrambled into the water shrieking. A long line of heads in the river showed that great numbers struck out for an island a full mile off; in going toward it they had to put the left shoulder to a current of about two miles an hour; if they had struck away diagonally to the opposite bank, the current would have aided them, and, though nearly three miles off, some would have gained land; as it was, the heads above water showed the long lines of those that would inevitably perish.

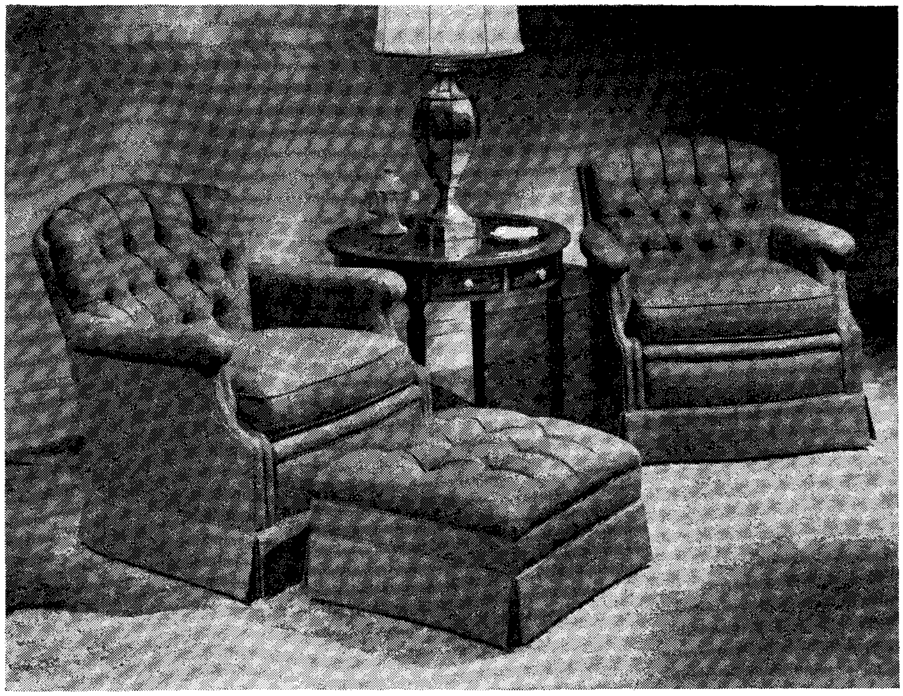
Shot after shot continued to be fired on the helpless and perishing. Some of the long line of heads disappeared quietly, whilst other poor creatures threw their arms high, as if appealing to the great Father above, and sank. One canoe took in as many as it could hold, and all paddled with hands and arms; three canoes, got out in haste, picked up sinking friends, till all went down together, and disappeared. One man, in a long canoe, which could have held forty or fifty, had clearly lost his head; he had been out in the stream before the massacre began, and now paddled up the river nowhere, and never looked to the drowning.

By and by all the heads disappeared; some had turned downstream toward the bank, and escaped. Dugumbe put people into one of the deserted vessels to save those in the water, and saved twenty-one, but one woman refused to be taken on board from thinking that she was to be made a slave of; she preferred the chance of life by swimming to the lot of a slave; the Bagenya women are expert in the water, as they are accustomed to dive for oysters, and those who went downstream may have escaped, but the Arabs themselves estimated the loss of life at between three hundred and thirty and four hundred souls....

My impulse was to pistol the murderers, but Dugumbe protested against my getting into a blood feud, and I was thankful afterward that I took his advice. Two wretched Moslems asserted "that the firing was done by the people of the English;" I asked one of them why he lied so, and he could utter no excuse; no other falsehood came to his aid as he stood abashed before me, and so telling him not to tell palpable falsehoods, I left him gaping.

After the terrible affair in the water, the party of Tagamoio, who was the chief perpetrator, continued to fire on the people there and fire their villages. As I write, I hear the loud wails on the left bank over those who are slain, ignorant of their many friends who are now in the depths of the Lualaba. Oh, let Thy kingdom come! No one will ever know the exact loss on this bright sultry summer morning. It gave me the impression of being in Hell.

After this, there was no hope of obtaining boats or men to follow the course of the river. Sickened by what he had seen, and now seriously broken in health, Livingstone struggled back to Ujiji, unable for the moment to accomplish any more. There was little except his faith to keep him going. (He had read the Bible four times on this second journey



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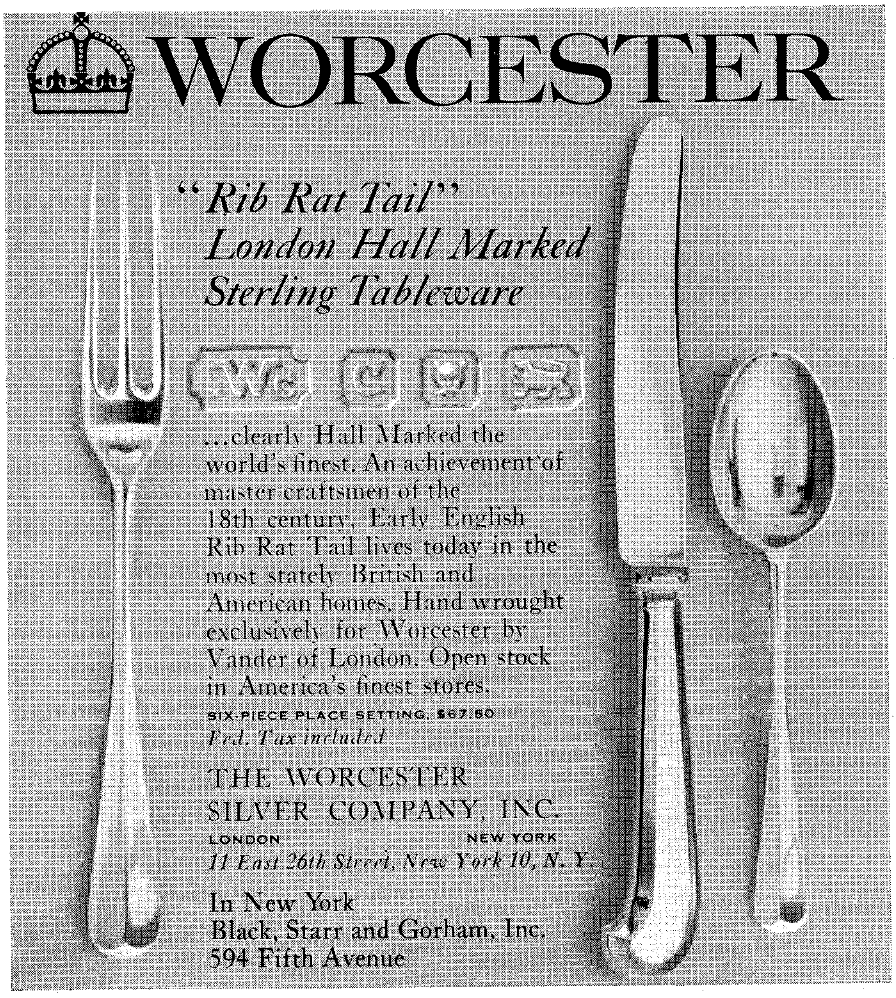

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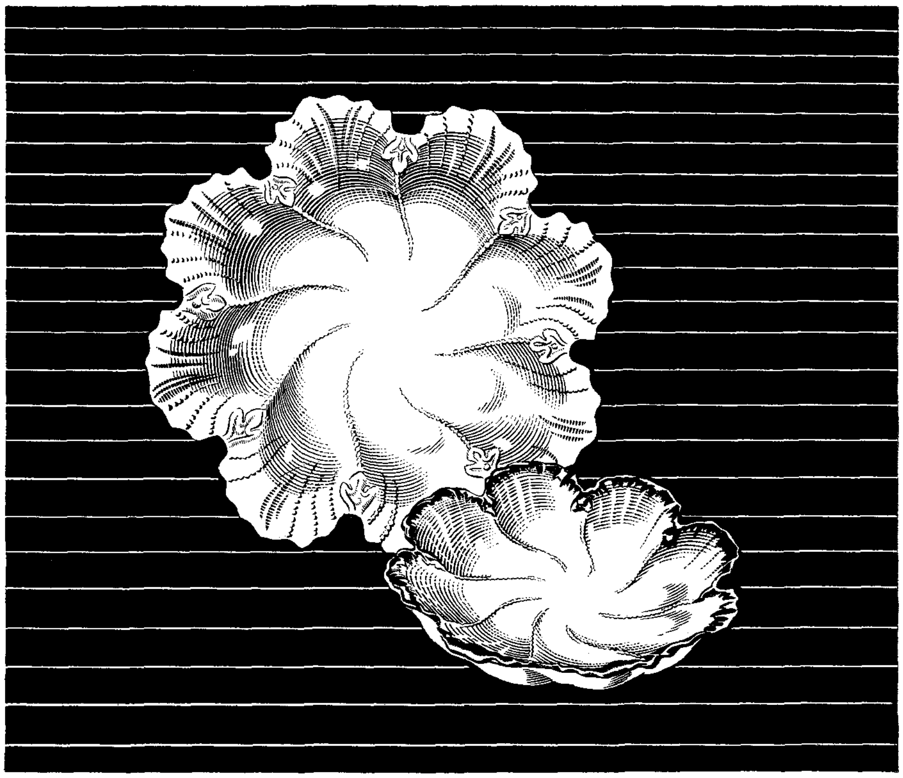
to the Lualaba.) On his return to Ujiji after an absence of two years, he was practically reduced to begging from the Arabs in order to keep alive—and thus it was that Henry M. Stanley found him when he came marching into Ujiji on November 10, 1871.

"When my spirits were at their lowest ebb," Livingstone wrote, "the good Samaritan was close at hand, for one morning Susi came running at the top of his speed and gasped out, 'An Englishman! I see him!' and off he darted to meet him. The American flag at the head of the caravan told of the nationality of the stranger. Bales of goods, baths of tin, huge kettles, cooking pots, tents, etc., made me think, 'This must be a luxurious traveller and not one at his wits' end like me.' "

Stanley's famous description of the meeting is more lively:

> Selim said to me, "I see the Doctor, sir. Oh, what an old man! He has got a white beard!" And I—what would I not have given for a bit of friendly wilderness, where, unseen, I might vent my joy in some mad freak, such as idiotically biting my hand, turning a somersault, or slashing at trees, in order to allay those exciting feelings that were well-nigh uncontrollable. My heart beats fast, but I must not let my face betray my emotions, lest it shall detract from the dignity of a white man appearing under such extraordinary circumstances.
>
> So I did that which I thought was most dignified; I pushed back the crowds, and, passing from the rear, walked down a living avenue of people, until I came in front of the semicircle of Arabs, in front of which stood the white man with the grey beard. As I advanced slowly toward him, I noticed he was pale, looked wearied, had a grey beard, wore a bluish cap with a faded gold band round it, had on a red-sleeved waistcoat, and a pair of grey tweed trousers. I would have run to him, only I was a coward in the presence of such a mob—would have embraced him, only, he being an Englishman, I did not know how he would receive me. So I did what cowardice and false pride suggested was the best thing—I walked deliberately up to him, took off my hat, and said, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" "Yes," he said, with a kind smile, lifting his cap slightly.
>
> I replace my hat on my head, and he puts on his cap, and we both grasp hands, and then I say aloud, "I thank God, Doctor, I have been permitted to see you."
>
> He answered, "I feel thankful that I am here to welcome you."

This, then, is the story of an incident that has been more frequently recalled than any other single event in African exploration. And yet a strange air of unreality remains. One is bound to wonder why it took so long for help to arrive. For nearly five years, Livingstone's whereabouts had been a mystery. At one time, back in 1867, he had been thought dead; the porters who deserted



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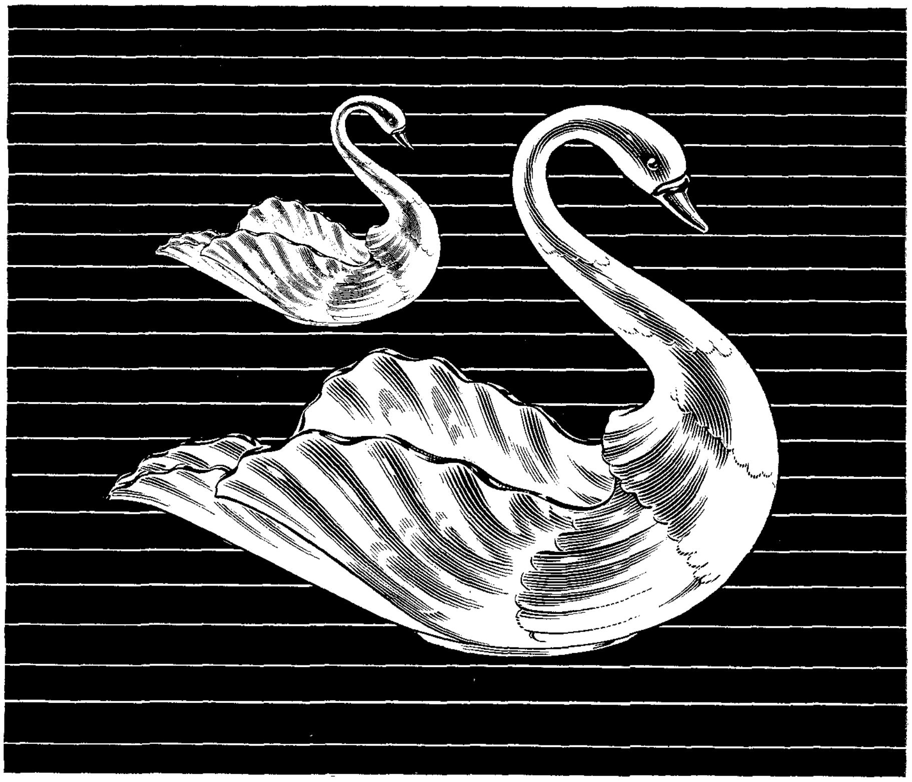

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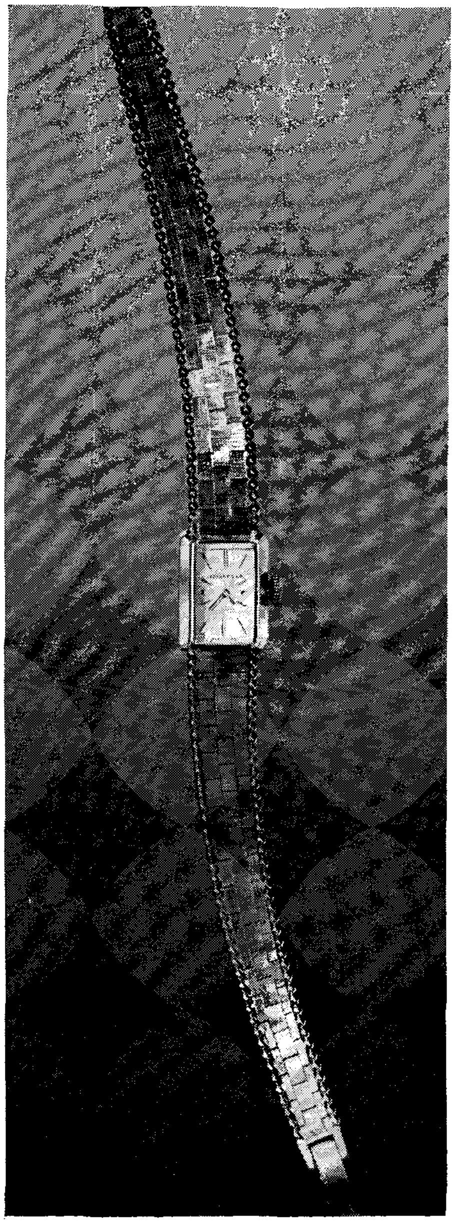
him had announced on their return to the coast that he had been killed on the shores of Lake Nyasa (which was a convenient way of explaining their desertion), and Murchison had published this news in a letter to the *Times*. But Murchison himself had not entirely believed it, and in August of 1867 the Royal Geographical Society had sent out an expedition to discover the truth. This expedition had scarcely got under way when word reached the coast that the explorer was still alive, and soon afterward letters from Livingstone were received in Zanzibar. Upon this, the expedition turned back. Thereafter, a strange apathy about the explorer appears to have overtaken both officials and public. From time to time, vague inquiries were made; Kirk sent his supplies up from Zanzibar, but without any real assurance they would ever reach their destination; and in the Royal Geographical Society in London there were speculative discussions about just what direction the explorer might have taken in the last twelve months or so. But for a long time no one actually made a move to go to the assistance of the lost man. Burton, no great admirer of missionaries, affected a sardonic indifference. When at last the hunt for Livingstone began, he wrote to a friend, “Rather *infra dig* to discover a mish.” In the last century, of course, it was nothing unusual for a ship at sea or a traveller in a distant land to be lost sight of for many months at a time; even so, it is strange that Livingstone’s silence was received with so much complacency—and stranger still that it was a man like Stanley who should have come to the rescue. Even Stanley had not precisely hurried to Ujiji. Long before—actually, in 1869—his employer, James Gordon Bennett, of the New York *Herald*, had summoned him to an interview at the Grand Hotel in Paris and had said, “I wish you to attend the opening of the Suez Canal and then proceed up the Nile. Send us detailed descriptions of everything likely to interest American tourists. Then go to Jerusalem, Constantinople, the Crimea, the Caspian Sea, through Persia as far as India. After that, you can start looking around for Livingstone. If he is dead, bring back every possible proof of his death.”

Stanley, the most assiduous foreign correspondent who ever lived, had accomplished this program in fourteen months. Having attended the Canal opening, he had gone up the Nile, he had inspected the battlefields of the Crimea, he had visited Persepolis (where he carved his name on the ruins), he had described the awful poverty of India, and now he had arrived at Ujiji. And who was Stanley? He was full of surprises. He was a man whose real name was not Stanley at all but Rowlands; a Welshman who was an American; a soldier who was a sailor; and now a journalist who was leading a successful expedition into the center of Africa. Soon the world was to know all about his picaresque background—the appalling Dickensian childhood in a workhouse in Wales; his arrival as a cabin boy at New Orleans, where he took the name and nationality of a kindly American who adopted him as a son; his soldiering in the Civil War, at first for the South and then for the North; his rejection by his squalid mother on his return to England; his adventures in the American Navy and in General Hancock’s campaign against the Red Indians; and, latterly, his exploits as a journalist in the British campaign against the Emperor of Abyssinia. This was the career of a man of iron, an adventurer who was every bit as hard and ruthless as the world in which he lived. In his book “Livingstone’s Last Journey,” Reginald Coupland, professor of colonial history at Oxford, remarks pungently of Stanley, “No other famous man of his time got so high from a start so low. No one who can understand him forgets that. He never forgot it himself.” Gaetano Casati, an Italian explorer who knew Stanley much later in life, wrote of him, “Stanley is a man remarkable for strength of character, resolution, promptness of thought, and iron will. Jealous of his own authority, he does not tolerate exterior influences, nor ask advice. Difficulties do not deter him, disasters do not dismay him. With an extraordinary readiness of mind, he improvises means and draws himself out of a difficulty; absolute and sincere in the execution of his duty, he is not always prudent, or free from hasty or erroneous judgments. Irresolution or hesitation irritate him, disturbing his accustomed gravity, his countenance being usually serious. Reserved, laconic, and not very sociable, he does not awaken sympathy; but on closer acquaintance he is found very agreeable, from the



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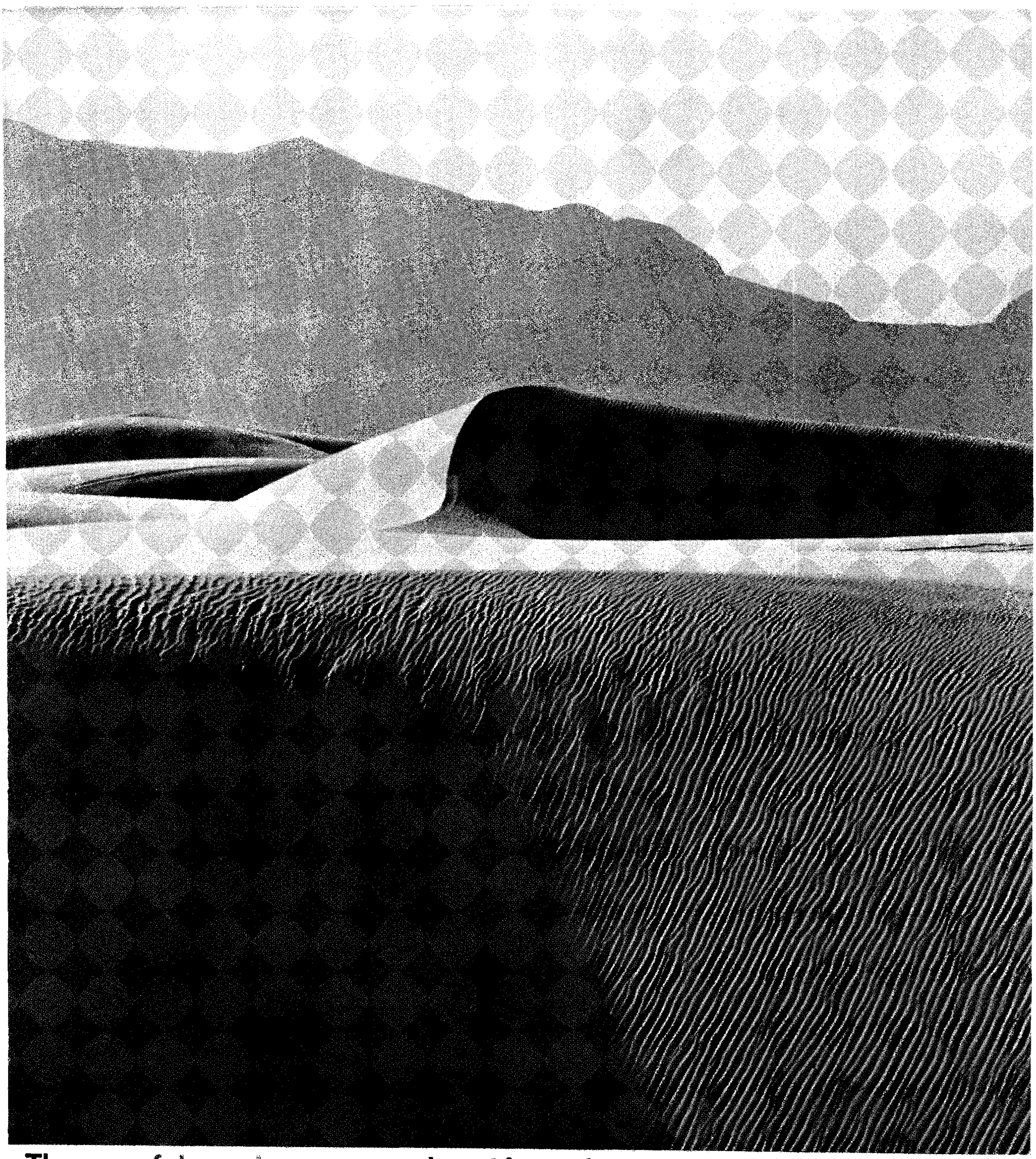

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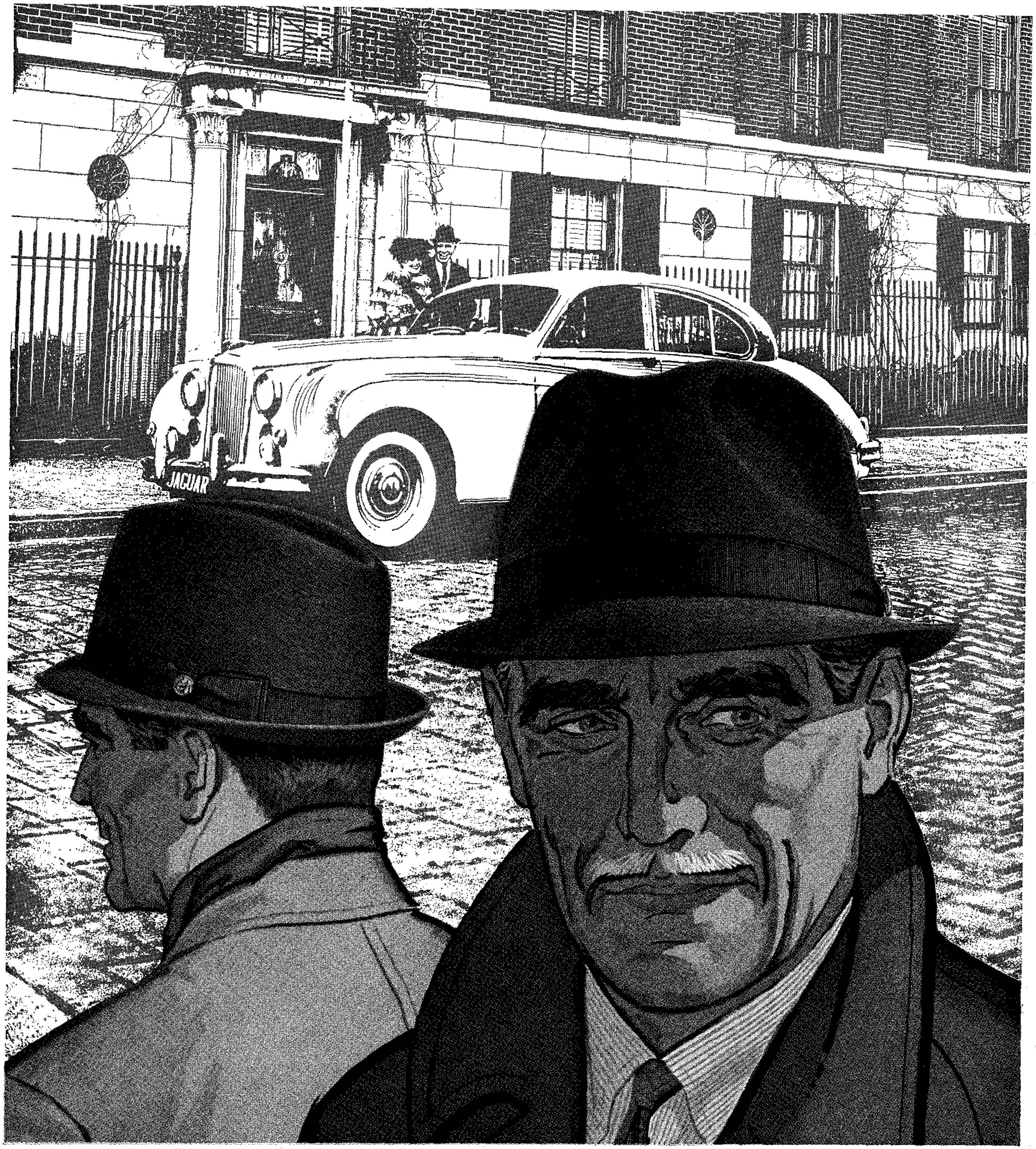

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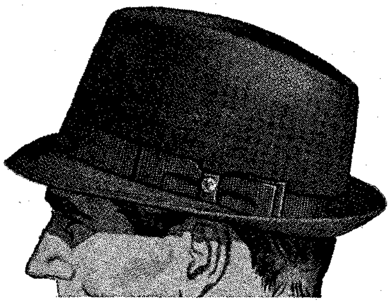

frankness of his manner, his brilliant conversation, and his gentlemanly courtesy."

This was Stanley when he had established himself in the world. At Ujiji, however, he was only thirty years old and was still on the threshold of his success; it was the hardness, the quickness, and the egocentricity in him that were uppermost. He most distinctly lacked *baraka*. In all the world, no two men could have differed so much from one another as Livingstone and Stanley, nor could there have been two men who, for the moment, were so beholden to each other. Livingstone needed medicine, supplies, and news of the outside world, and his young visitor had them all. Stanley needed fame—the "kudos" (it was a word he was fond of using) of having found this celebrated man—and, in fact, he received a great deal more. His brief companionship with Livingstone was "the supreme experience of his life," Professor Coupland says, adding, "He had come close to moral greatness, and he was startled, captivated, subjected by it."

At the outset of Stanley's journey, Livingstone had been merely another "story," which, if successfully reported, would help him on with his journalistic career. In Zanzibar, Stanley had behaved very much like a newspaperman in search of a scoop. He had scented at once the opposition of the professionals among the European officials—especially that of the English colony, which he regarded as stiff and effete, and even more especially that of Kirk. He stayed with the American consul, F. R. Webb, a naval captain, and kept his plans secret from Kirk, merely giving it out that he had come to Africa to explore some of the coastal river districts in the hope of turning up good copy for his paper. Perhaps Kirk found Stanley bumptious, and from Stanley's point of view Kirk was simply another official who feared, and therefore was hostile to, the press. When Stanley one day asked casually whether Livingstone would receive him if he should chance to cross the explorer's path, Kirk answered briefly that he thought Livingstone would not like it at all; he had an aversion to publicity. This little exchange possibly explains Stanley's cautiousness with Livingstone when he first arrived at Ujiji, but in Zanzibar he had not been deterred by it in the least, and had gone about his preparations very methodically. He had engaged as his factotum the veteran Sidi Bombay, who had travelled with Burton and Speke and then with Speke and Grant, and had bought the best of

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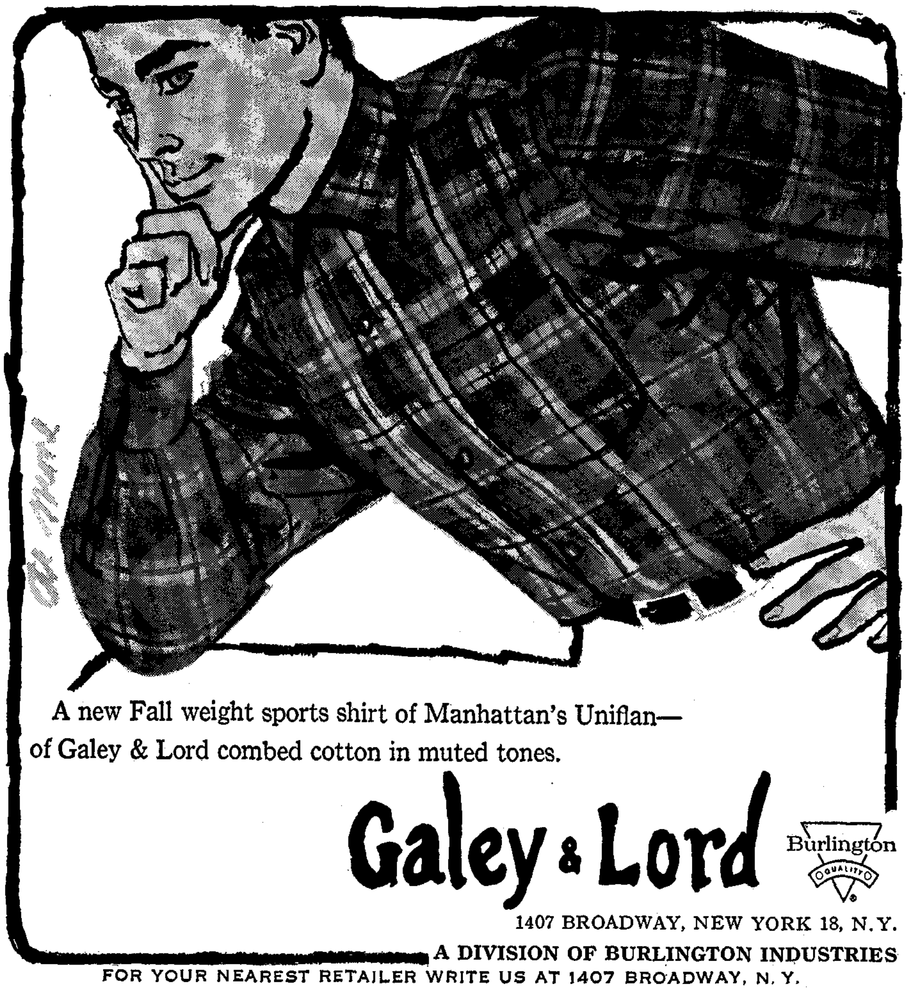
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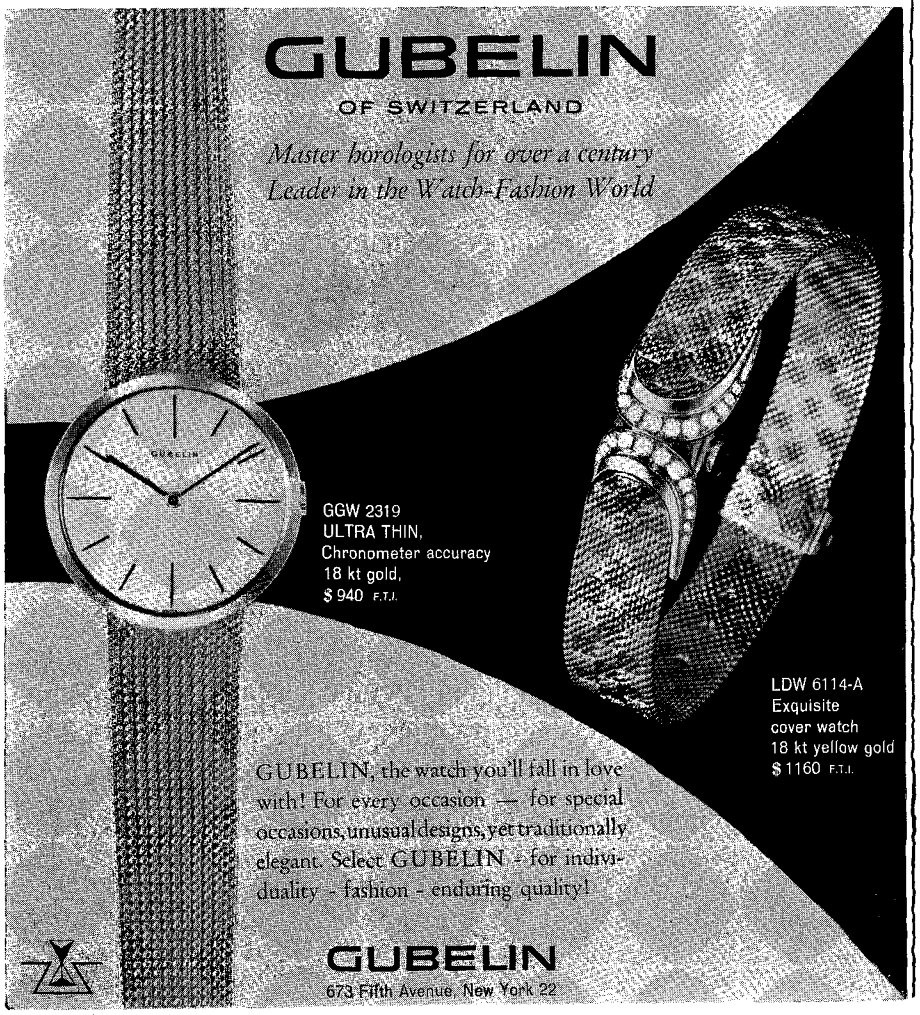
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stores and hired the best of porters at the highest rates. His eight months' march from the coast to Ujiji was no bad achievement, considering that he came down with malaria on the way and encountered a war between the Arab slavers and the African tribes at Tabora, and actually took part in the fighting himself. Two white assistants he had engaged—W. L. Farquhar and John William Shaw—had both died. And now, at the journey's end, there was not only this comforting reception from Livingstone but this revelation of a charitable and fascinating mind. While Livingstone's health rapidly improved, the two fell into a leader-and-follower relationship that was very agreeable to them both, and Stanley stored up every grain of information and wisdom that Livingstone let fall. Soon it seemed an excellent plan for them to make a journey together, and what better one than to go up to the head of Lake Tanganyika and settle the question of the Ruzizi River? They were away three weeks on this trip, and when Livingstone discovered that the Arab traders were right and Burton was wrong—the Ruzizi flowed into, not out of, the lake—he returned more strongly than ever to his theory that the Lualaba was the Nile. To go back to the Lualaba, however, meant that he had to have further stores and porters, and these, he believed, could only be obtained in Tabora, some three hundred miles away. The porters whom Kirk had sent up from the coast, Livingstone complained, were the worst of men—slaves and thieves. (Stanley stored that up for future use.) So at the end of 1871 the two men walked to Tabora from Ujiji.

At Tabora, few stores and no porters were to be found—another point against Kirk—and Stanley promised to go back to the coast and make good the deficiency himself. It never seems to have occurred to Livingstone for an instant to return to Zanzibar and civilization—he said he would not go until his work was finished—and at the end of a month Stanley set off for the coast alone. He left behind all that he could spare from his own supplies, and it was arranged that Livingstone would stay on in Tabora until Stanley's gang of porters arrived from the coast. In the remarkably quick time of fifty-four days, Stanley reached Zanzibar, carrying with him more treasure than any slave-and-ivory trader had ever yet been able to get out of Africa—all of Livingstone's journals; his own notes, which shortly were to blossom forth in his dispatches to the New York *Herald* and in his first African book, "How I Found

Livingstone;" and, in addition to all this, a letter that Livingstone had specially written for his paper. It was in this letter that Livingstone declared, apropos of the massacre at Nyangwe, "If my disclosures regarding the terrible Ujijian slavery should lead to the suppression of the east-coast slave trade, I shall regard that as a greater matter by far than the discovery of all the Nile sources together." In this, at least, he was to have his wish.

Stanley reached the coast just in time. On his way down, he met an expedition that the Royal Geographical Society had at last sent out from England to find news of the lost man, and he was able to assure its leaders that their help was no longer needed. And so it was Stanley who, in May, 1872, caused a sensation throughout the world with his description of the Ujiji meeting and of all that had followed. Having arranged for the dispatch of new porters to Livingstone, he went on to a tremendous reception in England—a letter and a diamond-studded snuffbox from the Queen, a medal from the Royal Geographical Society, and a round of banquets and public meetings.

On the surface, all this was very gratifying, but it was soon evident that the British were anything but pleased with Stanley's exploit. They did not like the idea of their greatest explorer's being rescued by what was labelled as a journalistic stunt, they did not like the fact that Stanley was an American citizen, and they did not much care for Stanley himself. This, at any rate, was Stanley's view of the situation, and he bitterly resented it. He had genuine grounds for complaint—some of the rival newspapers were even referring to his journey as a hoax—and no doubt the criticism would have died down had he not, unwisely and unnecessarily, attacked Kirk. He declared that Kirk had "let Livingstone down" by not bestirring himself more, and he repeated these charges publicly not once but several times, even in Kirk's own part of the country. Kirk, as an official, could not reply, but he had friends who were very ready to defend him against this journalistic outsider, and if Kirk never entirely cleared his name in this matter, Stanley, too, was much harmed. He created enemies who knew how to renew the attack when their chance came. Kirk's own reactions were indignant but private. He wrote to his friends giving the facts as he saw them, and he said to Livingstone's son Oswell, who had come out on a Royal Geographical Society expedition, "Stanley will make his fortune out of your fa-

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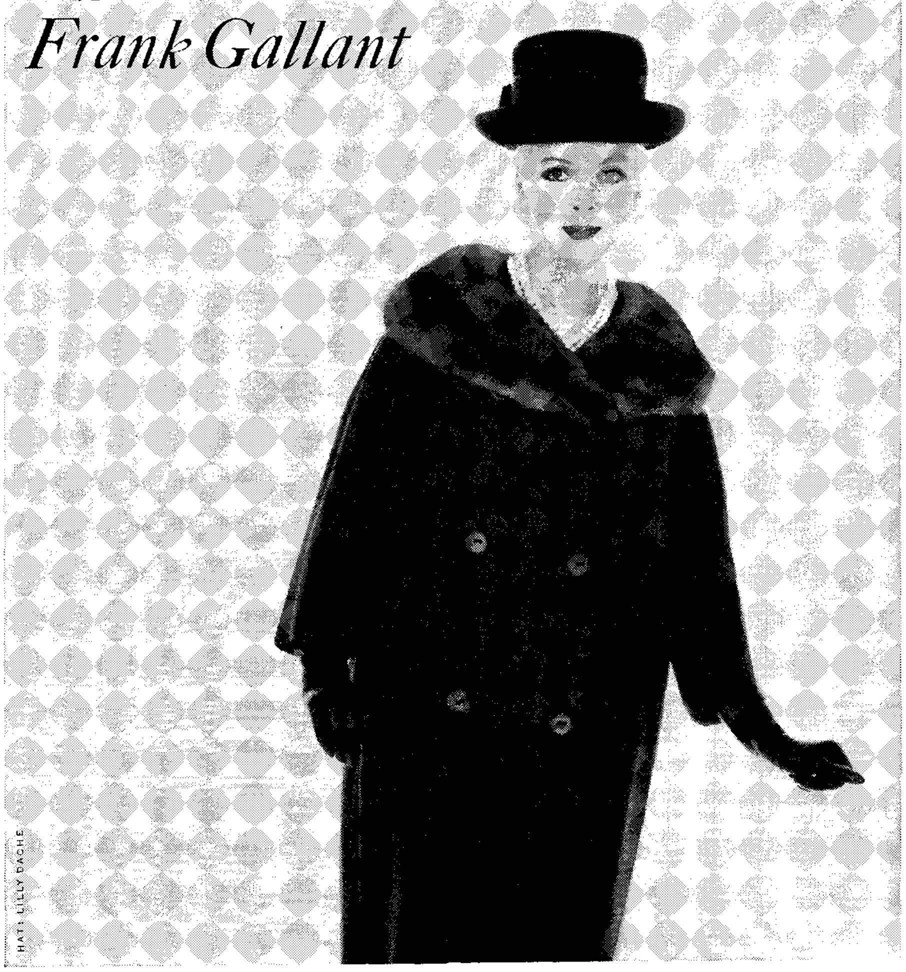

ther." When Livingstone came to hear of this, he commented, "He [Stanley] is heartily welcome, for it is a great deal more than I could ever make out of myself." At the same time, he wrote to Kirk, and soon the misunderstanding between them was explained and privately, if not publicly, forgotten.

DURING all this, Livingstone was filling out the lonely months in Tabora. He was not short of stores; with the addition of those that Stanley had left him, he had enough to carry on for four years. But now only Susi and Chuma and one or two other boys who had followed him from the beginning remained in his service, and they were quite inadequate for the porterage of a long journey. Thus, he had to wait until the men Stanley had promised him came up from the coast. He waited five months in all, and in that time hardly an echo reached him of the acclaim that was gathering around his name in the outside world. He held small Bible classes under the mango trees, he prayed, he went for walks, he wrote his journal, he thought, he waited. The house in which he lived was a lonely one, somewhat on the outskirts of the Arab settlement, and set too low in the scrub to command a view of the surrounding countryside. (Even now there is a feeling of solitude and claustrophobia about the place.) It was the usual sort of Arab trader's house—a flat, earthen roof that was never absolutely proof against the rain, a "reception room," a room for sleeping and eating, an inner courtyard where the cattle and other livestock were herded at night, and quarters for the Africans. The floors were of earth, tramped down by the bare feet of the household servants passing in and out. And these were the last remotely civilized surroundings that Livingstone was to know. He was now fifty-nine, and though he had rallied somewhat in Stanley's company, his health was undermined beyond any real chance of recovery. Yet if he felt that he was nearing death, there is little in his journals to show it; he was filled with hope about his theory of the Nile, and perhaps by now, in his loneliness, the river had begun to assume for him a religious significance. This last effort was to be more than a journey to the lost fountains. It was to be a revelation, a justification of everything he had lived and prayed for—a proof of himself and of his humble faith in God. However shaken he was by fever—and there must have been days when he was delirious and unable to move from his bed—there was at least no weakening in the

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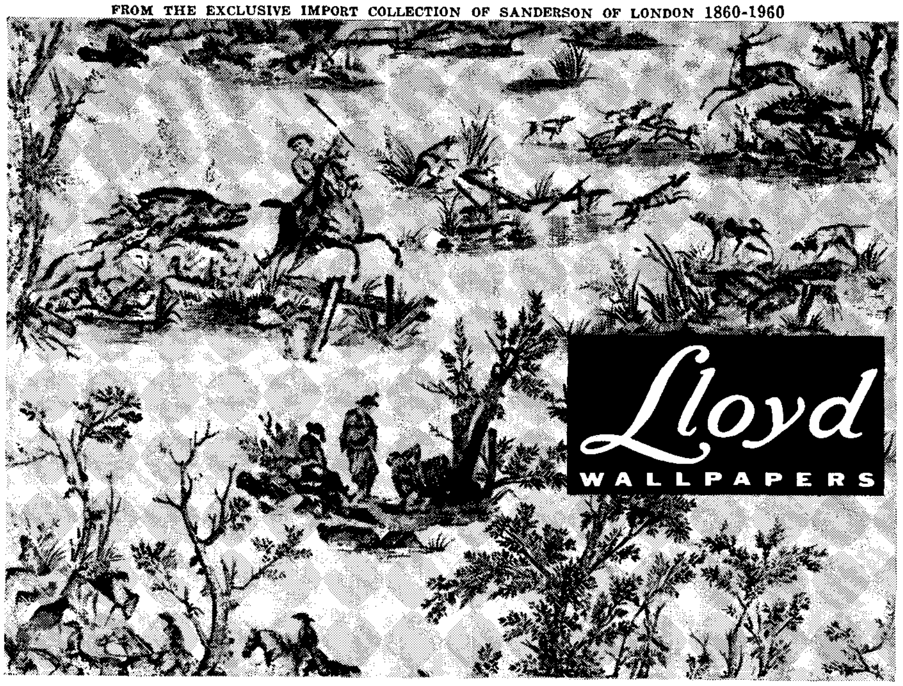

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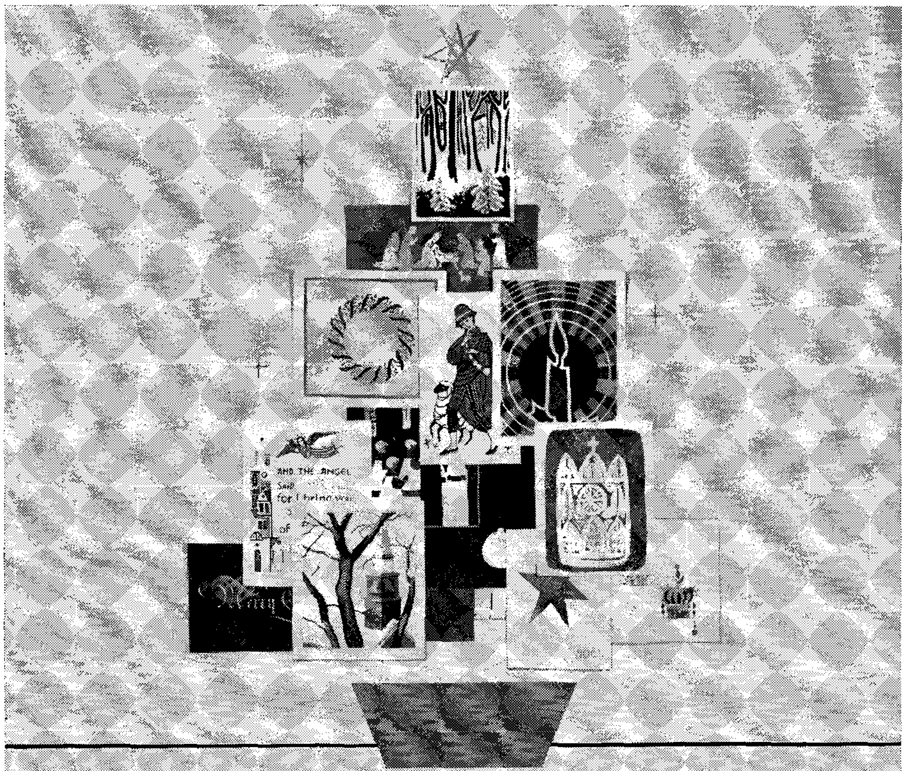

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extraordinary steadiness of his mind. The notes and letters he sent down to the coast from time to time were written in a firm and flowing hand. Often they dealt with very practical details. If, he writes, a chronometer can be lent him by the Navy without detriment to the service, it will be of very signal benefit to his exploration. He signs himself "David Livingstone, H.M. Consul, Inner Africa."

In August, 1872, the fifty-seven porters sent by Stanley finally arrived in Tabora, and within a few days Livingstone was leading his caravan out into the bush. He was very clear about his direction, for by now he had made up his mind that the source of the Nile would prove to be a stream running out of Lake Bangweulu. So he marched slightly south of west, and, having reached the shores of Lake Tanganyika at about its center, he turned directly south. By the end of April, 1873, eight months after leaving Tabora, he was working around the southern end of Lake Bangweulu, still hoping to come upon a stream that would flow into the Lualaba and perhaps join Baker's Lake Albert, far away to the north. He had some uneasy doubts that, just possibly, the Lualaba might turn out to be the Congo and not the Nile, but he hated that idea and turned away from it. He had fixed his heart upon the Nile.

It was dreadful country. The little column waded about through an interminable swamp, and, close to the village of a chieftain named Chitambo, Livingstone became so weak that he had to be carried on a litter. In the early hours of May 1, 1873, his boys came into his hut and found him dead. He was kneeling across his bed in prayer.

However often the story is told of Susi's and Chuma's journey to the coast with Livingstone's body, it remains incredible, and perhaps it was a miracle of a kind, since such devotion among primitive and uneducated men can hardly have been inspired by any ordinary emotion. They cut out the heart and viscera and dried the body in the sun for a fortnight. It was then wrapped in calico and placed in a cylinder of bark, and this, in turn, was sewn into a sheet of sailcloth and lashed to a pole, so that it could be carried by two men. In the middle of May, Susi, Chuma, and sixty-odd men who had remained faithful to the end, set out for Zanzibar. Well over a thousand miles separated them from the Indian Ocean, and it was not really feasible that so strange a burden could be carried over that distance in the center of Africa, where so many tribes were out to despoil every wayfarer who came by. Nevertheless, the journey was accomplished in eleven months. During that time, two more expeditions set out from England in search of Livingstone—one of them intending to strike inland from the west coast of Africa, and the other from the east coast. Susi and Chuma met the east-coast party, led by a naval officer named Lovett Cameron, when they reached Tabora, in October, 1873. Cameron then continued to Ujiji (where he salvaged a quantity of Livingstone's papers), and two years later emerged on the Atlantic coast. Susi and Chuma, meanwhile, went on to the Indian Ocean, and when they walked into Bagamoyo on February 15, 1874, H.M.S. Vulture was waiting to take the body across to Zanzibar. Here it was placed for a time in the old British consulate on the sea wall, awaiting transshipment to England. There could be no doubt about the dead man's identity; when a surgeon came to open the improvised coffin, the mark of the old lion wound on the shoulder was plainly visible.

On April 18, 1874, a special train was sent to Southampton to take Livingstone on his last journey, to Westminster Abbey, and on that day England went into mourning. In London, the body remained overnight in the map room of the Royal Geographical Society, in Savile Row, and when the cortege set out in the morning, the streets were lined with silent crowds. Admission to the Abbey could be obtained only by ticket, and the building was crammed. Stanley, Grant, and Kirk were among the pallbearers who carried the body to the grave. Today, if one enters the Abbey by the main door and continues down the nave, one comes first upon the tomb of the Unknown Soldier and then, a little beyond it, Livingstone's grave, with its epitaph in brass lettering on the gray stone. It reads, "Brought by faithful hands over land and sea, here rests David Livingstone, missionary, traveller, philanthropist; born March 19, 1813, at Blantyre, Lanarkshire; died May 1, 1873, at Chitambo's village, Ulala. For thirty years, his life was spent in an unwearied effort to evangelize the native races, to explore the undiscovered secrets, to abolish the desolating slave trade, of Central Africa, where with his last words he wrote, 'All I can add in my solitude is may Heaven's rich blessing come down on everyone, American, English, or Turk, who will help to heal this open sore of the world.' "

Even before Livingstone wrote those words, his great power over men's minds had reached out from Central

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Africa. The sources of the Nile eluded him until the end, but his description of the massacre at Nyangwe had raised a storm of indignation that forced the Sultan of Zanzibar to close the slave market on the island forever.

A CURIOUS combination of hatred and love kept drawing the African explorers back to the continent. They were like men who make a life at sea; having once committed themselves to its hazards, they felt impelled to return again and again, even if it killed them. At one time or another, most of the explorers railed against the country and its inhabitants, declaring the latter to be ugly, brutal, scheming, debauched, and, finally, hopeless. In the accounts of their journeys, it is extraordinary how seldom they are touched by the beauty or the grandeur of the landscape—the tremendous plains of the central plateau, with the blue mountains in the distance and the herds of wild animals roaming there. To the explorers it is all basically hostile, incomplete, not to be regarded with an aesthetic eye until it is reformed and reduced to order by civilization and Christianity. Dr. Georg Schweinfurth, one of the calmest and most self-sufficient of the explorers on the upper Nile in the eighteen-sixties, remarks, "The first sight of a throng of savages, suddenly presenting themselves in their naked nudity, is one from which no amount of familiarity can remove the strange impression; it takes abiding hold upon the memory, and makes the traveller recall anew the civilization he has left behind." In other words, there is here a sort of Rousseauesque attraction, a nostalgia for simplicity, which nevertheless is constantly being upset by the lonely traveller's remembrance of the comfortable, reassuring world at home. And so, recoiling from the savagery of Africa, Schweinfurth returns to Europe. But he finds he cannot remain there; within a year or two Africa calls him back. It is the same with all the others, whether they are missionaries like Livingstone, scholars like Burton, soldiers and collectors like Speke, or sportsmen like Baker. All of them in their books claim that they are in Africa because they have a mission there; they want to solve the geographical problems and they want to reform the country, converting the untilled land into useful farms, opening up commerce, and lifting the natives out of their animism and savagery into a higher way of life. And yet one cannot help feeling that there is still another reason for their journeys, and that is a fundamental restlessness, a simple, absorbing curiosity about every-

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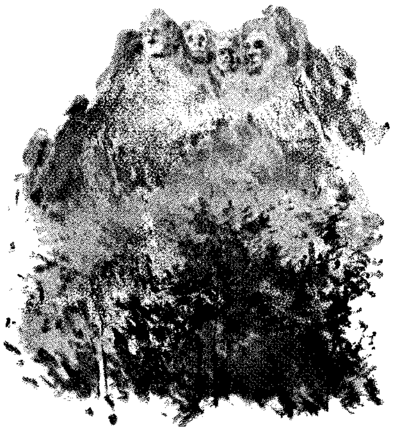
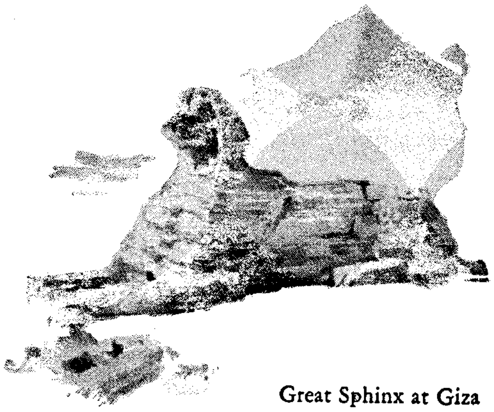
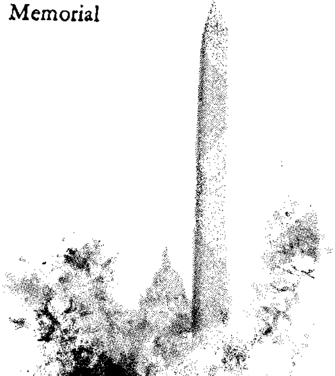


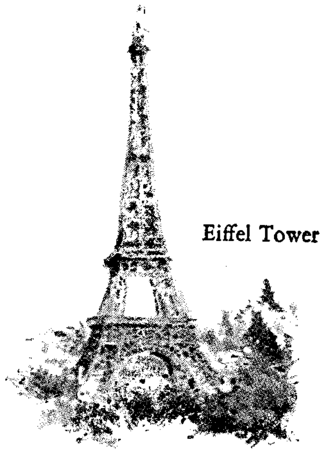
Mount Rushmore
National Memorial



Great Sphinx at Giza



Washington Monument



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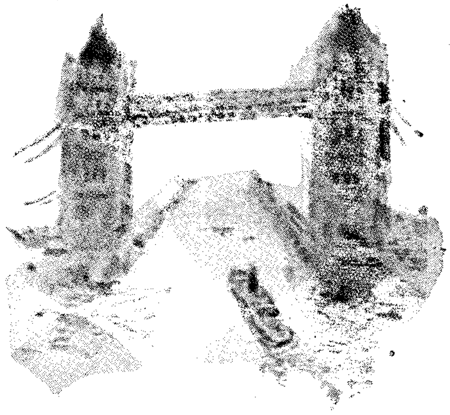
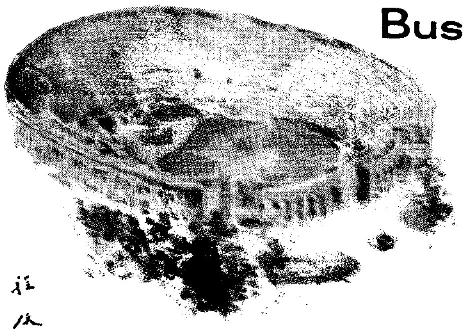
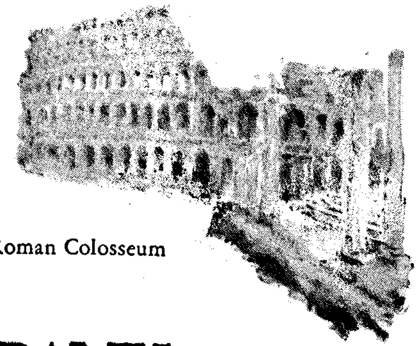


Tower Bridge, London



Los Angeles Coliseum



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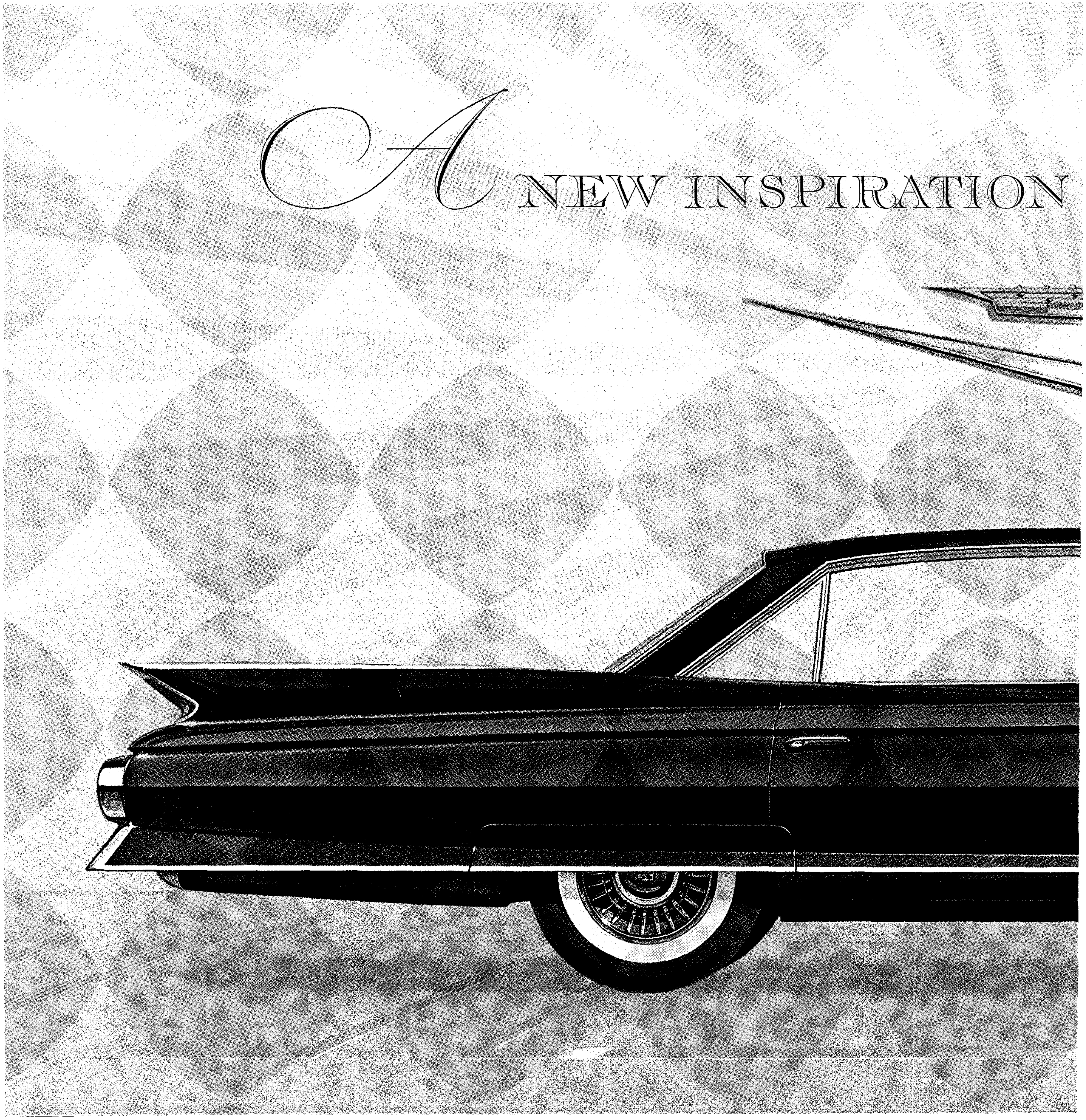

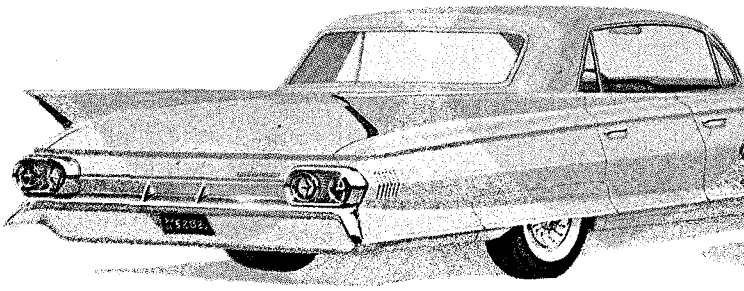

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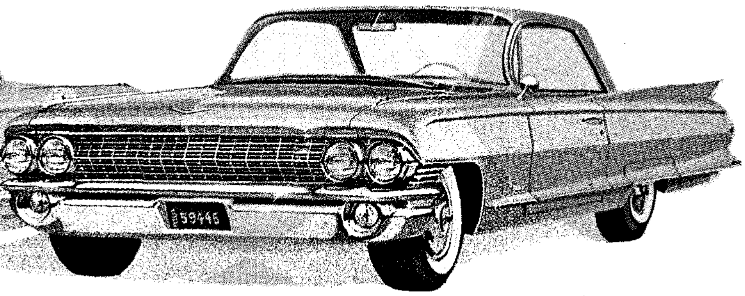

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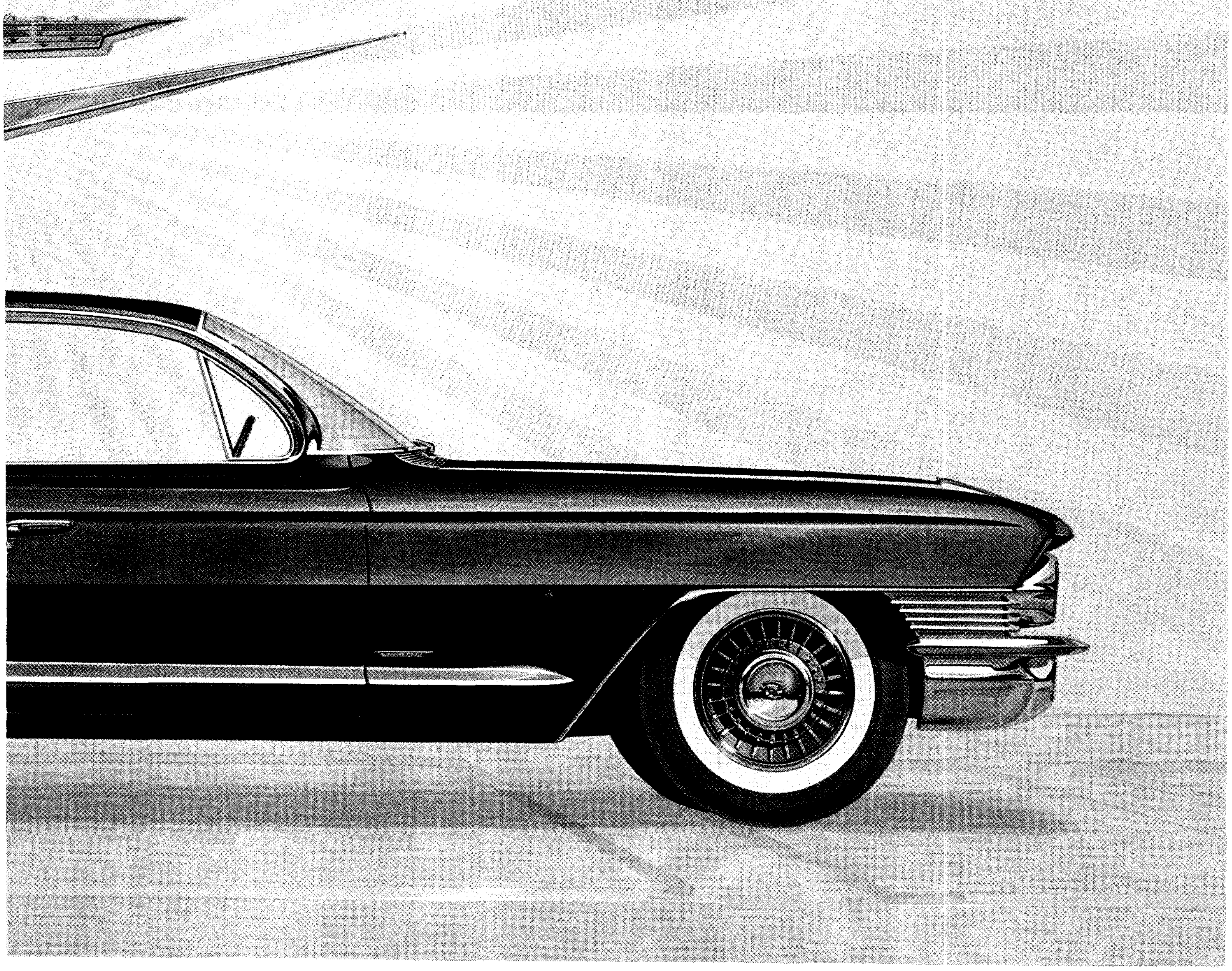

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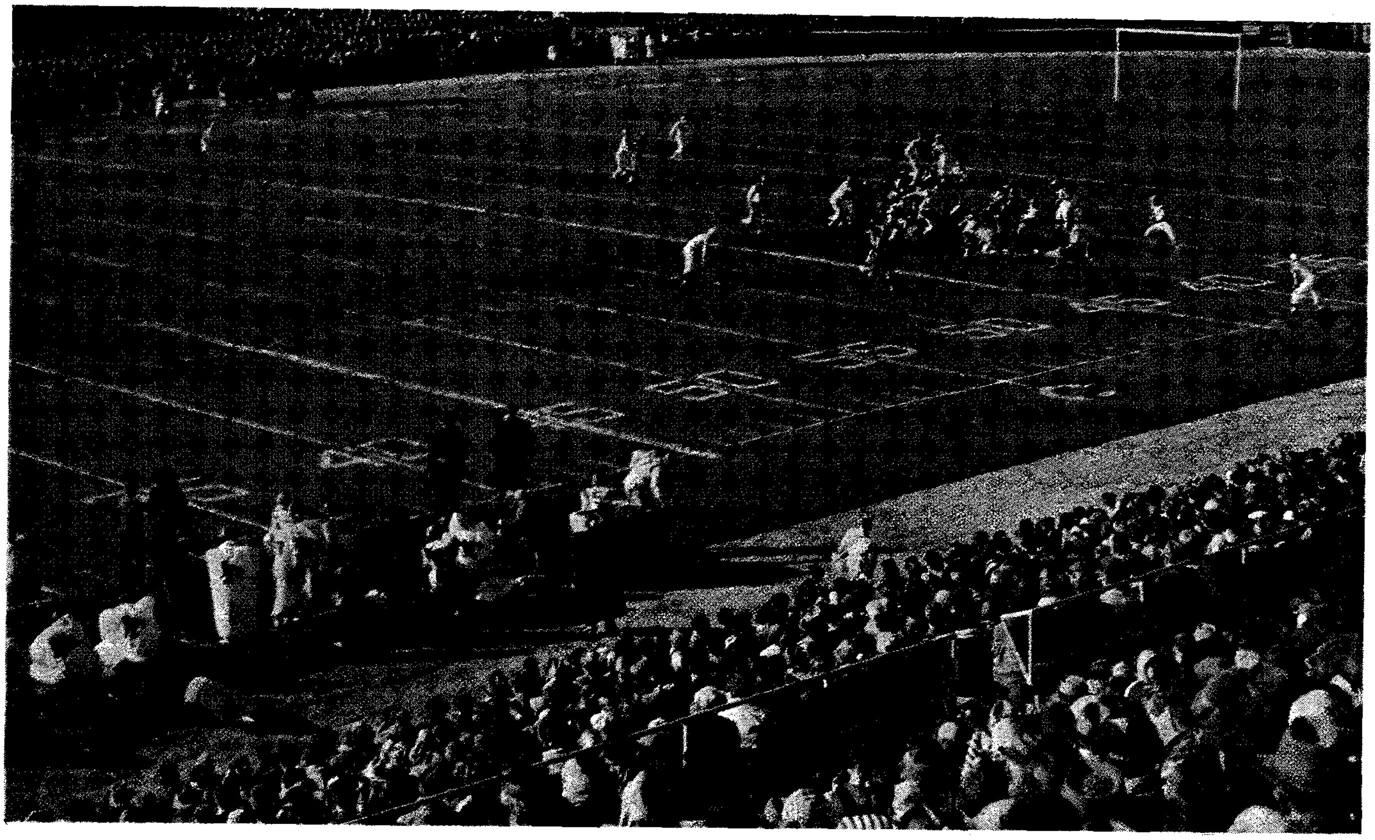

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thing that is strange and new. To satisfy that curiosity, they are prepared to put up with anything, even the prospect of death itself.

Now, Stanley does not fit into this scheme of things at all easily. He is a new kind of man in Africa—a modern man who, at the same time, has many of the attributes of a *condottiere* in Renaissance Italy. You might call him a businessman explorer, not in the sense of his wanting to trade in Africa but because of the extremely logical, sensible, and efficient way he went about the problem of setting up an expedition and getting it to the journey's end. It may have been ruthless, but it was also expert, and one must never lose sight of the fact that he was very determined and very brave. Perhaps he resembles Speke more than any of the others, but not even Speke had Stanley's concentration. Stanley was not in Africa to reform the people or to build an empire, and he was not impeded by any real interest in such matters as anthropology, botany, and geology. To put it bluntly, he was out to make a name for himself, and it must be judged the supreme irony of African exploration that, in the end, he should turn out to be the greatest empire builder and explorer of them all. He was even able to open up the field for the missionaries and the scientists rather more effectively than anyone who had gone before. A recent study of Stanley by Jean-Jacques Laufer has been well subtitled "Briseur d'Obstacles."

Naturally, Stanley's brusque and philistine irruption into Africa did not endear him to the educated public in England, which had been following the exploits of its own favorite explorers for years past, and the *condottiere* side of his nature made things worse. Here was a man, it was felt, who would take on any adventure, under any patronage, for the sake of publicity, an interloper who had changed his nationality once and might do so again (as, in fact, Stanley did, reverting later to his British citizenship): with Stanley you never knew; he could easily change his loyalties in the interests of his career. All this was very unfair, but then Stanley was a man who attracted prejudice almost as strongly as Livingstone attracted love. His only recourse was to baffle his enemies with his achievements, and this he resolutely proceeded to do. Fortunately, he had no need of friends to put his case for him. He was the most readable of authors; his books have a pace and an excitement that not even the purple passages and the occasional pomposities can subdue, and the facts he had to give were incontrovertible facts, based on

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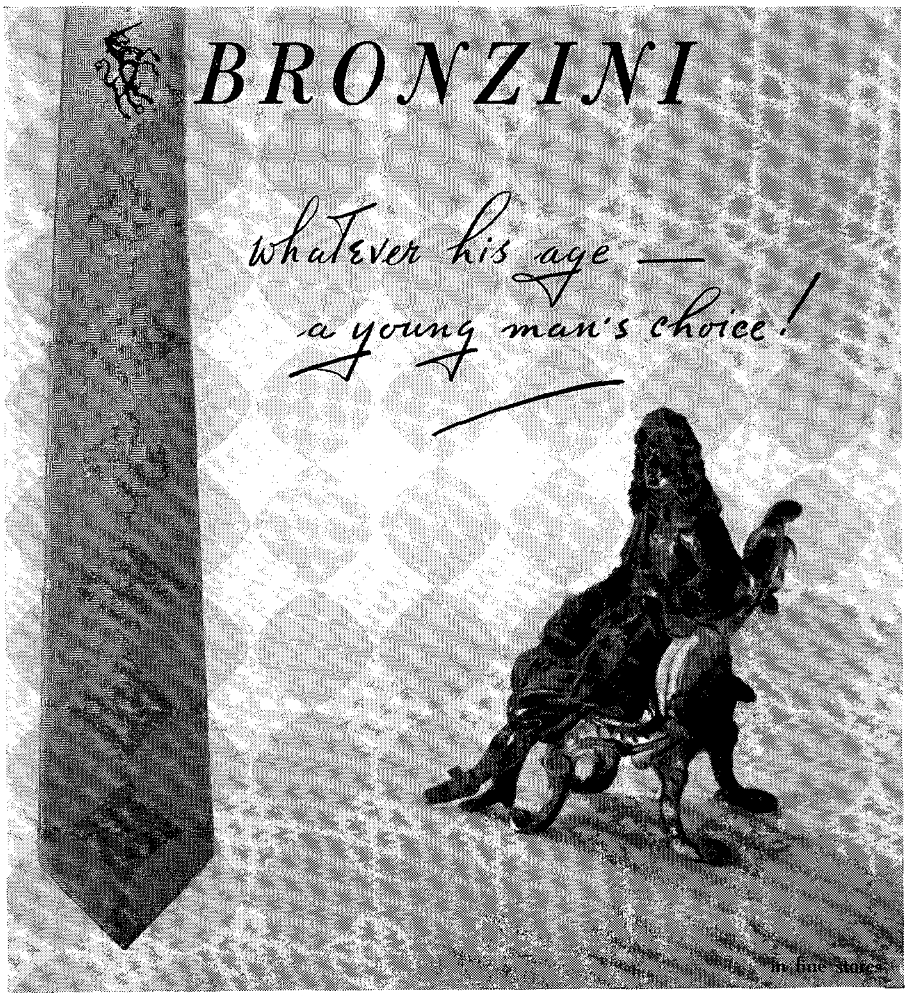

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his own close and hard-won observation.

So now, in 1874, he set about the arrangements for a new journey—in many ways his greatest—with unexampled dispatch and farsightedness. He tells us that upon Livingstone's death he decided to go back to Africa and complete his work; somehow or other, he would finally elucidate the problem of the Nile. The emphasis is on Livingstone, one notices; eleven years had now elapsed since Speke was in Africa, but Speke's reputation, far from recovering with time, had sunk almost to its lowest ebb. In Dr. Schweinfurth's book "The Heart of Africa," published in 1873, Speke's great Lake Victoria is obliterated from the map and replaced (much to Burton's satisfaction, no doubt) by five small lakes. Stanley set himself three objectives. He planned to circumnavigate Lake Victoria, and thus establish whether or not it was one great lake, and whether or not the stream pouring out at Ripon Falls was its only outlet. Next, he proposed to put Burton's theories to the ultimate test by sailing around Lake Tanganyika in the same way. Finally, he planned to take up Livingstone's unfinished work on the Lualaba; he was resolved to get a boat on the river and follow it downstream wherever it led. In short, he was going to determine once and for all not only the sources of the Nile but the whole pattern of lakes and rivers in Central Africa.

As a first step toward this extraordinarily bold design, he managed to get the New York *Herald* to combine with the London *Daily Telegraph* in financing him (a thing they did handsomely), and then, in England, he settled down to read every scrap of information about East and Central Africa he could find; he purchased, he says, a hundred and thirty books. The companions he chose to take with him on the journey were distinctly unusual; in fact, they were not companions at all but hired assistants, who came from working-class families and knew nothing whatever about Africa. There were two young sons of a Kentish fisherman, Francis John Pocock and Edward Pocock, and a clerk named Frederick Barker, who had happened to catch Stanley's eye at the Langham Hotel, in London. All three were much younger than Stanley and were chosen, one fancies, for their toughness and sense of discipline—the sort of qualities that make a good sergeant in the army. None of them were in the least likely to come home and write books about their adventures, or to dispute Stanley's views before the Royal Geographical Society. When five dogs had been purchased, the little party was complete, and it sailed for East Africa in August, 1874.

The expedition that set out from Zanzibar early that November was the largest and best-equipped explorer's caravan that had ever been seen in East Africa. It had with it a forty-foot steel boat, the Lady Alice, which had been built in sections for porterage; eight tons of stores; and three hundred and fifty-six men. It made an unwieldy procession, stretching out for half a mile along the forest paths, but by the time Stanley got it to the shores of Lake Victoria, three and a half months later, its numbers were considerably reduced; a hundred men had been lost through desertion, sickness, or skirmishes with the local tribes, and Edward Pocock was dead of typhus. Such was to be the pattern of all Stanley's marches: the quick advance, the shooting down of any African tribesmen who opposed him, the heavy loss of life among his own men, and the final attainment of the objective. Accompanying Stanley on an expedition in Africa was rather like being in the *corps d'élite* of a successful general—you triumphed and you died. Anything less like Livingstone's journeys cannot be imagined.

The caravan reached the southern shore of Lake Victoria at a little Arab village slightly to the west of Mwanza, where Speke, sixteen years before, had first seen the great stretch of water and had indulged in his guess that it was the source of the Nile. Stanley was not a guesser. He was here to find facts, and he at once assembled the Lady Alice on the shore. Leaving the two surviving Englishmen and the bulk of his expedition behind him, he set sail with a picked band of eleven Africans on March 8, 1875. They travelled up the eastern shore and, after three weeks of hard sailing and paddling, arrived at Speke's Ripon Falls. Presently, a dignitary in a red robe came forward to meet them with gifts of bullocks and other presents, and on April 5, 1875, Stanley was conducted into the presence of Mutesa, King of Buganda.

Speke and Grant had been the first Europeans ever to see Mutesa, and in the intervening years great changes had taken place in Buganda. The population had risen to something like three million, and the little kingdom stretched for about a hundred and fifty miles along the northwestern shore of the lake. Mutesa was now in his early forties, and Stanley describes him as a "tall, clean-faced, large-eyed, nervous-looking, thin man" clad in a tarboosh, a black robe, and a white shirt belted with gold. He

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seemed to be completely at ease. He shook hands warmly with his visitor, addressed him in fluent Swahili, and invited him to take a seat on an iron stool. Mutesa's capital, Rubaga (the modern city of Kampala encompasses it today), had grown into a considerable settlement, covering the hills for several miles around, and there were splendid huts for visiting caravans. Guns had become commonplace in Buganda, and Mutesa could now deploy a force of a hundred and fifty thousand warriors in addition to his fleet of war canoes on the lake. His personal retinue had grown larger than ever (Stanley estimated the horde of wives at two hundred or more), and all manner of manufactured objects were to be seen about the palace—bales of cotton cloth, steel knives and other tools, and ornaments of Venetian beads. There was no longer any evidence of the murders and other atrocities about the court that had once shocked Speke. Stanley was enchanted. It was quite impossible, he declared later, to reconcile Speke's description of Mutesa and his brutalities with this intelligent and affable man. Mutesa had been taking an interest in Mohammedanism, and Stanley at once resolved to change all this; he declared that the king must be converted to Christianity, and he actually began a series of Bible readings at the court. Mutesa listened very willingly.

Now, in fact, no radical change had taken place in Mutesa's nature, but his seventeen years on the throne had done a great deal to polish his natural talents as a politician. He had long since realized that there were powerful states outside his own little world, and that there was every advantage to be had in befriending them. They could supply him with the guns and ammunition with which to fight off his enemies; indeed, many of their inventions and their ideas could be very useful in Buganda. As far back as 1869, he had received a caravan bearing a gift of eight bullocks from the Sultan of Zanzibar, and had responded by sending to the coast a present of a hundred and fifty tusks and a baby elephant. Since then, a further gift had arrived from Zanzibar—guns, a quantity of gunpowder, soap, brandy, and gin. Within the past year, he had also had a visitor from the north; a white man named Chaillé-Long had arrived on horseback from Gondokoro, on the upper Nile, declaring that he was the emissary of a certain Gordon Pasha. Mutesa had welcomed him to Rubaga and had slaughtered thirty human beings in his honor (an incident he was wise enough not to mention to

Stanley), and now Gordon Pasha was sending another envoy, who was expected any day.

It seems unlikely that Mutesa at this time had any clear idea of the true nature of the conflicting forces that were gathering about Buganda, but he was certainly shrewd enough to observe the difference between these white men and the Arab traders, and to take note of the two-way pressure that was being brought to bear on Buganda—one pressure from Zanzibar, in the east, and the other from the Sudan, in the north. It must have been apparent to him that he would have to move very cautiously if he was to maintain his independence; he would have to see to it that he gained the maximum advantage in playing off the white Christians against the Arab Moslems, in matching the forces that were reaching out to him from Zanzibar against those that were coming down from the north. Perhaps Mutesa saw all this only in a confused and muddled way, but he certainly had some inkling of the situation, for he handled Stanley very adroitly. Stanley was obviously a man of strength and substance. Therefore, it was prudent to appear to show an interest in his Christianity, and even to agree that he would welcome any Christian missionaries who might be sent to him from Europe. He plied his new friend with gifts and urged him to come back when he had completed his circumnavigation of the lake. He would be very ready, he said, to furnish Stanley with an escort to take him on to the unexplored regions in the west. It was arranged that when Stanley had completed his circumnavigation of the lake he should return to Rubaga and pick up these men.

And so, for the moment, all was peace and friendship at the court. The king and the explorer had their daily meetings in an atmosphere that was increasingly cordial, and presently Colonel Gordon's new envoy turned up. He was a likable and courageous young Frenchman named Linant de Bellefonds, who, like the American Chaillé-Long, had taken service with Gordon under the Khedive of Egypt and was reconnoitring the land south of the Sudan with a view to its future annexation. He was able to regale Stanley with *pâté de foie gras*, Bologna sausages, sardines, and other delicacies, which were just the sort of thing, one feels, that an intelligent Frenchman ought to have had about him in Central Africa. De Bellefonds, being a Protestant, was all in favor of Stanley's plan for the Christianization of Buganda, and offered to take back with him a dispatch of

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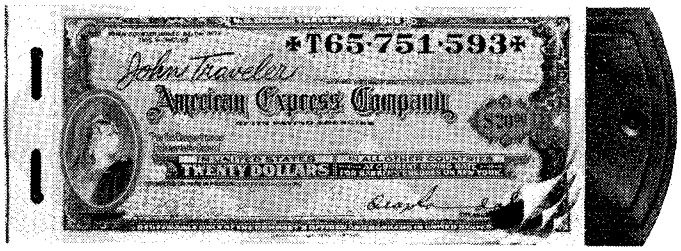

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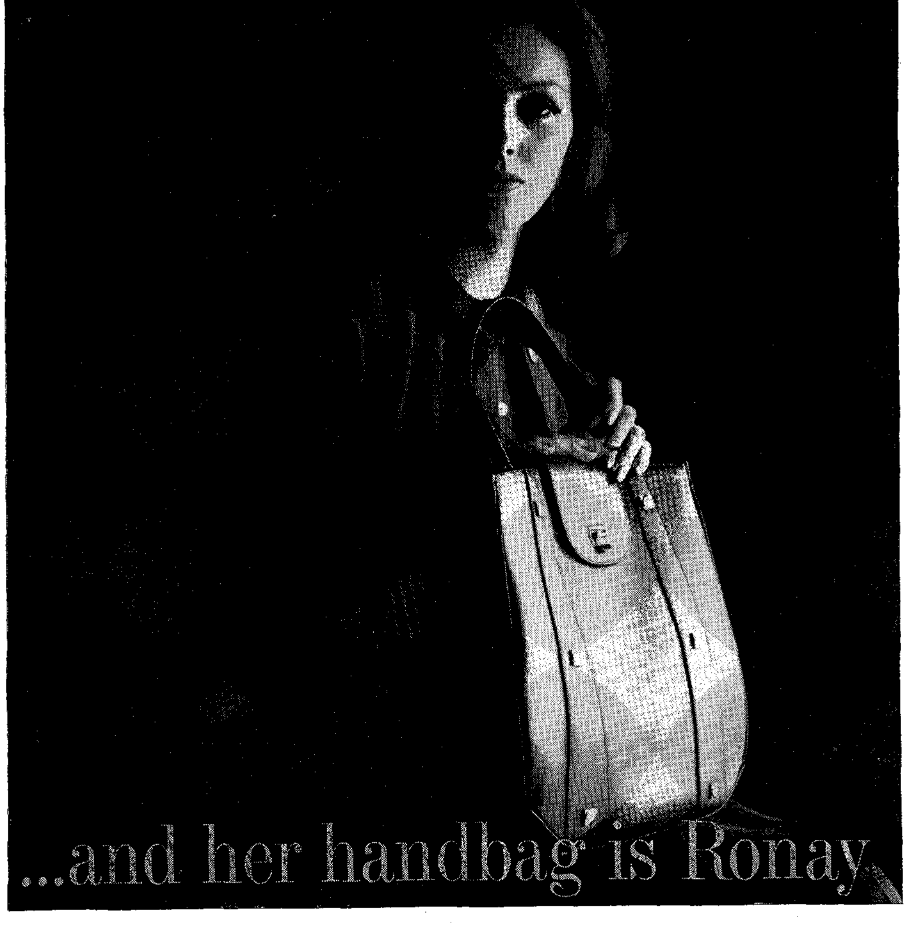

...and her handbag is Ronay

Stanley's to the London *Daily Telegraph* and the New York *Herald* urging that missionaries be sent out from England. Upon this, the two men parted—de Bellefonds to report back to Gordon, and Stanley to continue his voyage around the lake.

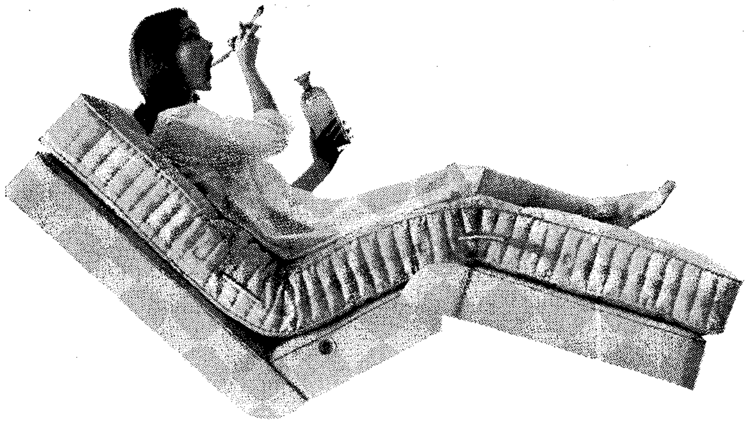
On May 6, 1875, Stanley was back at Mwanza, his starting point, after a voyage of a thousand miles and fifty-seven days, and the first of his great objectives was accomplished; it was now proved beyond all doubt that Victoria was a single lake. Speke had been right and his detractors hopelessly wrong. Moreover, this voyage had established that the lake had only one major outlet, at the Ripon Falls, and only one major intake—the Kagera River, which flowed in from the west. "Speke," Stanley wrote, "has now the full glory of having discovered the largest inland sea on the continent of Africa, also its principal affluent as well as its outlet. I must also give him credit for having understood the geography of the countries we travelled through better than any of those who so persistently opposed his hypothesis."

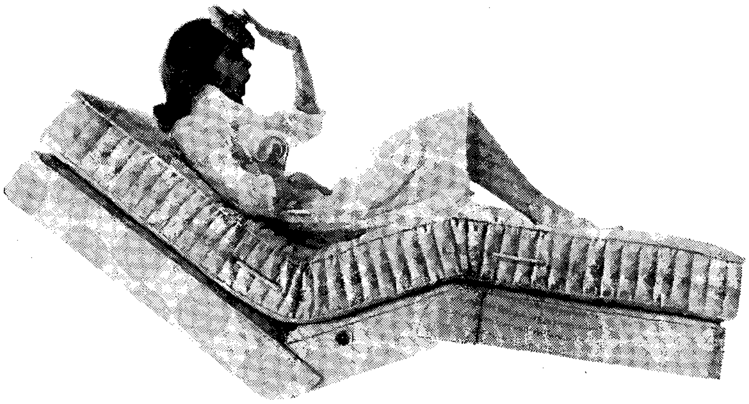
One observes that Stanley is not yet quite ready to concede that Speke's Nile is the true Nile; still, he is beginning to approach that conclusion, and soon he was to go the whole way to it.

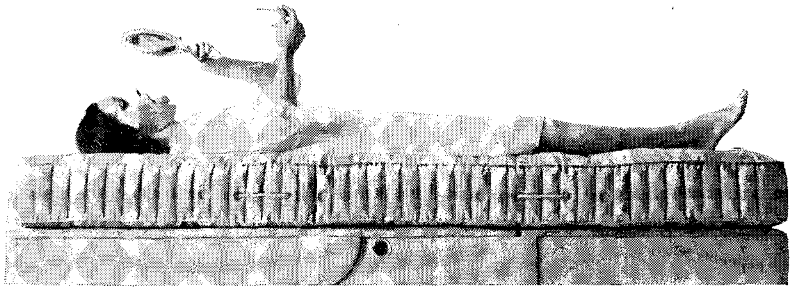
There now lay before Stanley his second objective—to explore Lake Tanganyika thoroughly and to discover just what connection, if any, it had with Baker's Lake Albert and any other lakes that might lie in the unexplored country on the equator. In July, 1875, he put the whole of his expedition into canoes on Lake Victoria and, with the Lady Alice in the van, sailed north again to keep his rendezvous with Mutesa. His force was much depleted—Frederick Barker, the clerk from the Langham Hotel, had died at Mwanza, and others had deserted or fallen ill—and he hoped to pick up reinforcements in Buganda. But first he had a score to settle with the natives on the island of Bumbiri, which lies off the western shore of the lake, somewhat south of the present town of Bukoba. On his journey south from Buganda in the Lady Alice, he had been roughly handled by these natives, and now he would have his revenge. He was fortunate to be joined just at this moment by a fleet of Mutesa's war canoes, which had come south looking for him. Between two and three thousand Bumbiri spearsmen unwisely exposed themselves on the shore, and Stanley, bringing his little fleet of canoes into position, delivered a broadside with his guns. Those of the enemy who were not killed or wounded scattered and fled. Then, continuing northward, Stanley joined Mutesa at the Ripon Falls.

One must remember, of course, that at the time of the attack on Bumbiri, Stanley was still only thirty-four, and that Livingstone's brief influence on him had had to contend with all the experience of his earlier years, when he had found the world a harsh and ruthless place. Yet when he came to write about the Bumbiri massacre—and he had ample time to reflect before doing so—he related the story almost with truculence, almost with an air of defying the reader. No one was going to dispute the fact that life *was* very tough in Central Africa, and that violent methods were often needed if the explorer was to survive. Nevertheless, it was not wise to make a virtue of this, and most of Stanley's protestations about the white man's duties in Africa and the need for Christian influence there ring a little hollow. To many people in England, the Bumbiri incident bore a strong resemblance to the massacre that Livingstone had witnessed at Nyangwe, and it was an additional cause for offense that Stanley had gone into action carrying the Union Jack as his banner. Only the most insensitive of men could have failed to see that all this was going to cause an outcry in England. But insensitiveness was part of Stanley's strength; he simply did not care. And, certainly, in the work of exploration as such he was superb.

At all events, he was soon pushing southward toward Lake Tanganyika (his plan to penetrate the unexplored regions to the west of Buganda fell through when Mutesa's porters bolted), and in the spring of 1876 he was at Ujiji. On his arrival, he was interested to find that the water level had risen; the three palm trees that had stood in the market place when he was there in 1871 were now under water, and the sandy beach on which he used to walk with Livingstone was two hundred feet from the shore. This appeared to argue that no sizable river flowed from the lake. So, in June, he launched the Lady Alice, and in less than two months he was back in Ujiji, bringing with him certain evidence that the lake had no outlet that could possibly be described as a source of the Nile. With this, Burton's theories finally collapsed, and Speke at last was master of the field. There remained now the third and final matter to clear up: What was Livingstone's Lualaba River, and where did it flow? If it was not the Nile, then how did it fit into the great pattern of the Central African rivers? In August, 1876, two years







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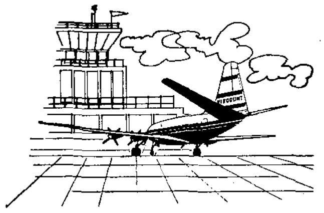

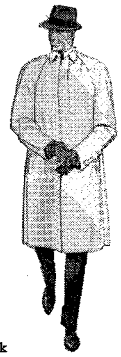

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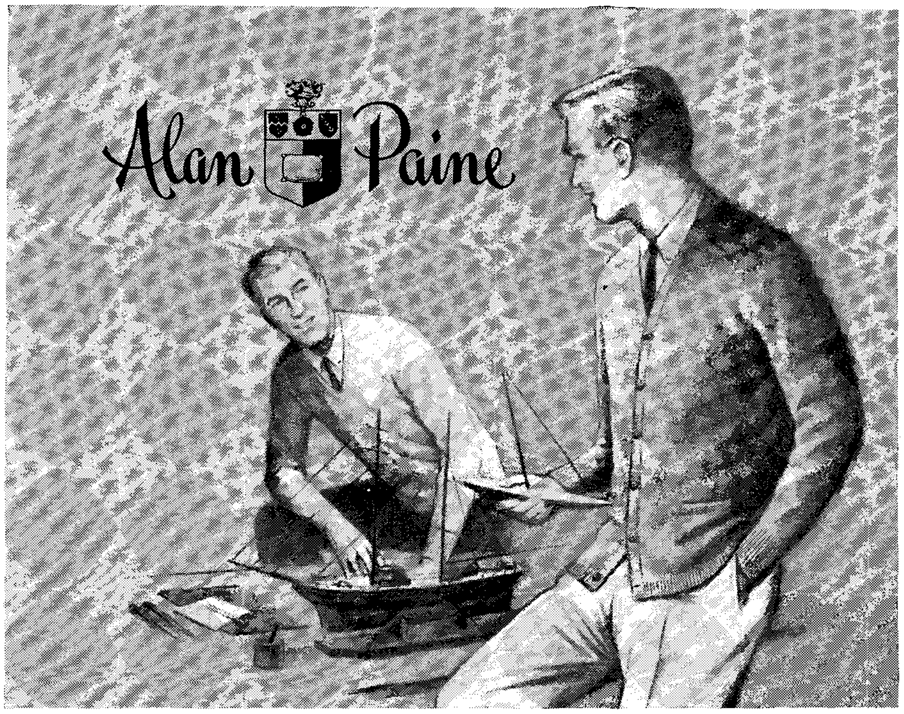

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after he had left the coast, and with his expedition reduced to less than half its original size, Stanley set out on this last and greatest adventure of all.

The story of Stanley's voyage in the Lady Alice down the Lualaba and the Congo to the Atlantic is one of the great epics of African adventure. For many months, he had no notion of where the river was eventually to take him—it might have been northward into Egypt or anywhere into the vast unexplored regions to the south—but, having once started, he had to go on. Stanley's account of the voyage in "Through the Dark Continent" reads like some chronicle of the early Spanish conquistadors in South America, for he was overtaken by every possible disaster—shipwreck and starvation, attacks from the riverside tribes, loss of all his supplies, and, finally, the drowning of his last surviving white companion, Frank Pocock. Nine hundred and ninety-nine days after leaving Zanzibar, the survivors emerged like ghosts from the jungles at the mouth of the Congo, and there a little community of European traders brought them back to life. Of Stanley's original three hundred and fifty-six followers only a hundred and fourteen remained (including thirteen women and their children), and these were taken back by sea to Zanzibar.

While Stanley was lost in the wilds, the course of the Nile from the Ripon Falls to the present border of the Sudan had been plotted by Gordon's lieutenants. Chaillé-Long had gone downstream from Lake Victoria as far as the Karuma Falls, in central Uganda, discovering Lake Kyoga on the way, and the Italian Romolo Gessi had circumnavigated Lake Albert and followed its outlet to the north as far as the Sudanese border. But Stanley's had been by far the main achievement. All the essential questions had now been answered. The Lualaba joined the Congo and flowed across Africa into the Atlantic. The Nile rose in Lake Victoria and flowed north to Egypt and the Mediterranean. The blank space on the map was a blank no longer. It could still be argued, of course, that the ultimate source of the Nile must be at the headwaters of the main stream that feeds Lake Victoria—the Kagera—and there is, in fact, a just perceptible drift of water from the mouth of the Kagera across the northwestern corner of the lake to the Ripon Falls. And if we follow the Kagera and its tributaries upstream for some hundreds of miles, we find that its sources lie in mountains, over six thousand feet high, to the north of Lake Tanganyika. Thus, Burton was very nearly right when he argued that the true source of the Nile would be found in these regions. But surely this is too fine a definition; if the argument were carried to its logical conclusion, it would have to be said that the river begins in the rains of the sky itself, and that Homer was right when he spoke of the "Jove-descended Nile." For ordinary purposes, it would seem most sensible to accept the site of the Ripon Falls as the source, since it is only from there that the mighty river confines itself to a definite course—at first northward, through Lake Kyoga, to central Uganda; then westward, over the Karuma and Murchison Falls, to Lake Albert; then generally northward again, through the rapids of Equatoria, the swamps of the Sudd, and the deserts of the south Sudan, to its junction with the Blue Nile at Khartoum; then on for hundreds of miles, through a vast waste of sand, to the pyramids and the green delta of Egypt.

WITH Stanley's return to Zanzibar in 1877, it could be said that the exploration of the White Nile was virtually ended. Within the space of twenty years, the answer to a geographical mystery that had baffled the world since the beginnings of civilization had been found, and no criticism that might be raised about the explorers' methods can diminish the splendor of their achievement. It must be remembered that they *walked* to the sources of the Nile, and that the country then was just as primitive and hostile as it had been since prehistoric times; the harsh climate had not altered, disease was probably just as prevalent, and nineteenth-century scientific knowledge of the region was hardly superior to that of the early Greeks and Romans. This was a sunburst of Victorian courage and imagination.

Central Africa, with its tremendous rainstorms and forest fires, its earthquakes, droughts, and plagues, is a mighty destroyer of the relics of the past, but such as remain have not been greatly overlaid by new civilizations, and it is still a rewarding experience to follow the explorers' route from Zanzibar into the interior. At every step of the way, one is reminded of some phrase they recorded in their diaries, some old engraving or pen-and-ink sketch that has survived, some moment of triumph or disaster in their wanderings, and a hundred years vanish in an instant. Tornadoes, naval bombardments, and the simple corrosion of the tropical air have devastated the Zanzibar waterfront, and it has been much rebuilt, but

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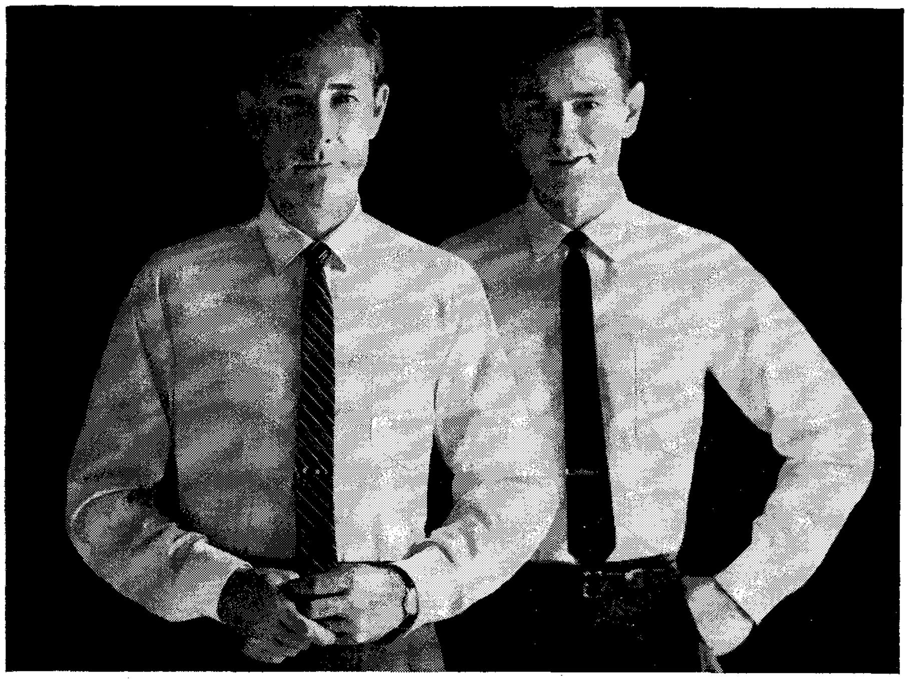

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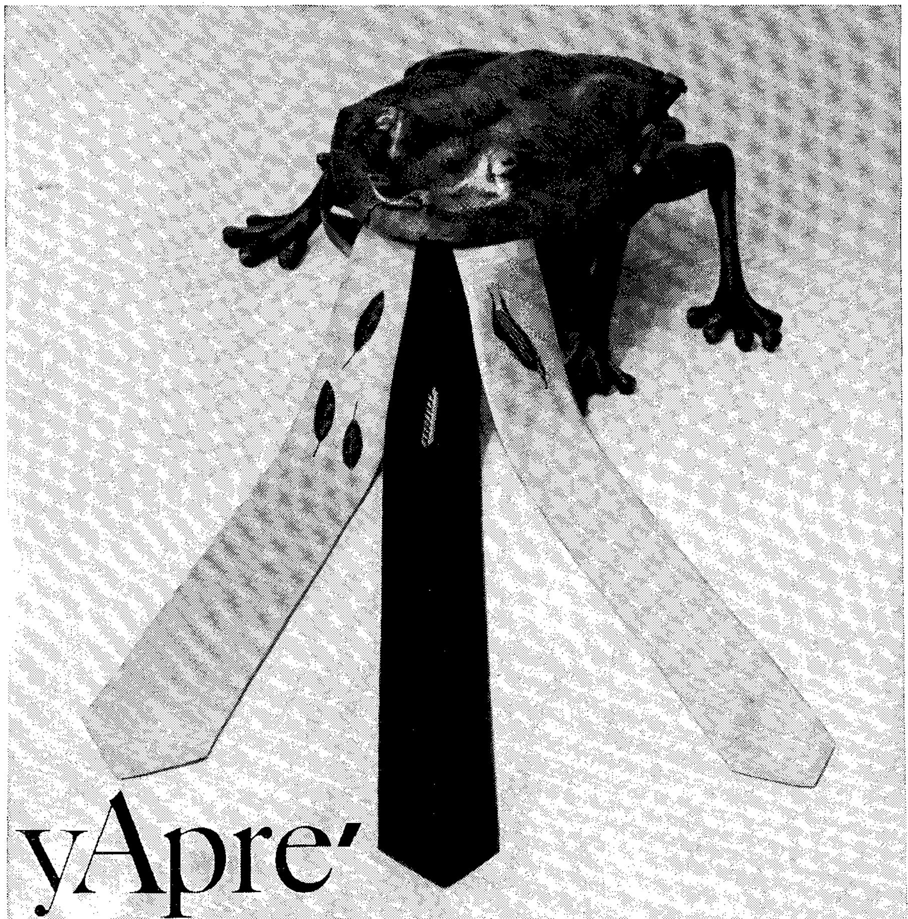

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the general outline remains the same. One can still see through Burton's eyes the Sultan's palace and the Arab dhows that have been washed in from the Persian Gulf by the monsoon. A tall, square house standing somewhat by itself on the left may appear to be just another house, but it is where Livingstone lived before he set out on his last journey. On going ashore, the visitor can make his way through the narrow streets to the old British consulate, which is now the headquarters of an East African trading concern. Here, if he is fortunate, he will be shown the upper rooms where Speke and Burton stayed, where Kirk and Stanley discovered a mutual hostility, and where Livingstone's body remained for a time before it was transported to England. There is a little museum in the town, and here one can see portraits of the sultans, a folio of letters written by Speke, Grant, and Livingstone, and the usual display of local arts and crafts. It is a good museum, splendidly arranged, and yet, as one passes by the showcases, one is aware that something is missing—the relics of the slave trade. True, in one corner a heavy pair of wooden stocks, much worn by the human limbs they once imprisoned, has been laid upon the floor, but Zanzibar wishes to obliterate slavery from its civic memories. Hardly a trace remains of the old slave market, which Grant described as "a triangular space surrounded by rickety huts thatched with coconut leaves where the naked slaves sat silent as death." The open place is there, but it has been changed beyond all recognition. On one side, the Anglican cathedral rises up, and the bell tower, with its explicit British clock, is a very definite impediment to the memory of the terrible and lurid past. The theatricality of Zanzibar remains, but this is now a theatre without a drama.

On the mainland, the old caravan routes leading inland have long been abandoned, but here and there along the way one comes upon old men who remember the slaving days very well. At Mpwapwa, which was an important staging post, W. L. Farquhar, one of Stanley's unfortunate companions on his expedition to find Livingstone, lies buried, and Africans from some twenty or thirty different tribes are living in the district. These people are the descendants of the slaves and porters who, on their way to or from the coast, deserted the caravans or were left behind because of sickness. Like seeds scattered casually by the wind, they have taken root and somehow managed to survive. From Mpwapwa, one can strike north toward Lake Victoria along the route that Stanley followed, or take the more generally used road that leads to Tabora. None of this country is quite tamed yet, for one still hears stories of cattle raids, of tribal feuds, of killings with the poisoned arrow. The drunkenness of which all the explorers speak still persists in the villages, and it indicates that even now there is something lacking in life in this beautiful country, some fundamental discontent that leads to despair and hopeless idleness. It was here that Burton wrote that melancholy and monotony tend to descend upon human beings in beautiful places, whereas this is rarely so in deserts.

The house where Livingstone and Stanley stayed at Tabora has been faithfully rebuilt and converted into a kind of museum, with Arab muskets and other trophies on the walls. Someone had the notion of obtaining facsimiles of the dispatches that Stanley wrote here for the New York *Herald* after the two men had returned from Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, and it is very strange to read the excited headlines in these surroundings: "DR. LIVINGSTONE FOUND; THE FAMOUS EXPLORER IN GOOD HEALTH." The words seem to arrest time for a moment, and it is not difficult to imagine Livingstone sitting under the mango tree outside the front door, planning the journey that was to bring him to the source of the Nile at last, and being mercifully unaware that he would never reach it and that within nine months he would be dead. Here, too—or, at any rate, close by—the quarrel between Burton and Speke began when Speke marched off alone to investigate the reports of a great lake in the north. Mwanza, where Speke obtained his first sight of Lake Victoria, is now a modern port, with European buildings on the shore, yet in the outlying villages nothing very much has happened since 1858; the mango trees planted by the slavers have grown to a great height, and in their deep-green shade the Arabs still sit cross-legged on the verandas of their black brick huts. These are the thin, courtly, serious men, with moist brown eyes and a fringe of black beard around their faces, whom Burton liked so well. But once again the drama has gone; they trade no longer in slaves and ivory but in such things as cotton cloth and plastic buttons.

Not much remains of Mutesa's capital at Rubaga. His great-grandson, the Kabaka Mutesa II, rules (under the British) a world of Indian shops and cinemas, of railway yards and bus stations, of Christian churches and commercial crops of tea, coffee, and bananas. Jet aircraft coming in from Europe may

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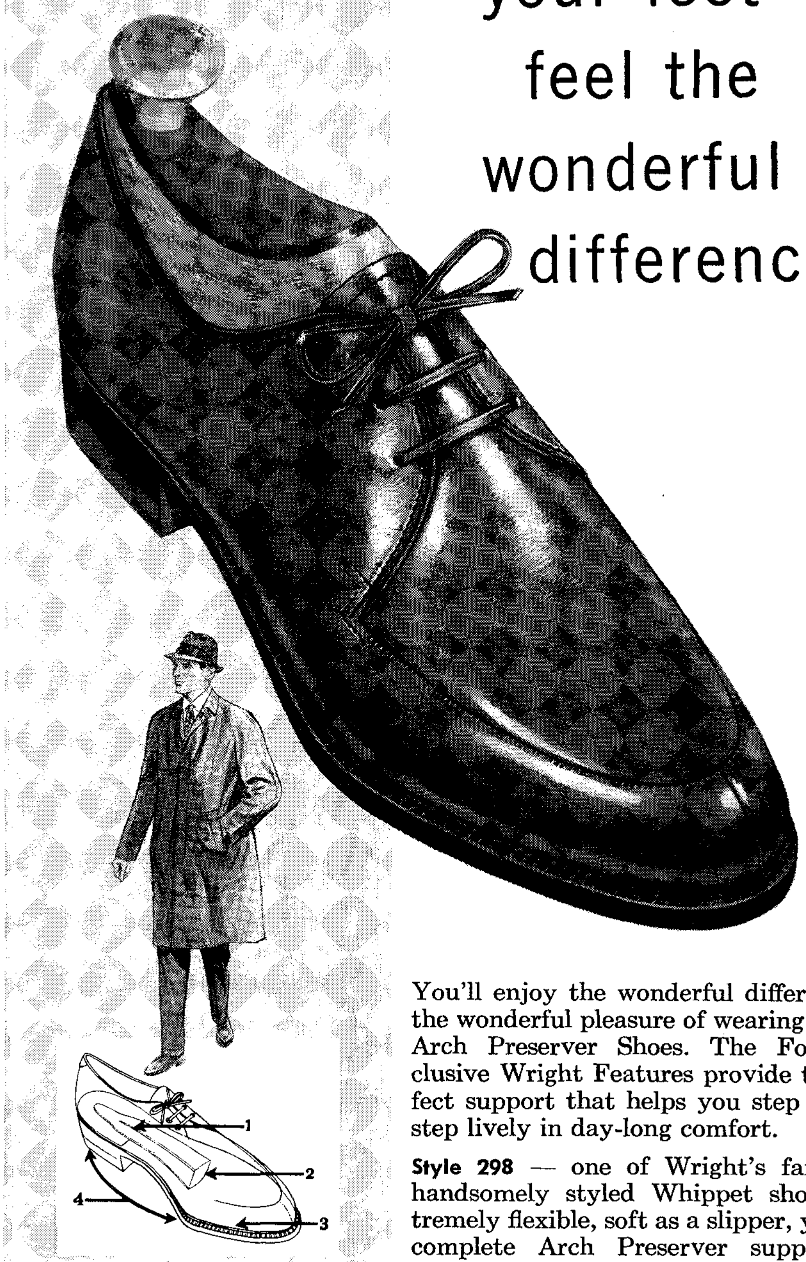

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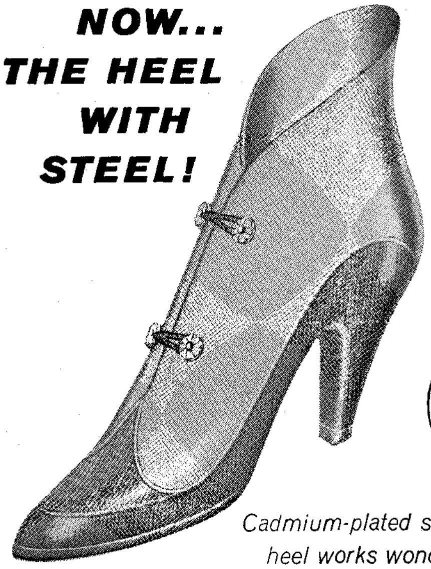

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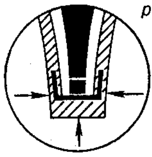

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perhaps provide their passengers with a brief glimpse of the source of the Nile at Jinja, but Jinja is a place of bright brick bungalows, like any other African colonial town, and the natural fall of the river from the lake was imprisoned in concrete in the nineteen-fifties, when Ripon Falls disappeared under the pent-up waters of a hydroelectric dam. One must go north to the Karuma Falls, following in the tracks of Speke, Grant, Chaillé-Long, and Linant de Bellefonds, to see the river as they saw it, and it is a lovely sight—a great white foaming rush of water past green islands. Here the river has a quality in time as well as in space—something to do with the continuous movement of the water, perhaps. One does not feel so very distant from Speke taking pot shots at the hippopotamuses in the reeds, or from Mrs. Baker washing her yellow hair in this same water, or from Livingstone, who gave his life for the river, or from Burton and Stanley, who staked their reputations on it, or even from Nero's centurions or Herodotus. The river binds them all together. Each of them was drawn to it by an irresistible attraction, and it makes very little odds whether we think of the stream as it is in this present century or as it was in the age of Ptolemy. The Nile seems to be impervious to change. It flows on now as it has always flowed, renewing itself from year to year and from century to century, a never-ending flood of warm, life-giving water that spans half of Africa, from the equator to the Mediterranean, and it is still the mightiest river on the earth.

—ALAN MOOREHEAD

(*This is the last of a series of articles.*)

•

The rooms in the re-model home were considered rather chopped up by Mrs. Joseph Gagliano, 4137 N. Murray Ave. She felt, however, that the interior effects were very nice. "The table lamps were too heavy for the size of the rooms," she said. "The wall clock idea has been used so much it is trite, I think a nice set of autobahn prints would have been more fitting."—*Shorewood* (*Wis.*) *Herald.*

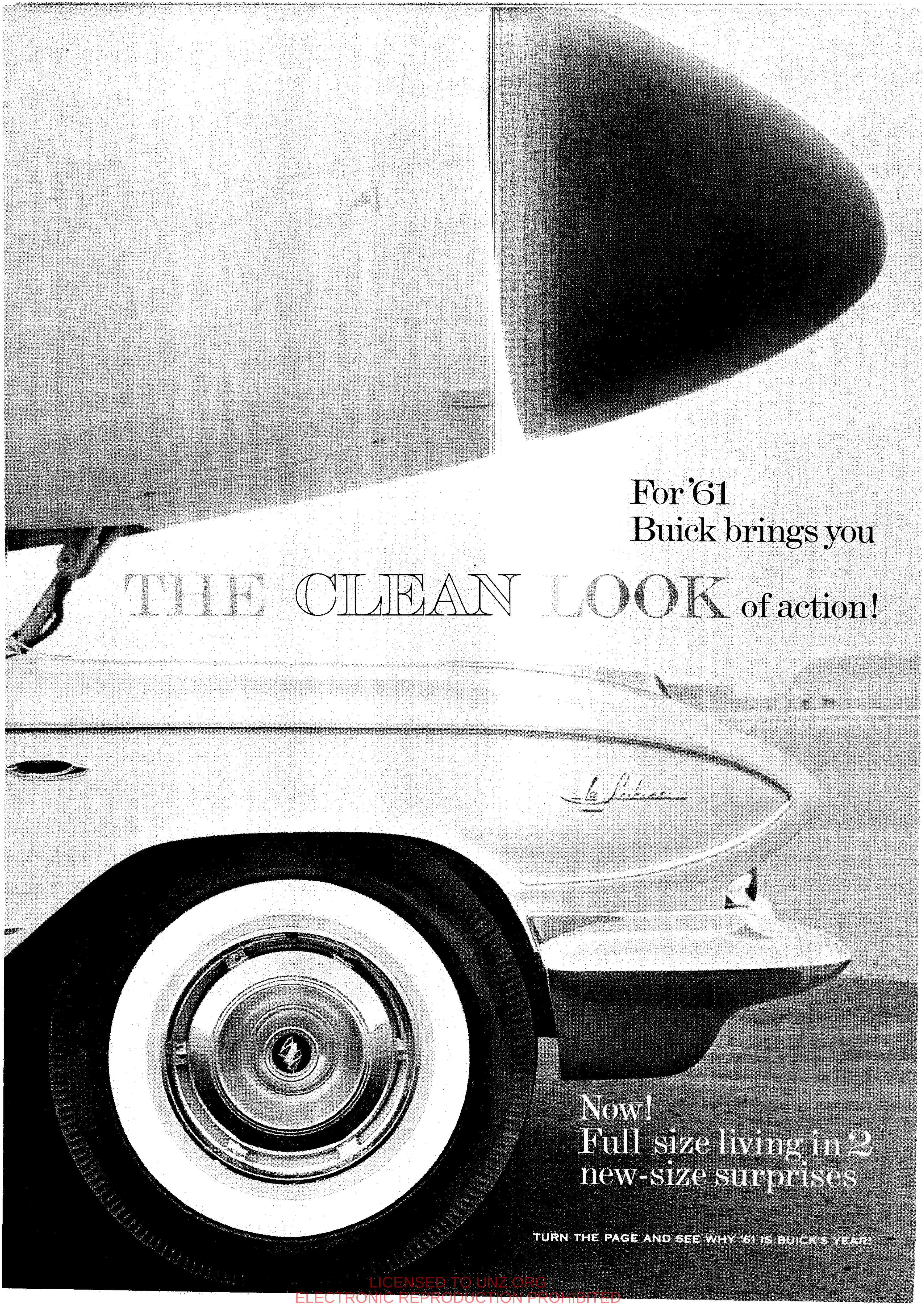
Nothing trite about *them*, God knows.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From Editor & Publisher*]

Marking the 10th anniversary of the first missile firing at Cape Canaveral, the Orlando Sentinel published an 18-page section July 24 which pointed up the growth of the area from 23,653 in 1950 to 11,176 in 1960.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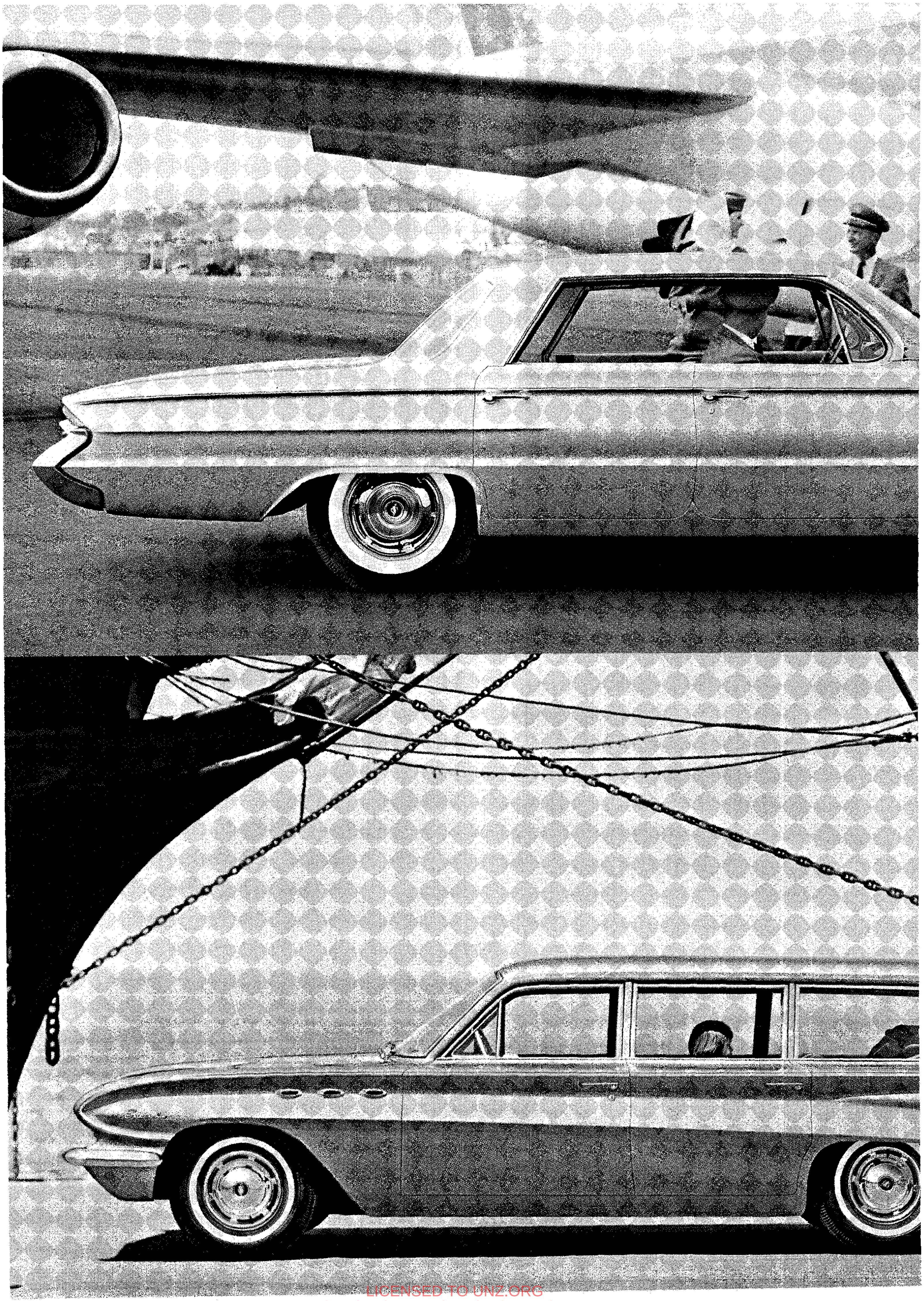

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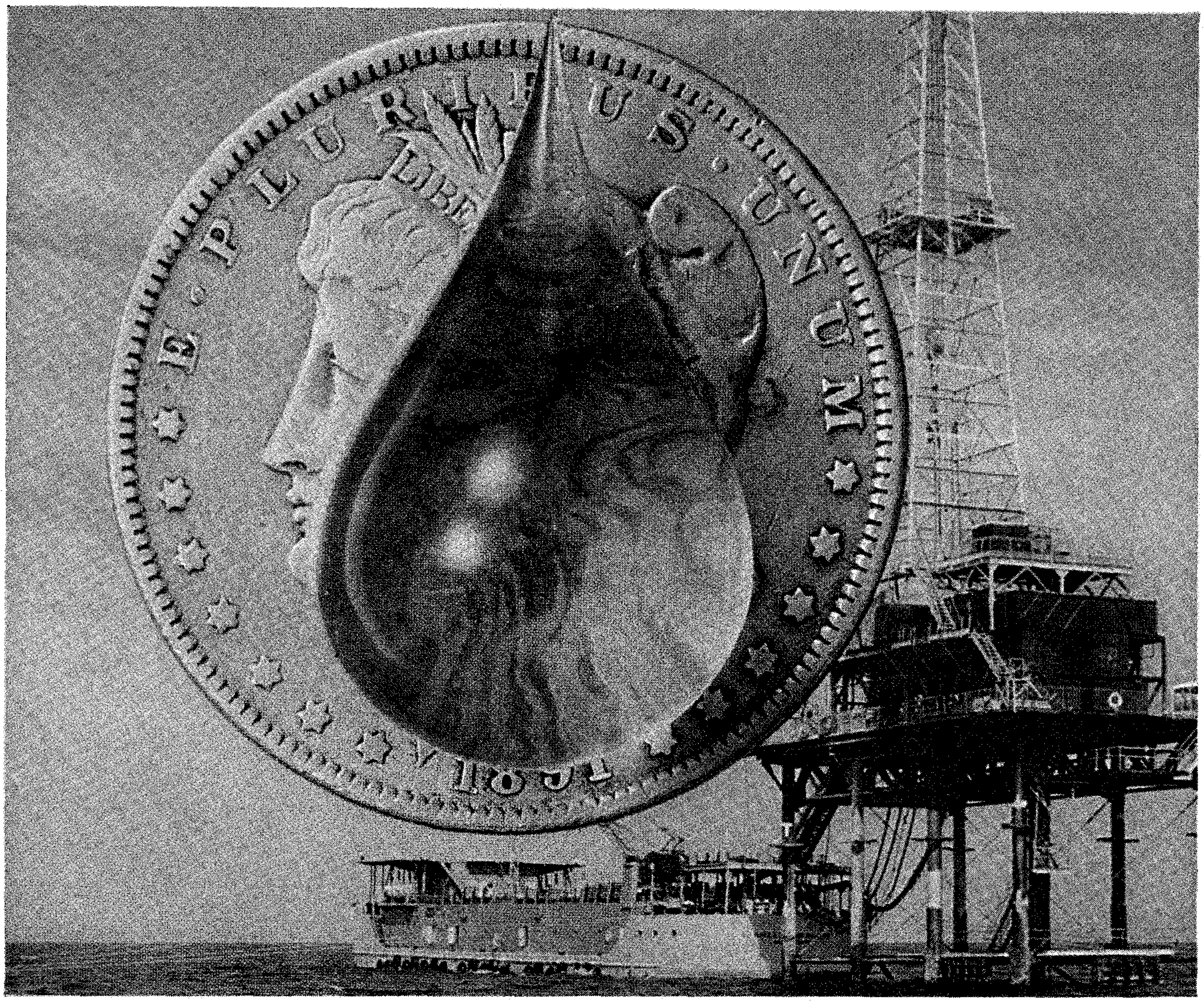

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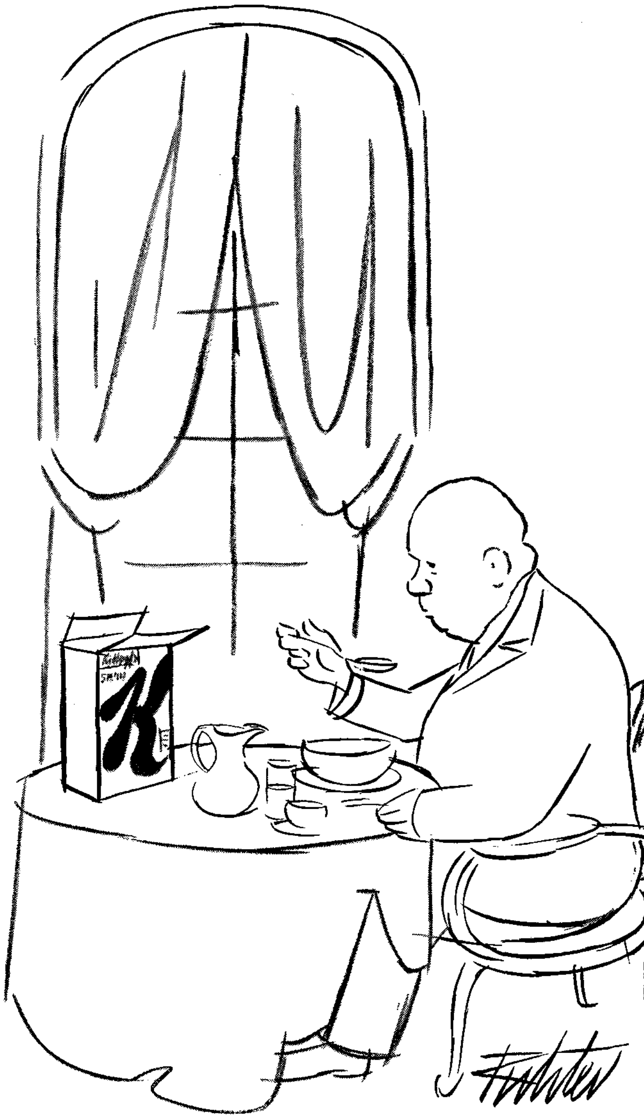
THE THEATRE

A COUPLE OF HOBOS

AFTER some time on the road in France and England, a tramp entitled "Irma La Douce" has stumbled into the Plymouth. A long, dull, and dirty affair, it attempts to delude us with the notion that a joke that might go well at a salesmen's convention becomes, if sufficiently protracted, suitable stuff for a discriminating audience. When this thing was thought up, by a Frenchman named Alexandre Breffort, it was, I presume, an attempt to create a frisky Gallic farce. There are very few frisky Gallic farces, however. As a matter of fact, I might venture the opinion that a Frenchman who gets funny about love can be, and on all too many occasions is, an intolerable bore. Whatever M. Breffort was in the first place, he is now—owing to the efforts of an English crowd of adapters reading, from left to right, Julian More, David Heneker, and Monty Norman—a kind of Johnny One Note. The theme of "Irma La Douce" concerns a Parisian tart who beds down with assorted dreary characters until she meets a fine young law student. In order to keep her in line, this young man periodically dons frock coat and whiskers and pretends to be a rich and jealous protector. Our heroine is true enough to the hero in both his guises, and you may be sure that he has quite a frolic changing from law student to alleged moneybags as time goes on. Having become a devotee practically at birth of the great quick-change artist Owen McGivney, who could assume all the roles in "Oliver Twist" in the course of fifteen minutes or so, I can't say that Keith Michell, who plays the dual lover here, impressed me very much. But then nothing about this enterprise impressed me. A Mr. Interlocutor who keeps talking about the "milieu" of the play is among the minor annoyances, and also pretty troublesome are the lyrics that the Messrs. More, Heneker, and Norman have provided to go with music by Marguerite Monnot, who has certainly not neglected the recordings of "Can-Can." A lady named Elizabeth Seal, who plays Irma herself, is not without agility, and there are others in the cast who jump about quite skillfully. But I'm afraid that the whole enterprise doesn't belong in civilized circles.



ANOTHER dilly that has been knocking around England and our suburbs for quite a spell pulled in and out of the Helen Hayes last week. The name of this one was "Farewell, Farewell Eugene," and it had to do with a pair of sisters and a cousin who went into the greeting-card business. While the play was not as embarrassing as "Irma La Douce," it wasn't what you might call stimulating, and I was sorry to see one of my favorite ladies, Margaret Rutherford, wasting her hefty comic self on a role unworthy of her. I was sorry, too, to see such attractive people as Mildred Dunnock and Leueen MacGrath involved in the enterprise. Let's not say au revoir to this one; let's just say a firm goodbye.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

The Cutting-Room Floor

THERE'S nothing more salubrious than the spectacle of ambition fulfilled. Equally, there's nothing more melancholy than ambition o'erstepped. Perhaps most dismal of all, because of the sheer corpulence of vision involved, is the ambitious wreckage of mammoth bad novels, unfinished sagas, dull multivolume memoirs, and so on that perpetually clogs the literary landscape. The newest of these collapsed rainbows is "The Idiot," the first of seven plays to be presented this season at the Gate Theatre by its repertory company. The authors, Boris Tumarin and Jack Sydow, offer their work as a "new play," but actually it is only another attempt to faithfully adapt Dostoevski's leviathan novel to the stage—an endeavor that has been tried and tried again but always suggests squeezing a watermelon into a watch pocket. A play of six or seven acts, lasting ten or eleven hours and performed before an insomnious audience, might plumb the novel, which swells and sags and thunders and whispers on for nearly seven hundred pages. But the book, an intense study of a perfect man who is flawed only by disease, depends on pure polypary accumulation for its power and not on its boiling

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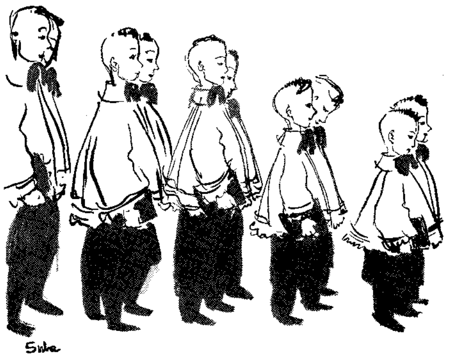
melodrama, which, set forth at any length on a stage, would bury everything in sight, including the audience. Indeed, that's what nearly happens at the Gate in only two acts, which run just under three hours.

The Messrs. Tumarin and Sydow have unwittingly telescoped most of Dostoevski's motivations to death, leaving a chain of often melodramatic and inscrutable relationships and actions. How, one wonders, does Prince Myshkin, the good man, become so empyreal, and why does he simultaneously fall in love with two totally different women—Aglaia, the genteel daughter of a general, and Nastasya, a brooding fallen woman? Why does Myshkin finally dump Aglaia for Nastasya, and then why does Nastasya elope with Rogozhin moments before her marriage to Myshkin? And what of Rogozhin? Is he evil or only a bumbling rogue? Or is he mad? Why does he murder Nastasya after she has volunteered herself to him? Some of these queries might have been stilled by a more adept choice of material. Toward the opening of the book, Dostoevski establishes Myshkin's purity in a long and affecting monologue in which Myshkin tells of the rarefied three-way love that existed between himself, Marie, a starving tubercular wretch, and the children of the small Swiss village in which he lived while undergoing treatment for epilepsy. This monologue is dramatically priceless. It has that reverberative compassion for the meek that still binds the great nineteenth-century novels to us. At the same time, its register of emotions, which travels from sweetness to rage, would make an extraordinary set piece for any actor with an elephant's memory. Apparently, the Messrs. Tumarin and Sydow don't agree.

Mr. Tumarin has directed the proceedings, and with peculiar results. Archie Smith, as Myshkin, indicates nervous disorder by blinking heavily throughout the evening, as if he were driving very fast without a windshield. He also speaks slowly and haltingly, placing each bricklike word exactly six inches ahead of the next one. Despite the authors' announced intention of focussing their adaptation on Myshkin, rather than on Aglaia and Nastasya, as is usually and wrongly done, Kathleen Widdoes (Aglaia) and Juliet Randall (Nastasya) do their best to upstage Myshkin, whether he is present or not. They also battle each other. Miss Widdoes talks at top speed, rockets her head about, and shrills like a flute, successfully dispersing all the sweetbread characteristics of Aglaia. Miss Randall replies with blasts of trumpet laughter. Ultimately, she wins. John Heldabrand, as Rogozhin, disconcertingly resembles—with his round, slightly padded face, and his sack shirt, boots, beard, and flowing hair—a diffuse Fidel Castro. However, Kermit Murdock, as Totsky, a suave, aging libertine, offers a perfect mask of arched eyebrows, supercilious nose, and moist, expectant lips. The set, which was fashioned by Herbert Senn and Helen Pond, is also above reproach. A spare, spidery two-level impressionistic affair, it miraculously manages to evoke the atmosphere of each of the twelve scenes. One in particular is stunning. The Prince, Aglaia, her two sisters, and the girls' mother are chatting in the ladies' drawing room on a fine spring morning. They are seated on white chairs upholstered in fresh blue-and-white stripes. There is a small round table covered with a pale-blue cloth. The balcony and staircase frame barely green panels that suggest balmy air and leaves. The figures, strung across the room in rich browns, pinks, greens, and purples, seem to float, like their words. For a long moment, we are magically at the mercy of Mr. Tumarin and Mr. Sydow.

THE five young women and five young men who make up the cast of "Greenwich Village, U.S.A.," a musical revue at the One Sheridan Square, work with such cherubic vigor—pumping out rhythm songs, affecting Italian accents, warbling like Jeanette MacDonald, mowing down patter songs, playing drunks, and playing beatniks—that for a time they manage to sweep their reluctant materials clean off the ground. But after a while lines like "I'm shopping à la carte" (delivered by a girl with a shopping cart), "Even all my genes are charcoal gray" (from a Madison Avenue type), and "How can anyone so sweet/Turn out to be so beat?" (a country girl, newly arrived in New York, commenting on



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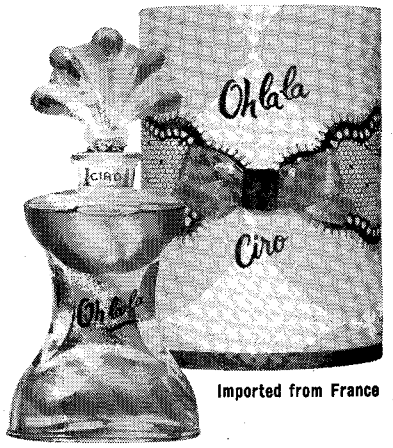

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an old school chum she has just bumped into) resist buoyancy so forcibly that they plummet right out of sight. And gradually one realizes that the revue is doing what revues must never do: it is becoming predictable. (A revue, like good jazz, inevitably takes off from the familiar, from the topical, but it is the trip, not the starting point, that counts.) The result is this sort of old beer: A sketch called "Theatre in the Round" demonstrates the confusions that arise when a member of the audience, in search of the ladies' room, wanders onstage. "Birth of a Beatnik" is an apparently solemn (which *is* surprising) modern-dance interpretation of how a clean young man becomes encrusted. "Miss Hi-Fie" (*sic*), strategically dressed in two turntables and an amplifier, shimmies and shouts, "I've got the busiest turntables in town!" And so forth. Nonetheless, one would like to see more of Jane A. Johnston, who is Miss Hi-Fie and a big, long-haired girl who can heft the meanest song. Similarly bright are Saralou Cooper, who has a smooth, oval, convex face, and who is already suitably destined to enact comic schoolteachers, comic spinsters, and comic lovelorns; Pat Finley, a glistening array of teeth, dimples, and ski-jump nose; and James Harwood, who has the kind of rubbery, witty, self-admonishing face that Donald Cook has made a career out of. The musical accompaniment, provided by a jazzlike quintet under the direction of Bill Costa, is faultless. Would that the buttresses it erects propped up more than empty air. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wimet of 162 Earl Street Extension announce the engagement of their daughter, Betty Lou, to Thomas Burt Woodard, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Woodard of Wolcott.

Miss Wimet and Mr. Woodard attended the Bristol schools. Mr. Woodard is employed by the Hartford Club Beverage Company.

An October wedding is planned.

Among most animals, marriage (as human beings know it) does not exist. —*Bristol (Conn.) Press.*

These young people undoubtedly took that into consideration.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Lubbock (Texas) Avalanche-Journal]

BUSY OFF FIELD

NEW YORK (UPI)—All-star halfback Frank Gifford of the New York Giants is a busy athlete off the field.

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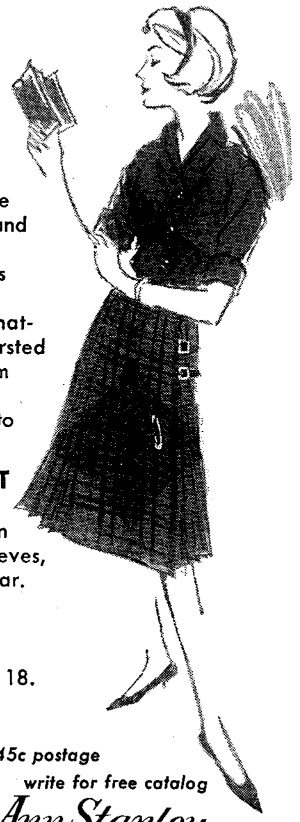

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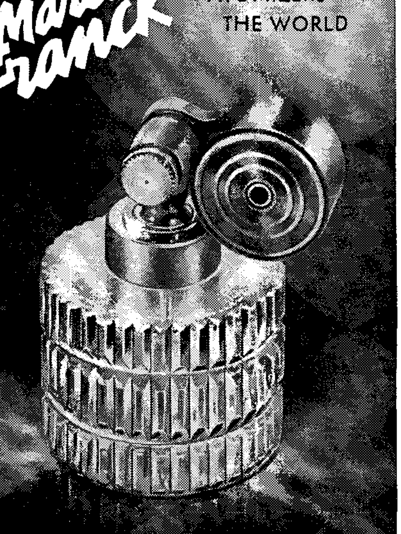

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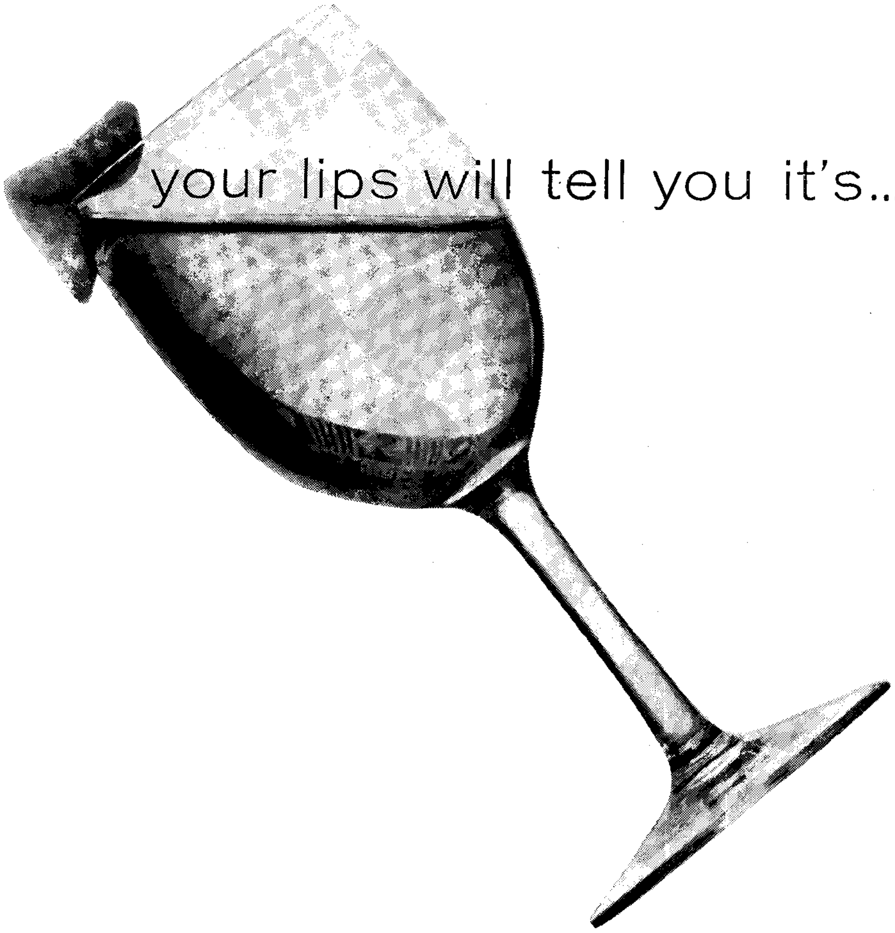
MUSICAL EVENTS

Orpheus Redivivus

LAST Thursday night at the City Center, the New York City Opera, an organization that can be counted on to inject adventure into our current musical life, opened its fall season with a double bill led off by a production of Claudio Monteverdi's "Orfeo," a work that was first performed in 1607 and that can, despite a few prior efforts of a somewhat tentative character, be regarded as the first real opera ever written. Those who attended the City Opera company's performance may have expected an undertaking in musical antiquarianism, interesting mainly for the glimpses it would provide of the rude beginnings of operatic art. But Monteverdi, as audiences who have heard the recent revival of his "The Coronation of Poppea" are well aware, is far more than a name in the history books. An authentic genius, he was as arresting a figure in his era as Gluck, Mozart, Verdi, and Wagner were in theirs, and his "Orfeo" turned out to be a warm, delicately passionate, and poetic creation, doubly impressive because its composer was actually engaged in putting together an entirely new art form.

"Orfeo" presents the Orpheus and Eurydice legend with the formal dignity and the occasionally static quality of the Italian drama of its period; there are passages in it that sound a bit stilted to the modern ear; and it hasn't the theatrical intensity of "The Coronation of Poppea," which was written some thirty-five years later. But it is still an amazing achievement. Its dull moments are few; it is full of those astounding Monteverdian harmonic transitions that somehow seem more modern than the ones Handel wrote more than a hundred years later; and it contains a number of stunning scenes—most notably, perhaps, the one in which the Messenger announces to Orpheus the death of his beloved Eurydice—that embody the whole range of dramatic emotion and expressive melody characteristic of Italian opera at its finest.

The production was nothing short of enchanting. Christopher West, who



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staged it, and Donald Oenslager, who designed the scenery and costumes, chose to present the old work not in an antique Greek setting but in the style of Monteverdi's own day, making use of all the lavish accoutrements that one associates with the seventeenth-century masque. Orpheus was splendidly dressed as a late-Renaissance pseudo-Roman warrior, complete with plumed helmet; Charon, riding in his Stygian boat, looked something like one of those American Indians in seventeenth-century prints; the gates of Hades were depicted as the open maw of a gigantic animal; in the last act, Apollo descended from Heaven in a cloud-borne chariot; and there were no end of other scenic wonders (including appropriate ballet sequences, choreographed by Robert Joffrey) that both charmed the eye and startled the mind of anyone aware of the City Opera's limited budget. On the musical side, every effort was made to reproduce as accurately as is possible nowadays the sound of the Monteverdian ensembles. Leopold Stokowski employed a small orchestra consisting of a harpsichord, a viola da gamba, a *chitarrone*, and other archaic instruments, plus modern strings, and conducted everything with that extra dash of authority and inspiration that only a truly great maestro is capable of. Among the principal singers were the French baritone Gérard Souzay, who sang the role of Orpheus with impeccable style and a remarkably sweet voice that merged a baritone's range with a quality that is more characteristic of lyric tenors, and Regina Sarfaty, who, as the Messenger, also stood out as being in complete command of the classical style, although at the start her voice seemed a trifle hoarse. The rest of the cast, including the chorus, sang as beautifully as one could wish.

"Orfeo" was followed by one of the most recent of Italian operas—Luigi Dallapiccola's "The Prisoner," a rather dour hour-long affair concerned with the horrors of imprisonment during the Spanish Inquisition. Unfortunately, I was unable to procure a libretto, so I could understand very little of it, although it was sung in English. Doubtless it contained some Kafkaesque implications that I missed while watching Anne McKnight, Norman Treigle, and Richard Cassilly go through some very earnest acting in and around a dungeon. The music accompanying all this was fearsomely—and, I thought, unnecessarily—demanding from the vocal standpoint, and though its idiom was by

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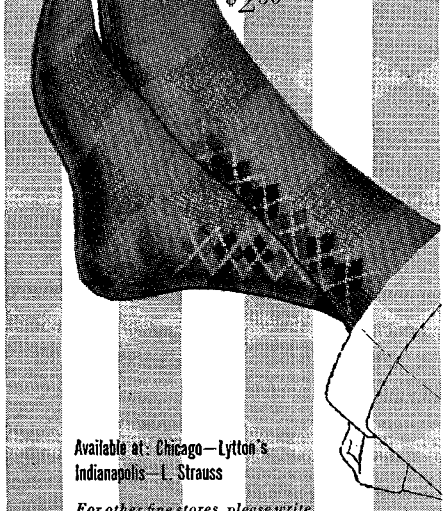

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no means extreme, I found it, on the whole, rather dreary.

ON Tuesday evening at the Metropolitan Opera House, the Royal Ballet presented two creations, both new hereabouts, by its younger choreographers. The first was Stravinsky's "Le Baiser de la Fée," redone by Kenneth MacMillan, and the second a ballet called "Antigone," by John Cranko, with music by the Greek composer Mikis Theodorakis. "Le Baiser de la Fée," which is set to one of Stravinsky's most ingratiating scores, proved to be somewhat conventional but quite charming—another fairy-tale ballet, more modest in scope than the previous week's "Ondine" but, to my mind, equally engaging. Its high points were a series of pas de deux that interrupted the narrative and gave Svetlana Beriosova, Donald Macleary, and a petite newcomer named Lynn Seymour opportunities for some scintillating dancing. I was particularly impressed by Miss Seymour, who danced with an inborn grace and fluency that reminded me of Alicia Alonso and Alexandra Danilova. The only disturbing feature of this production was the scenery, which was in the Abstract Expressionist style and seemed to clash with the wholly concrete human figures in front of it. As for Mr. Cranko's "Antigone," most of its elements were borrowed from Martha Graham, who does such things with much greater subtlety. Mr. Cranko's Greeks reminded me of participants in a football scrimmage, and I couldn't work up the slightest interest in any of them except Antigone herself, a character who was danced with some dramatic dignity by Miss Beriosova. Mr. Theodorakis' music was appropriately belligerent but not very interesting.

ON Friday afternoon, I attended the Philharmonic's opening program of the season, got my first look at the refurbished interior of Carnegie Hall, which I found bright and pleasing, and listened to Leonard Bernstein conduct Beethoven's Third "Leonore" Overture and Schumann's Fourth Symphony and play the piano part of Beethoven's First Piano Concerto. There is nothing much that a critic can say about a program like this except to remind his readers that the seldom played First Piano Concerto is not one of Beethoven's strongest works. The performances were, on the whole, quite acceptable, and Mr. Bernstein gave a technically polished reading of the solo part in the concerto.—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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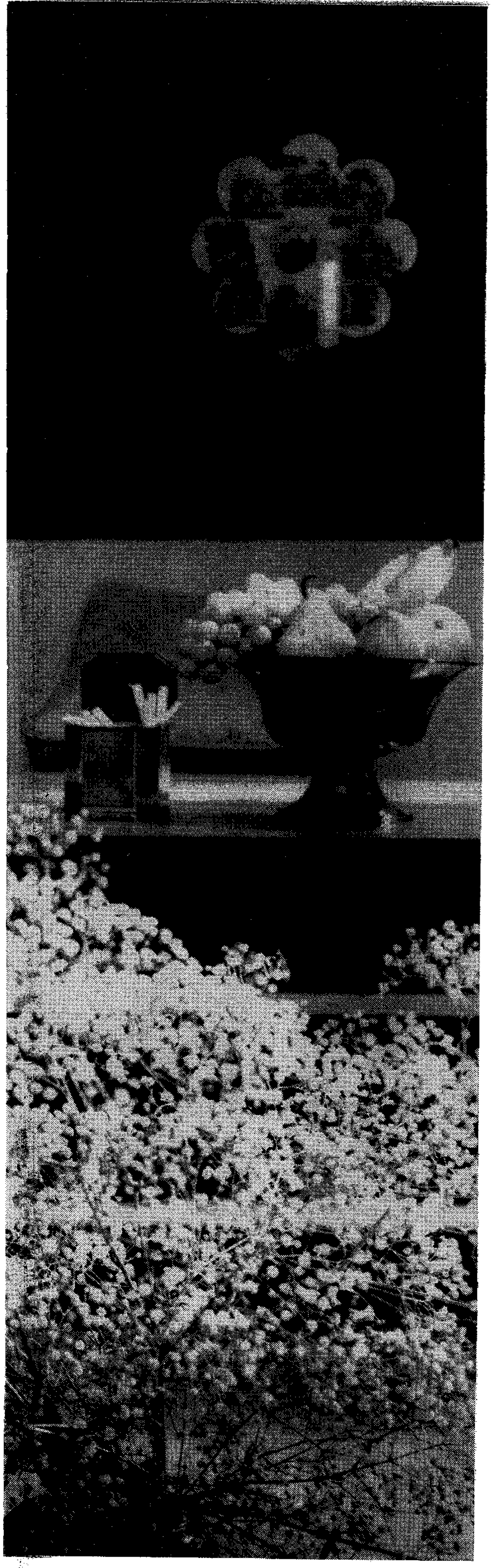

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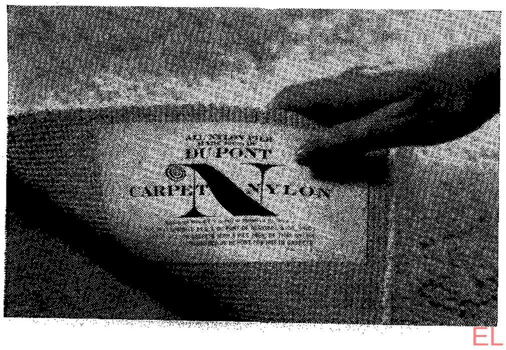

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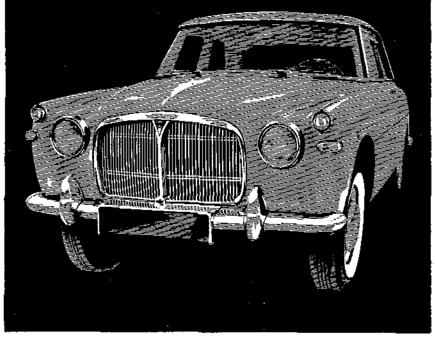

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THE RACE TRACK

Berlo's Beldame

OLDER inhabitants may remember a more notable collection of fillies and mares than the one that went to the post for the Beldame Stakes, won by Berlo, at Belmont last Saturday, but I don't. One way or another, the Beldame is always a good show, like the Suburban and the Brooklyn; I suppose some races are lucky, just as some horses are. Named after a famous filly who not only topped her own sex but beat colts in the Carter, the Suburban, and the Saratoga Cup back in the early nineteen-hundreds, the Beldame was originally for two-year-old fillies. It lapsed in the depression years, and then, in 1939, the late Jack Campbell, racing secretary for the New York tracks, revived it at Aqueduct as a handicap for three-year-olds and upward, with a purse of ten thousand dollars—a whopping prize for fillies and mares in those days. (The gross value last weekend was $91,100.) That autumn, it brought out eighteen runners, and was won by a nose by a little gray filly named Nellie Bly, at 50–1. From then on, it was one of the big events of the meeting. Shifted to Belmont this year, it was changed from a handicap to a weight-for-age event, with the younger, and therefore less fully developed, fillies carrying less weight than the older fillies and the mature mares. This alone would have made the race interesting, but in addition the starters included Silver Spoon and Honeys Gem, topnotchers in California; Woodlawn, from the Middle West; Berlo, Make Sail, and Rash Statement, three-year-olds with an Oaks apiece to their credit; Royal Native, who was sold in Florida last spring for the highfalutin price of $252,500; and Tempted, voted the best handicap mare of 1959. Attention centered on Tempted and Royal Native, and the bright sunshine showed them both to be hard and fit. Silver Spoon also looked particularly good. So did Berlo, though she's too rangy to be a really attractive filly. (But handsome is, you know.) She was last out of the starting gate; in fact, she didn't settle into her stride for nearly half a mile. Then she began to catch up, and, turning into the stretch, she swept around the leaders, opening

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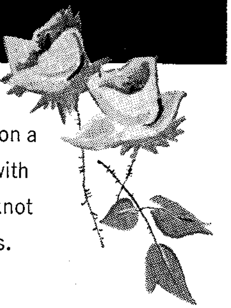

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up a lead of a couple of lengths. After that burst of speed, she had to be ridden up sharply to hold her advantage. Royal Native was second, Make Sail third, and Silver Spoon fourth; Tempted tired badly and finished eighth. Berlo, by the way, has never won anywhere except in New York, where she has been first seven times in ten tries and has earned $163,245. William du Pont, Jr., who owns her, won the Beldame six years ago with Parlo (both have the same sire—Heliopolis), and with Fairy Chant in 1940 and 1941. No doubt Berlo will be voted best of her age and sex.

ALMOST everybody is accepting Kelso as the most improved three-year-old we have, and I wouldn't be surprised if he was. By the dashing style in which he won the mile-and-five-furlong Lawrence Realization Stakes at Belmont last week, he stamped himself a stayer as well as a fast runner. It was hardly a contest; Tooth and Nail led on sufferance for about a mile, but when Kelso challenged, it was all over, and he won by four or five lengths from Tompion, who passed Tooth and Nail in the last furlong. Incidentally, the race was run in 2:40⅘, equalling the mark that Man o' War set in the fixture forty years ago. That summer, Man o' War set five American records, but only one still stands—that for a mile and three furlongs. It will probably stand for a long time; horses haven't run at that distance for many years.

A NOTE on a happy recovery: A fortnight after fracturing the sesamoid bones in his left foreleg, Hail to Reason is getting along so well that he can put his left forefoot flat on the ground. Before you know it, he'll be walking.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

David W. Hills, 13, water skied from Dunhams Bay to the north end of the Lake, in 1 hour, 35 minutes one day last week. The water was choppy as far as the Narrows. Miss Evelyn Whitegiver, 14, water skied back in 1 hour, 20 minutes in calm water. Mr. and Mrs. William Hills pulled the boat. All this occurred without incident or accident.—*Lake George (N.Y.) Mirror.*

But not without a certain freshness of approach.

•

WANTED: To lease year around, furnished apartment. November 1. Young single couple. Write Box 36.—*Aspen (Colo.) Times.*

Well, it's nice to be young, anyway.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Affirmative

OUT of Switzerland has come a first-rate thriller—"It Happened in Broad Daylight"—which I hasten to recommend. No doubt the title has lost a little something in translation, and the use of dubbed voices instead of subtitles is a constant provoker of disbelief, but once those two complaints have been put on record (if the first is a trifle, the second I would like to have loom up as big as an Alp, and as crushing), the rest of my comment is all praise. The picture is taken from a novel by Friedrich Duerrenmatt, a skilled hand at mixing acts of violence with moral questions, and he and the director, Ladislao Vajda, collaborated with Hans Jacoby on the screenplay, which has a classic simplicity of structure. The body of a murdered child is found in a wood; an innocent person is accused of the crime, is bullied into confessing, and thereupon hangs himself; and a virtuous and intelligent inspector of police, in part because he must share the blame for the second death and in part because he cannot bear to leave the child's murderer at large, able at any moment to secure another victim, dedicates his life to the pursuit of a criminal about whom nothing whatever is known. Nothing, that is, but a drawing made in school by the dead child of a figure that may have been wholly the product of her imagination. A hard enough start for the inspector? In these matters, of course, the pursuit is all, and in "I.H.I.B.D." it is splendidly depicted, with a modesty and matter-of-factness that, against a rural Swiss background, develop unexpected charm. Heinz Ruhmann gives a fine performance as the brisk and humane inspector; also excellent are Michel Simon and Roger Livesey, as the innocent suicide and the inspector's medical friend, respectively. Gert Frobe plays the pathological killer. It would have scared me out of my wits to meet Frobe in a wood when I was a child, and, to tell the truth, it would scare me out of my wits to meet him in a wood right now.

"SUNRISE AT CAMPOBELLO" was a hit as a play and will be a hit as a picture, and I'd better make it clear

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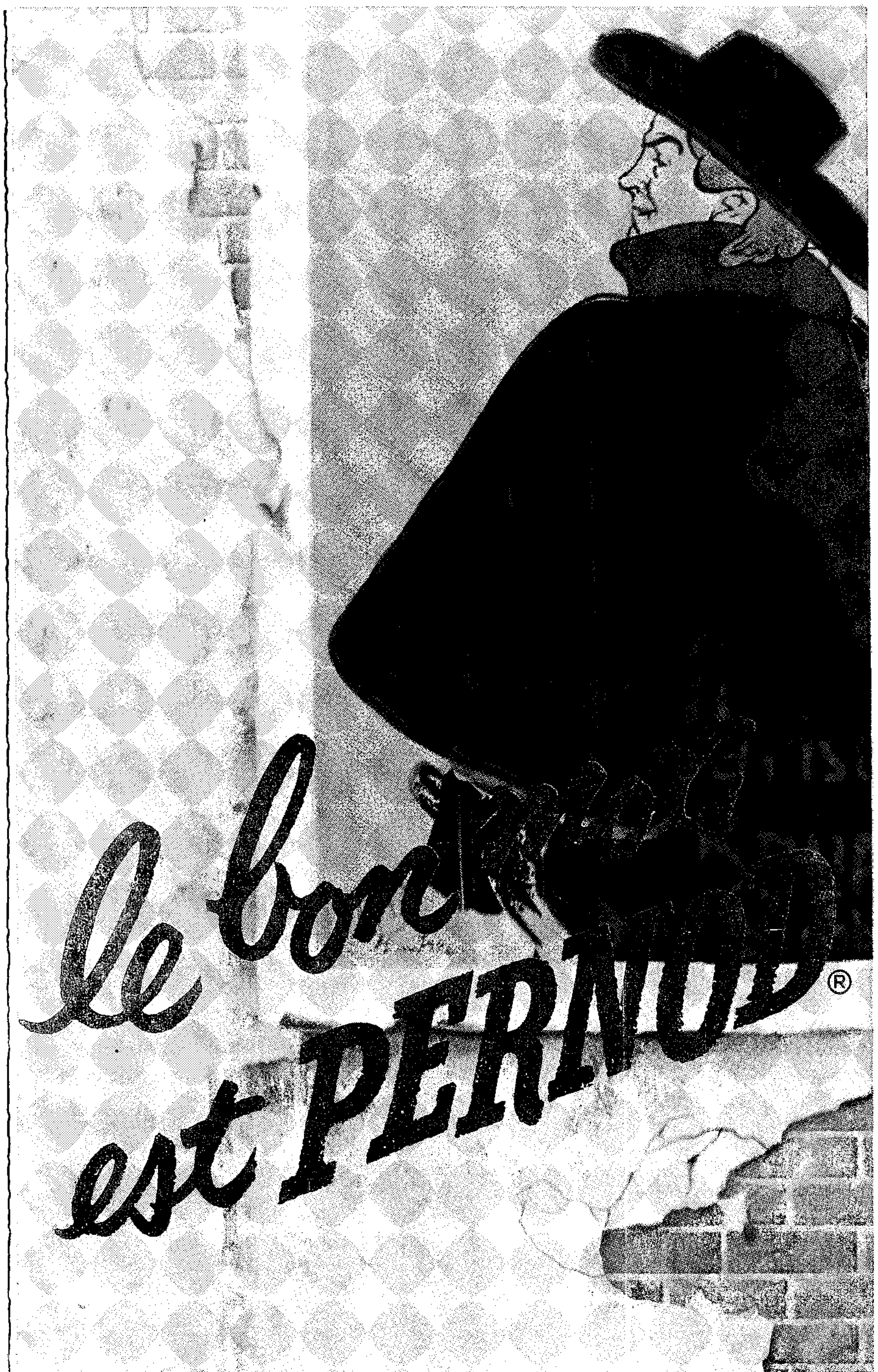
at once that I'm no more against it than I'm against spun-sugar candy. I don't much like the stuff, but neither do I knock it out of the hands of passing children. My position is this: that Franklin D. Roosevelt was a very great man indeed; that his life will survive almost any amount of vulgarization in books, plays, movies, radio, TV, or what you will; but that the less vulgarization, the less sentimentality, the less phony legend-making we surround him with the better. In short, let's not lose him before we have to. I saw him man alive, and he wasn't God in an old sailor hat and spinsterish pince-nez. Dore Schary, who wrote and produced "Sunrise at Campobello," adapting it from his play, has loved Roosevelt not wisely but too well; he purports to be telling us the hard truth about those three or four terrible years between the moment when the brilliant and aggressive young ex-Assistant Secretary of the Navy was stricken with polio and the moment when the middle-aged man on crutches put Al Smith's name in nomination for the Presidency at the Democratic convention of 1924, but something more than mere Technicolor causes the screen to go soft, to run at the edges and sometimes at the center.

Having said these harsh things, I would like to praise Ralph Bellamy and Greer Garson for their often uncanny success in taking off F. D. R. and Eleanor Roosevelt. Hume Cronyn a little too obviously relishes playing Louis Howe, but Ann Shoemaker is perfection in the juicy role of old Sara. Moreover, two scenes—Roosevelt being spirited off Campobello and propped up aboard a train on the mainland, half dead but looking fully recovered, and Roosevelt inching his way slowly, *slowly*, along the platform at the convention—are well worth sitting through the rest of the picture to see.

"THE WORLD OF APU" is the third of a trilogy of films by Satyajit Ray that began with "Pather Panchali" and "Aparajito." Apu is a poor young intellectual in Calcutta, and, like his opposite numbers in Paris, London, New York, and Trenton, is at work on an autobiographical novel. By bad luck, he is conned into marrying a girl he has never met—this sort of thing can still happen in India, apparently—but then he falls in love with her, only to lose her in childbirth. Maddened by grief, he refuses to see his baby, throws away his novel, and quits Calcutta for a job as a miner in the hills. I'm glad to say that he doesn't stay there; this is an affirma-



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tive picture, not to say an immensely romantic one, and has a happy ending. "The World of Apu" is nearly always full of beautiful images—Satyajit Ray's camera, like Robert Flaherty's, has an agreeable way of stopping and staring at things that catch its eye—but the story it tells is a bit simple-minded as well as simple, and I doubt whether it would have much power to move us if the setting were a familiar one. Like Trenton, say. —BRENDAN GILL

•

O PIONEERS DEPARTMENT

[*From the San Francisco Chronicle*]

The convivial vacation atmosphere around the shores of Lake Tahoe has been shattered.

As power lines melt and smoke from the forest fires continues to billow over the mountains, the summer residents have dug into a way of life that their pioneer ancestors favored. Cooking is being done over pits (in the less windy areas) and in open fireplaces elsewhere.

Yesterday afternoon water was being hauled from the lake in buckets for washing and cooking.

Comments from socialites who chose to stay up and those who have come down run the gamut.

"It's spooky," said Mrs. Gardner Mein yesterday, as she talked from a phone on the Mein property near Tahoe City.

"It's as cold as Greenland," Mrs. Spencer Grant Sr. noted. The Grants are in their house at Brockway, using candles for light and a fire in the living room fireplace for heat.

The Adolphus Andrews Jr., also at Brockway, are luckier. They have a gas stove for cooking and a generator for hot water. Mrs. Andrews felt they were "doing very well" but expected their water to be cut off momentarily.

The Robert Arthurs came down Highway 40 through thick smoke Sunday night, after spending a week at Incline Beach with the Donn Douglasses and the Jurek Byczkowskis. As they drove out they saw cars lined up for two blocks in front of the only service station which had gas—because it was the only one with a generator to pump it.

Mrs. Bruce Dohrman reported that everybody in their house was glued to the radios—and Mrs. Richard Ree's remark about Tahoe was also graphic. "It's very strange—all the neon is gone."

While his parents, the Horace Guittards, did their best to entertain their guests, the Graeme MacDonalds and the Carl Livingstons at Carnelian Bay, 17-year-old Jay Guittard volunteered as a firefighter and worked a 23-hour stretch without sleep.

The Barry Wagners were able to get five gallons of gas from a construction crew to get them as far as Placerville, after being stranded in a Stateline motel overnight.

At another home near Tahoe City, the maid said that her employer was out having cocktails with friends.

Where the ice came from is anybody's guess.

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FOOTBALL

There's Many a Slip

TOWARD the end of September, the battle for men's minds acquires an autumnal haze that can bemuse even the most acute oracles. Two weekends ago, Columbia beat Brown, 37–0, and Columbia was accordingly, to pluck a burning ember at random from the journalistic fires, "possibly the finest team to wear the Light Blue in many a year." Pennsylvania beat Lafayette, 35–14, and by this minimum expenditure of effort became "a strong contender for the Ivy League championship." Harvard beat Holy Cross, 13–6, thereby becoming ditto. Dartmouth barely managed to top New Hampshire, 7–6, and Princeton lost to Rutgers, 13–8; Dartmouth, said the oracles, was already out of the running, and so was Princeton. It is all as easy as that for the oracles to set what could be called the numbers game in motion. Those who go to more original sources for their information had other ideas. Columbia, they were telling one another, had not suddenly acquired new manpower but had met a team that was being reconstructed; Pennsylvania, too, was in the process of a thorough rebuilding (new coach, new offense, trouble with its end men), and had been offered little resistance by Lafayette; Harvard had had hell's own time beating a Holy Cross that no longer has much weight to throw around; both Dartmouth and Princeton were also reorganizing, and Princeton (mistakenly, it turned out) had been spending most of its preparation on defense work. (Revamping, it might as well be pointed out now, is a permanent process in these parts, since the statute of limitations governing the amount of time that may be devoted to practice in the Ivy League requires that the first couple of matches every fall be no more than full-dress rehearsals.)

Then, last Saturday, several necessarily awful truths came to light. Columbia, gem of the ocean, fell completely apart against Princeton (which had turned its study hours over to offense) and was beaten, 49–0; Pennsylvania's new offense was useless against Dartmouth, which carried the day by a score of 15–0; Harvard, which actually consists of one good first team, a scarcity of spare parts, and a mild case of the fumbles, lost, 27–12, to a good but distinctly minor-league University of Massachusetts.

THE largest and most nearly continuous reversal of form (r. of f. is a trade term favored by people who haven't time to take a look at true form) came about in the match between Columbia and Princeton. Columbia, though its handling of the ball in the backfield is often magnificently masked from prying eyes, and though some of its runners can move with grace and skill, is so short of real driving speed and force that it is, in general, only as good as its passing attack. The Princeton defense was much too much for any of Columbia's passers; Vasell, Columbia's major quarterback and ball thrower, was subjected to such harassment by the Princeton line that his passes contributed to three Princeton touchdowns. The Princeton offense (it's very close to the one that Penn is now erecting) deals principally in wide sweeps, hard punches at the line, and double reverses. Passing, when the ground offense works well, is almost incidental, and so it was against Columbia, though what there was of the passing was swift and, so to speak, to the point. Everything, in fact, went well except the double reverses, which—who can say why?—have not been at their highest peak of efficiency since the late Charlie Caldwell was coaching the team. None of this is to suggest that Princeton has displaced Columbia, Penn, and Harvard as the squad most likely to succeed to the championship of the Ivy League. There is work to be done on the defensive line and on the occasional lapses in handling the ball.

Luck makes a habit of following teams when they start winning. Some time ago, when an injury removed Marr, Princeton's best-equipped quarterback, from the roster, a sophomore named Henrich was ready to step in and fill the position to capacity. It will be a while yet before we know whether Harvard, which last week lost not only its game with Massachusetts but its best quarterback-psychologist, Ravenel, will be as lucky as Princeton, or whether Cornell, which began its season by los-

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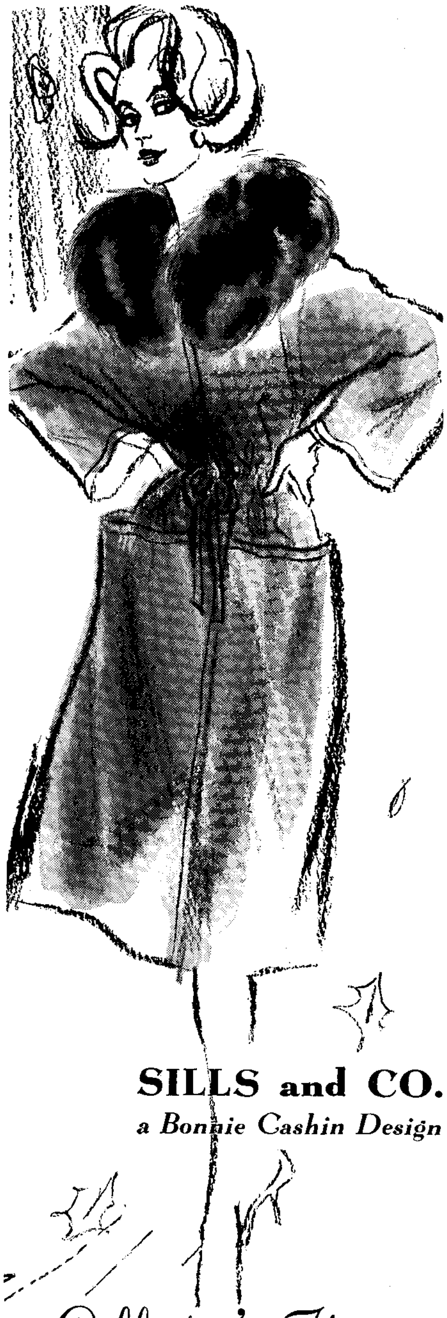

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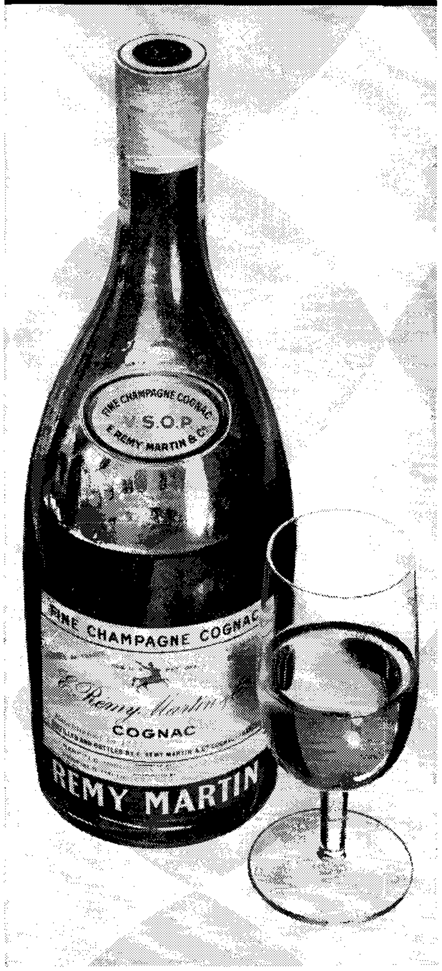

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ing not only its game with Colgate but McKelvey, one of its few expert quarterbacks (it had already lost Tino, its most expert running back), will also be as fortunate.

ARMY, which year in, year out is the *force majeure* in this territory, drifted last week out to the West Coast, which is beyond the range of this department, but the previous Saturday it entertained (an honest word, under the circumstances) Boston College at West Point, which *is* within range. Boston held Army spellbound (not to say scoreless) for the first half, following which Army slowly pulled up even, and then ahead. The names of Anderson and Dawkins and Caldwell no longer appear on the program, and King, who is still around the Point, was not in action that day. Neither was Zailskas, who may not appear at all this season. For all that, things went well on the Coast—Army 28, California 10. But Army still has plenty of travelling to do and seven more games to play this fall. Be guided accordingly.

—J. W. L.

•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[From "The Adventures of the Noble Bachelor," in "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle]

"And how in the world did you find them?"

"It might have been difficult, but friend Lestrade held information in his hands the value of which he did not himself know. The initials were of course of the highest importance, but more valuable still was it to know that within a week he had settled his bill at one of the most select London hotels."

"How did you deduce the select?"

"By the select prices. Eight shillings for a bed and eightpence for a glass of sherry, pointed to one of the most expensive hotels. There are not many in London which charge at that rate."

•

It has been verified that part of a set of teeth belonging to a mastidon, a prehistoric animal was found about four miles south of Denham Springs on the Grey's Creek recently.

Doyle Crowder, Jubin Rd., was cleaning out small trees in the creek when he came upon the teeth which were sticking out of the ground some six feet under the bank.

They were taken to the LSU Museum and experts there said the teeth belonged to the animal. A mastidon was an elephant-like animal with long hair that lived about 10,000 years ago. There is no live ones known to be in this area.—*Walker (La.) Livingston Parish Times.*

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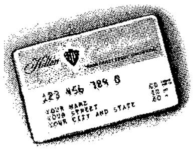
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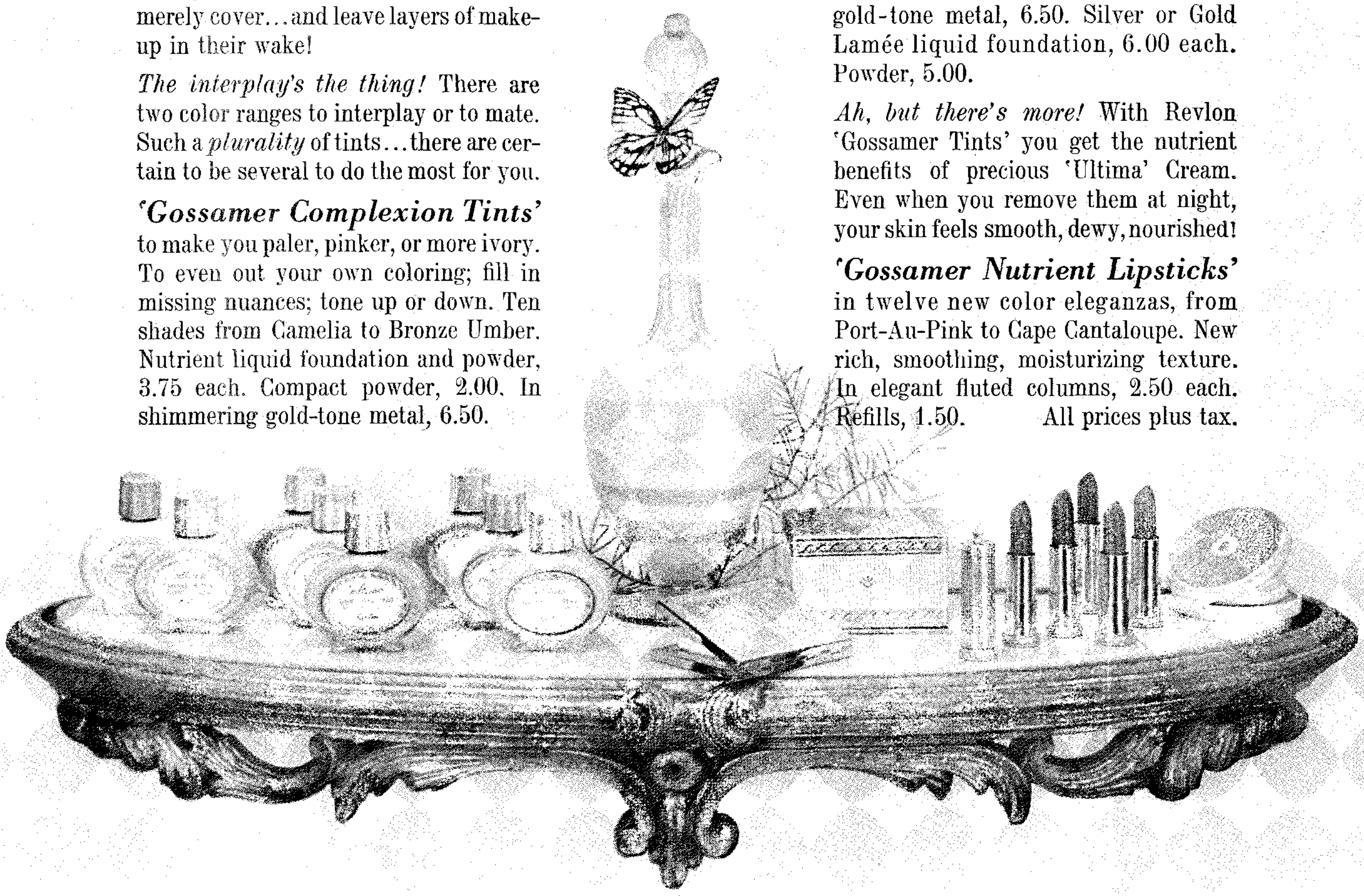

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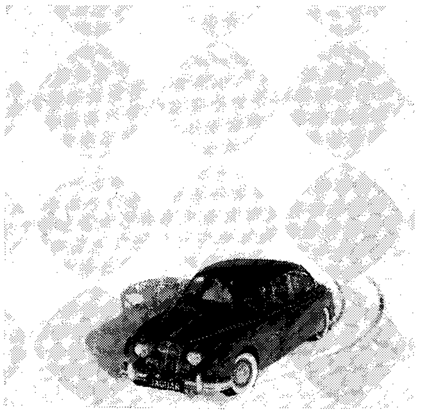
JAGUAR

JAGUAR



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FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT

[*Peter De Vries in The New Yorker, May 20, 1950*]

I was lingering over a second cup of coffee, after a recent Saturday breakfast, while my wife, sitting across from me, drafted a list of errands for me to do. "Now first, I want you to get a credenza. . . . A credenza is a shelf for plates and things. . . . The Westport Hardware Store has them. While you're there, remember to pick up some toggle bolts. You know what toggle bolts are, don't you?"

"Bolts to hang toggles on?" I asked. . . .

"The splat you thought you could salvage from the Queen Anne chair is too long . . ." I said. "I have to file it down. . . ."

"Not a file," she said. "You use a file for metal. What you want for wood is a rasp."

Having made all the purchases prescribed, I spent an extra quarter hour in the hardware store grooming myself for a counter-offensive. By dint of browsing and questioning, I acquired some grasp of spiles and sparables, of pawls and snaths and chucks. Here in such wealth, I mused, must be some term with which I could outface my wife—but what? A spile is a stop or bung to plug a vent; a sparable a species of small nail; a pawl is a pivoted tongue that falls into the notches of a wheel, permitting it to turn in one direction only (as in a lawnmower); a snath is the handle of a scythe; and a chuck is a connective contrivance for holding a tool in a machine. . . . I had about given up hope when my eye was caught by a small garden implement. . . . "What is this?" I asked a salesman, holding it up.

"That's a dibble," he said. "For making holes to plant seeds in."

I had my wife on the phone . . . within two minutes. "Look," I said, "shall I pick up a dibble? . . . A dibble is a—"

"Oh, I don't know," my wife sighed. "There's so much to be done inside before we can even think of planting the garden. . . . So what you might do is pick up a ratchet type. . . . You know—the kind you just push the handle of and it turns by itself."

So I added a ratchet screwdriver to my collection of purchases. . . . The man in the hardware store said it would last a lifetime, which at the present rate of wear and tear is more than I will.

[*"Andy Griffith Show," C.B.S., March 8, 1960*]

Women never cease to amaze me. I mean it. . . . On Saturday mornings my wife Barbara is a complete stranger to me. Especially when she says, "Andy, would you stop by the hardware store and pick up some butterflies?" I said, "I beg your pardon." She said, "Butterflies, from the hardware store. I need them. . . . Get the large butterflies, Andy, they're stronger." I said, "Sure they are. They been eating better than those little skinny butterflies." She looked at me like I was crazy. She said, "Now, don't tell me you don't know what I'm talking about." I told her she was getting the idea pretty good. She said, "I need butterflies to hang some shelves. You know, those butterfly hooks that go into the wall. While you're there it might be a good idea to pick up some toggle bolts, too. Now, you know what toggle bolts are, don't you?" I said, "Anyone knows that. They're bolts to hang your toggles on." She kind of sighed and went back to her coffee.

. . . And that was only the beginning. . . . She said, "As long as you're going to be over at the hardware store, you might as well get everything. I'll need some mollies, a ratchet, a spile and a rasp. . . ."

Well, needless to say, I decided to advance the cause of male superiority. I had me a long talk with the hardware man, and between us we come up with some doozies. I doubt if Barbara is aware that a dibble is used to plant seeds in the ground, a pawl is what you use to throw in the notches of a wheel so it can only turn in one direction, and a chuck is used to hold a tool in a machine. . . . So I called up Barbara at home. "Honey," I said, "while I'm over here at the hardware store, do you think we might be needing a new snath?" She said, "A new what?" I said, "A snath. Surely you know what a snath is?" She said, "Of course, but I was wondering why you thought we needed a new scythe handle, when we don't even own a scythe. . . ."

Well, anyway Barbara was happy with the tools I brought home. She said they were fine ones and would probably last us a lifetime. I figure that's nice, cause I doubt if I will, at this rate. . . .

BARRON-ANDERSON, famous for fine outercoats for men, know the importance of the inner-coat as well. That's why you'll find Skinner linings used exclusively by them. Specifically, our acetate twill is the underlining fashion theme here in the newest interpretation of the Balmor by Barron-Anderson. At fine stores everywhere. All things appearing equal . . .

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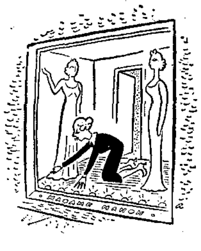
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

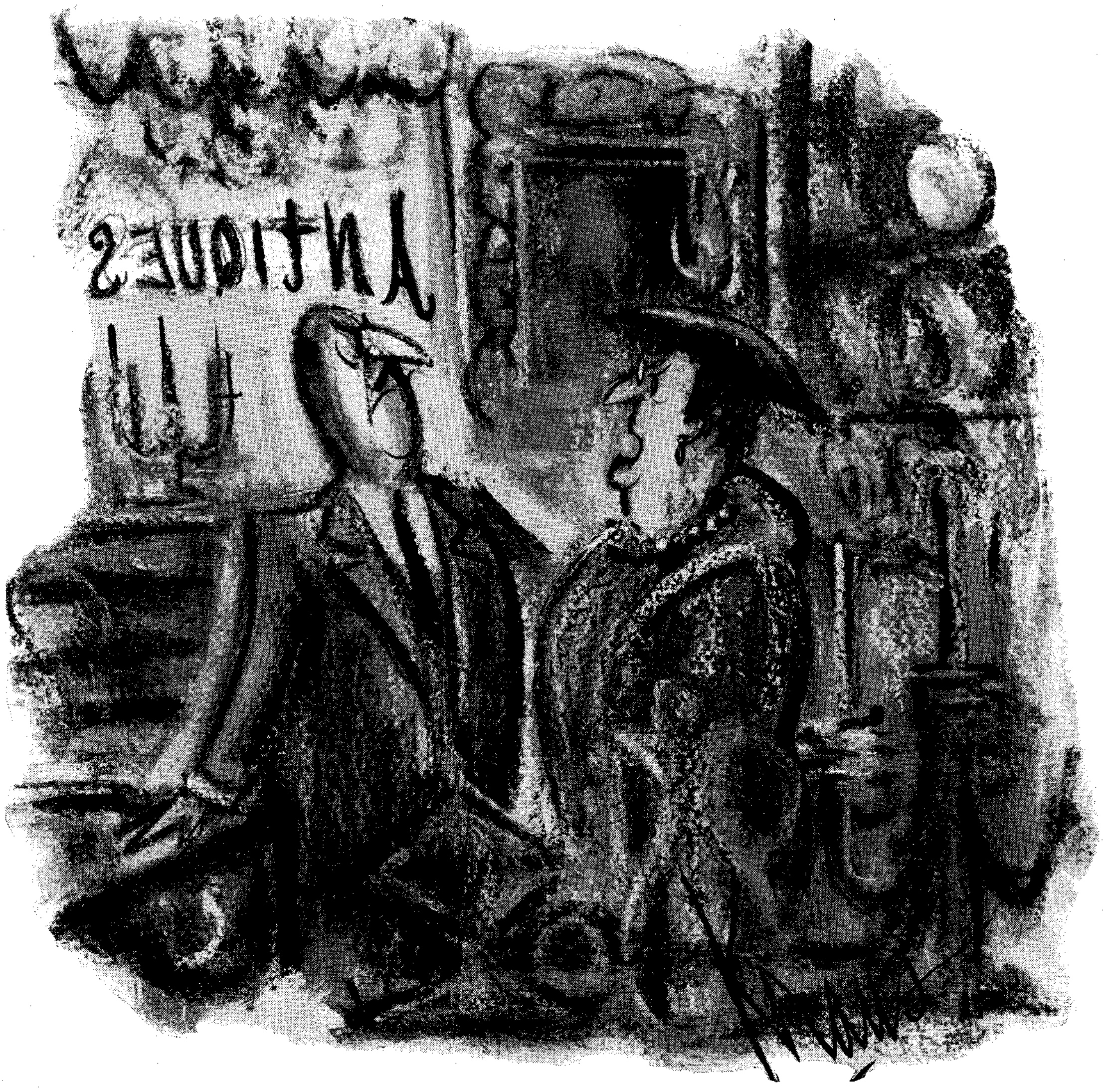


THE fashions from the leading practitioners of the French couture have been all over the pages of the press for some time now—for so long, in fact, that the look of shocked incredulity on masculine faces at the first picture of Dior's low-slung bubble skirt has given way to the familiar shrug of dazed resignation. (You know the bubble skirt—the silhouette descends straight to mid-thigh, then puffs out, then comes in at a knee-high hem with a hint of a harem-skirt effect, which sometimes makes it look as if the skirt had shrunk at the hem.) Copies of the most publicized models are on hand, ready-to-wear, just about everywhere, at prices that start with the merciful ones at Ohrbach's and Macy's. (The women in what used to be called the International Set have for years been slyly buying inexpensive copies of this sort and taking them to Paris, where, fortified by real diamonds, gall, and possibly a couple of Pernods, they wear the things to Maxim's, serene in the knowledge that hardly anyone can tell them from the custom jobs done by the Parisians themselves.) Other meticulous copies are in the intermediate range, such as the Chanels turned out by the veteran Chanel admirer named Davidow, who is on display at Lord & Taylor; still others are up in the Zuckerman and Nanty range, many of them at Bendel and such. Higher yet are the custom copies of the French models. A large and varied assortment of these is at Bergdorf Goodman, and an exquisite small one is at Chez Ninon (487 Park Avenue, at 58th), where Nona Park and Sophie Shonnard, after many years at Bonwit Teller, have set up their own shop again.

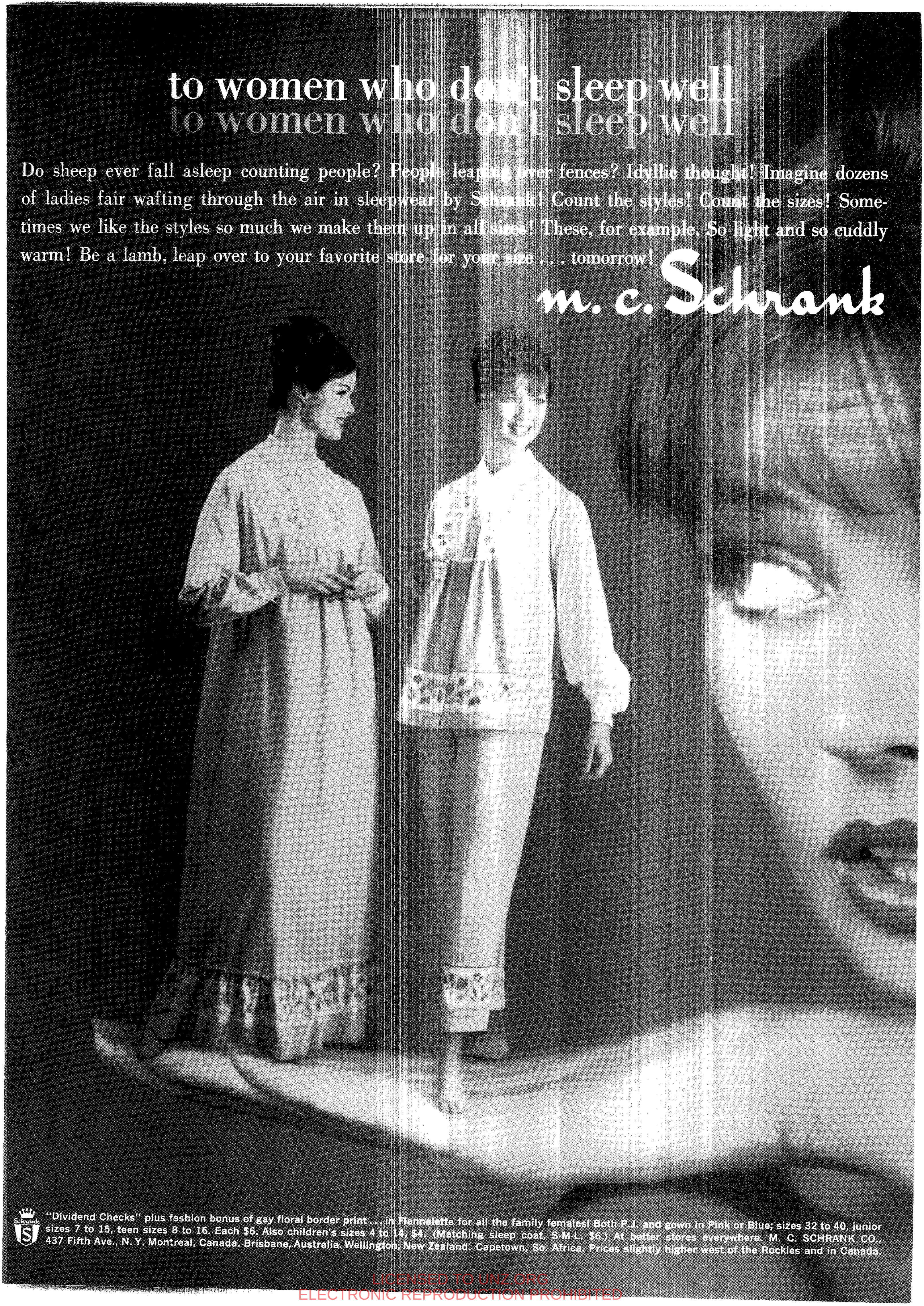
Speaking of Bergdorf and Chez Ninon, it's too bad that "impeccable," "fastidious," and "ladylike" have become debased coinage; they're the *mots justes* for the clothes chosen by Miss Ethel Frankau of Bergdorf and the Mmes. Park and Shonnard of Chez Ninon. Real vitality gives fillip to their grace, and vibrant colors, such as tangerine, eggplant, fuchsia, and turquoise (plain black or brown or gray suits and coats look drab and *too* practical next to them) give fillip to an easygoing, relaxed look that is not in the least staid. It requires a more skillful fitter to achieve fitlessness that merely suggests beautiful body lines than it does to achieve a snug or nipped (and often corseted) effect. It's like coiffures; the permanent that backs up a smooth and glossy hairdo has to be infinitely more clever than the one that backs up a mass of pretty curls.

And speaking of the Dior bubble skirt, too many of the copies look like knickers that a growing boy is outgrowing and that were too skinny in the first place, and the elongated look above throws them out of drawing. The first pictures, with those hemlines across the kneecap (a low-down joint, at best), were almost as much of a shock to me as they were to the men. If you were I (or me), you'd scout the Ohrbach-Macy circuit for a bubble skirt, which wouldn't be such a financial catastrophe if it was hooted off you, or else you'd head for Bergdorf Goodman, where experts could adjust those proportions to give the outfit impact without distortion. Some of the bubbles looked quite pretty when they were shown there, even though Bergdorf mourned that they were "too long"—meaning a couple of inches below the knee.

Bergdorf's comprehensive custom selection represents cream-skimming



"If you'd only come down to a sensible price, I'd stop haggling."



to women who don't sleep well

to women who don't sleep well

Do sheep ever fall asleep counting people? People leaping over fences? Idyllic thought! Imagine dozens of ladies fair wafting through the air in sleepwear by Schrank! Count the styles! Count the sizes! Sometimes we like the styles so much we make them up in all sizes! These, for example. So light and so cuddly warm! Be a lamb, leap over to your favorite store for your size . . . tomorrow!

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"Dividend Checks" plus fashion bonus of gay floral border print . . . in Flannelette for all the family females! Both P.J. and gown in Pink or Blue; sizes 32 to 40, junior sizes 7 to 15, teen sizes 8 to 16. Each $6. Also children's sizes 4 to 14, $4. (Matching sleep coat, S-M-L, $6.) At better stores everywhere. M. C. SCHRANK CO., 437 Fifth Ave., N. Y. Montreal, Canada. Brisbane, Australia. Wellington, New Zealand. Capetown, So. Africa. Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada.

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operations covering fifty fashion houses, not merely in Paris but in Italy, including Simonetta (her puffball skirts for dancing are really impertinent; witness her candy-pink satin with a trim bodice), Fabiani, and Galitzine, and in England, including the surprisingly enterprising Victor Steibel (a lovely black silk day dress with a soft skirt) and Cavanaugh (a violently pink wool suit with ocelot inside the standup collar and emerging under the cuffs). I loved the Lanvin-Castillo "tear-drop" skirts, too (tops, as you may have noted, are usually very plain this fall, and the skirts provide the interest), exemplified by a brown wool dress with folds down the sides to impart a soft, low flare; there's a brief jacket above. And there are non-obvious selections from Balmain, Lanvin-Castillo, Dessès, and the rest, particularly from Balenciaga and Givenchy.

No matter how much you dislike seeing yourself coming and going, with all the copies of stuff that are around, you won't care at all if your custom suit or coat comes from Givenchy or Balenciaga, and you won't care *much* if your custom ball gown comes from Lanvin-Castillo or Nina Ricci. Nearly everyone has examples of the artwork of these four, but Chez Ninon has concentrated mainly on them and shows many clothes I haven't seen all over town. (There are *no* Diors on the premises.) The Givenchy and Balenciaga suits have a way of looking shapeless on the hanger, but just the same they indicate the figure near the waistline in front before they drop easily to the hipbone or a bit below. The coats are likely to be loose and barrel-backed, and they are shown over really skimpy little dresses. There's a Givenchy coat of horizontal bands of ribbon so intertwined that the result is a herringbone effect. Its waist is nonconformist (i.e., nipped in), and there is a one-button closing at the neck. A commendable Balenciaga is shown in soft, brushed toast-colored wool; six shiny licorice buttons go down the front, and a slight melon shape is apparent below the low yoke seam in back. Goma has shelled out a coat of turquoise mohair; tucks below the collar give it a barrel silhouette that is further caught in at the hem by a near-harem arrangement. For formal evenings, the Chez Ninon preference inclines to a sort of Josephine look below the waistline, but the tops are too high-necked for *that* minx. Skirts are apt to be gathered around the normal waist in a soft, puffy way and to taper a bit toward the ankles. Givenchy and Balenciaga both

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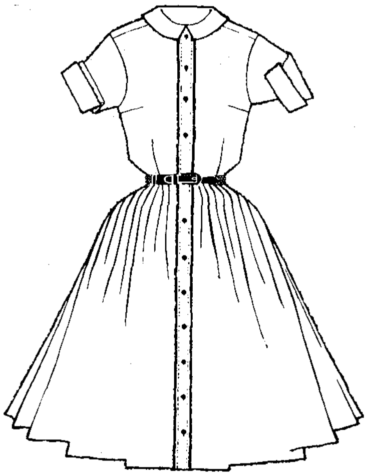

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Ladybug

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Today we want to concentrate on figures

Forget the features. The Ladies' Home Journal already has the best ones in the bag. (October examples: How to Bring Up a Daughter, by son-burned Bing Crosby; Your Child's Future Depends on Education, by provocative Admiral Rickover; and Peaceable Lane, by far the most talked-about novel of the fall!) / Today we're talking figures. The Journal, like any lady, rarely throws her chest out-but her statistics will knock your eye out. As reported by ABC for the six months ending with June, the Journal has the largest circulation of any women's magazine...averaging 6,279,365. She also has the largest average number of subscriptions (4,586,086) and the most newsstand sales (1,693,279). / She was beautiful in July, breath-taking in August: newsstand sales measured 1,884,000*. September's total smashed every record for every women's magazine: 6,500,000*. On the average, every issue of the Journal this year is bought by 500,000 more women than the corresponding issue last year. / All of which means that the Journal is stacked in the advertiser's favor.

When the Journal speaks-women listen

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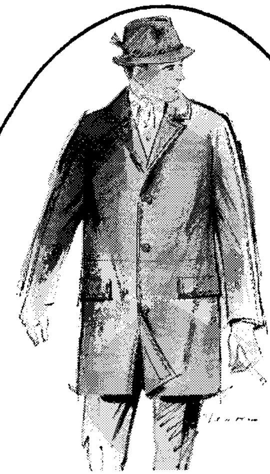
ARDEN FOR MEN

do this kind of thing superbly. But so does Lanvin-Castillo. One dress, with heart-shaped black patterns spaced like polka dots on a white satin ground, has a trim oval neck and this softly gathered skirt; a black velvet bow is perched at the back of the waist. Among the other Lanvins at Ninon is one shown in royal satin, with a self belt dipping in back to a big bow and a more-in-the-tradition full skirt that seems to spill over the belt in front. But the Ninon clothes can be sinuous, too; a strapless beauty by Nina Ricci, of plum satin, idles clingingly all the way down the body to the floor. There's a bow between the breasts, and the matching stole is lined with white satin. Lots of charming short cocktail and dance dresses are also here, from these designers as well as from Maggy Rouff.

I PROMISED, a week ago, to give a rundown on the ready-to-wear formal gowns that I have glimpsed around town, and a promise is a promise. At Saks Fifth Avenue, then, a Renaissance air enhances two sumptuous offerings. One is a Sarmi, turquoise-and-gold embroidery on the elongated blue satin top and a full white satin skirt below; the other is a Winston, a full skirt of burgundy velvet and a round-necked top (with elbow sleeves, because we're covered up when we're formal these nights) of black ribbon lace dotted with jet discs. A Sophie dress, to be found only at Saks, involves an encrusted gold bowknot pattern on ivory sari silk; she uses the gold borders of the stuff to make the halter top, and it's real slender. Sophie's, too, is another slinker, of black velvet, with ombré pleated chiffon (shading from white to slate) banding the strapless top and then making a scarf that trails from one shoulder. Rossino & Angella are responsible for one more column, of beige silk crêpe. The wide-necked, sleeveless top goes well down on the hips, in a slim tunic, and is edged with a Greek-key design in silver; the narrow skirt is bias-cut. This extra-long tunic type of evening dress—a big change from the conventional bouffant ball gown—is also done beautifully by Irene (only at Bonwit Teller), with lots of bugles and such on the tunic but the white crêpe skirt left plain. Mimi Tuthill is showing another dilly of this genre, of blue satin brocade with a darker sort of chrysanthemum pattern, by Nanty; the tunic goes smoothly down the front to about eight inches above the hem of the chiffon skirt, and it is caught into a huge bow behind the knees. At



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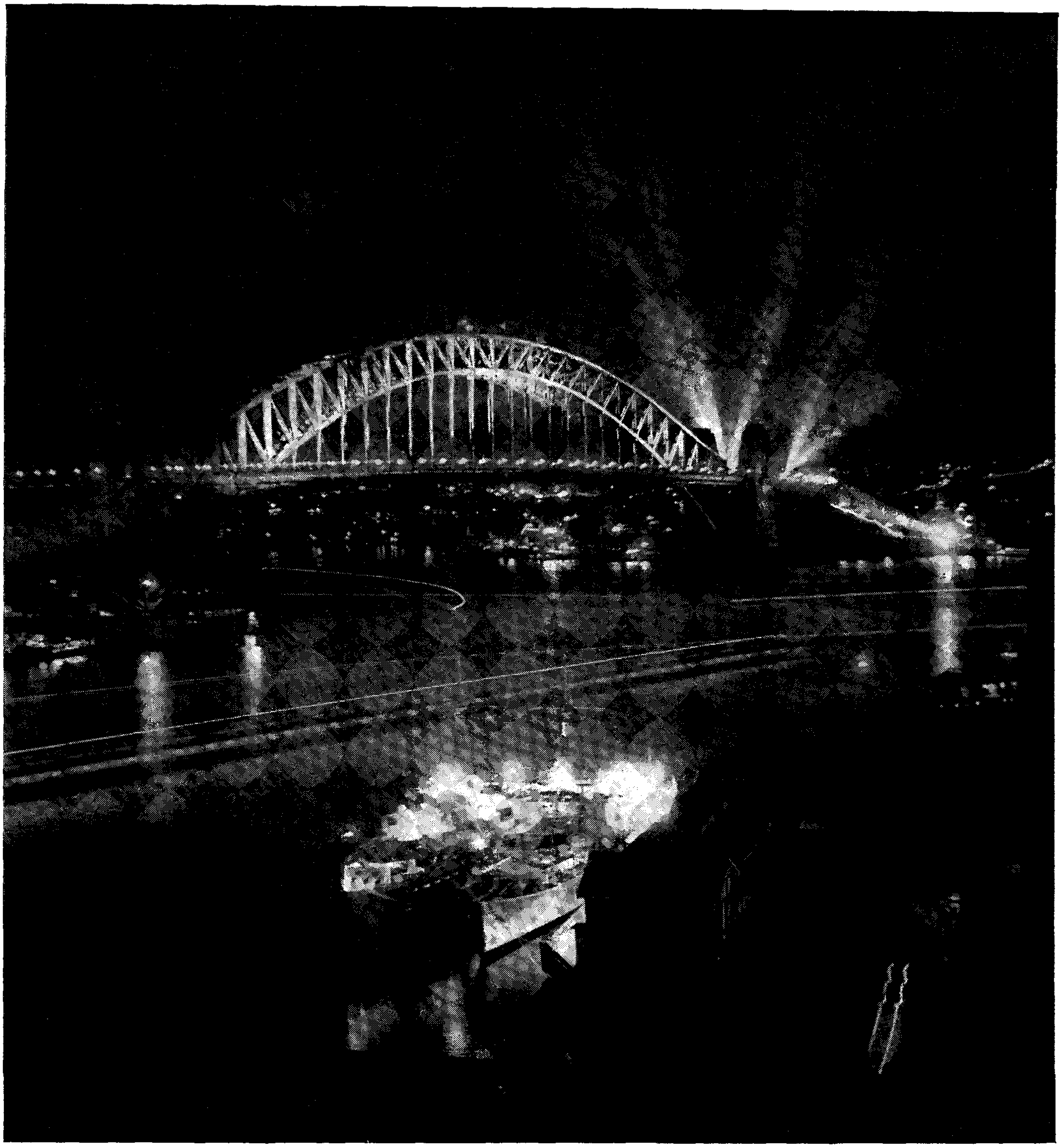

Think it's all boomerangs and bushland? Wait until you see Sydney – Australia's city on the sea.

Start by riding a double-deck bus down its tree-shaded streets. Past tall glass and granite structures on Martin Place. Down hustling, bustling Pitt Street with its enticing shops.

Watch bewigged lawmakers stroll down Macquarie Street against a backdrop of modern architectural shapes. Stop at Kings Cross and enjoy sidewalk restaurants, charming coffee houses. Take the subway to Hyde Park (acres and acres of gardens, fountains, walks – in the heart of the city).

Have lunch aboard a bridge – the Harbor Bridge. (Finest feast of all: the heart-stopping view.) Take a Manly ferry and see the harbor close-up – with its ship-studded docks, bold headlands, sheltered bays and coves.

Go north, go south. Less than 20 minutes in any direction, over two dozen shimmering, sandy beaches beckon. If you dare, climb aboard a surfboard, and head out to sea. Suddenly, you ride sky-high...ten, twenty, thirty miles an hour as a wave sweeps you back to shore.

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Tuthill, too, is Scaasi's flowing white chiffon with gold and silver sequins on the bateau-necked, sleeveless top. . . . Among the beaded pleasures in town is Winston's frosty-white vampire dress, beaded *all* over, and found at Jay Thorpe. It has a sweetheart neck instead of that covered-up look, and it costs a moderate (for these times) $695. Howard Greer (only at Jay Thorpe) has done a knockout on Empire lines—the body of black crêpe, with black taffeta wrapped above it, a vast bow of red taffeta in back, plus streamers dropping to the floor from the center waist in back, plus a black taffeta bow and more streamers at each side. . . . De Pinna is infatuated with the Sarmi chiffons. One charmer (I saw it in a non-pastel blue) has a high Empire top emphasized by a matching satin bow under one breast; the draped underskirt goes in folds around the thighs and curves up to a center seam in back, and there is a circular overskirt to further confuse the eye. De Pinna, too, is the place for Helga's Kelly-green brocade shot with gold—a strapless column with a high, wrapped sash that ends in an up-and-down obi bow in back. The matching cap-sleeved jacket is bloused in back and short in front; a narrow collar of ranch mink tops it off. . . . At Lord & Taylor is Trigère's black wool with string straps, little gathers at the waist, and a swashbuckling mantle lined by ice-blue satin. . . . Rosette Pennington's stable includes an ace by Oleg Cassini—an olive-green velvet top, sleeveless and camisole-necked, with a skirt of avocado satin. Slanting folds in front of each hipbone, with pleats below, give this skirt a bell look. Pennington also shows, from Hulitar (who specializes in regality), a brocade with big, blurry purple and cerise roses on a violet ground. This drapes up to one hip, and violet marquisette makes a big, circular sweep down one side of the waist in back. . . . Bergdorf Goodman affords an Adele Simpson (metallic brocade in gold on a raspberry or royal ground, making a strapless dress with a full overskirt that conceals the basic narrowness of it all except in front) and two examples of Sonia's versatility—(1) a draped column of gold lamé, with more draping on one hip, and (2) a diplomat's-wife full-skirted gown (I saw it in a pale sea-foam satin with hunks of matching reëmbroidered lace all over it). Appliqués of the lace adorn the beautiful deep oval neckline, and the skirt flares sharply because of the deep inverted pleats at the front, back, and sides. It's

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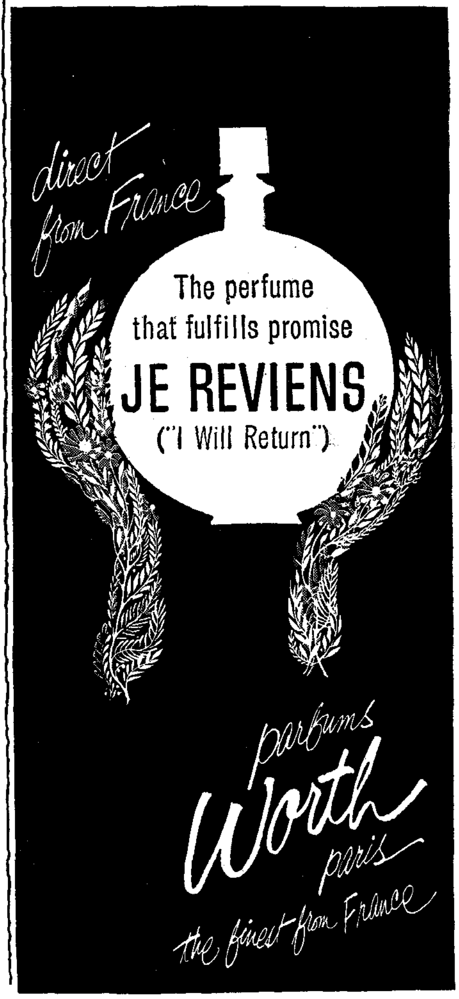

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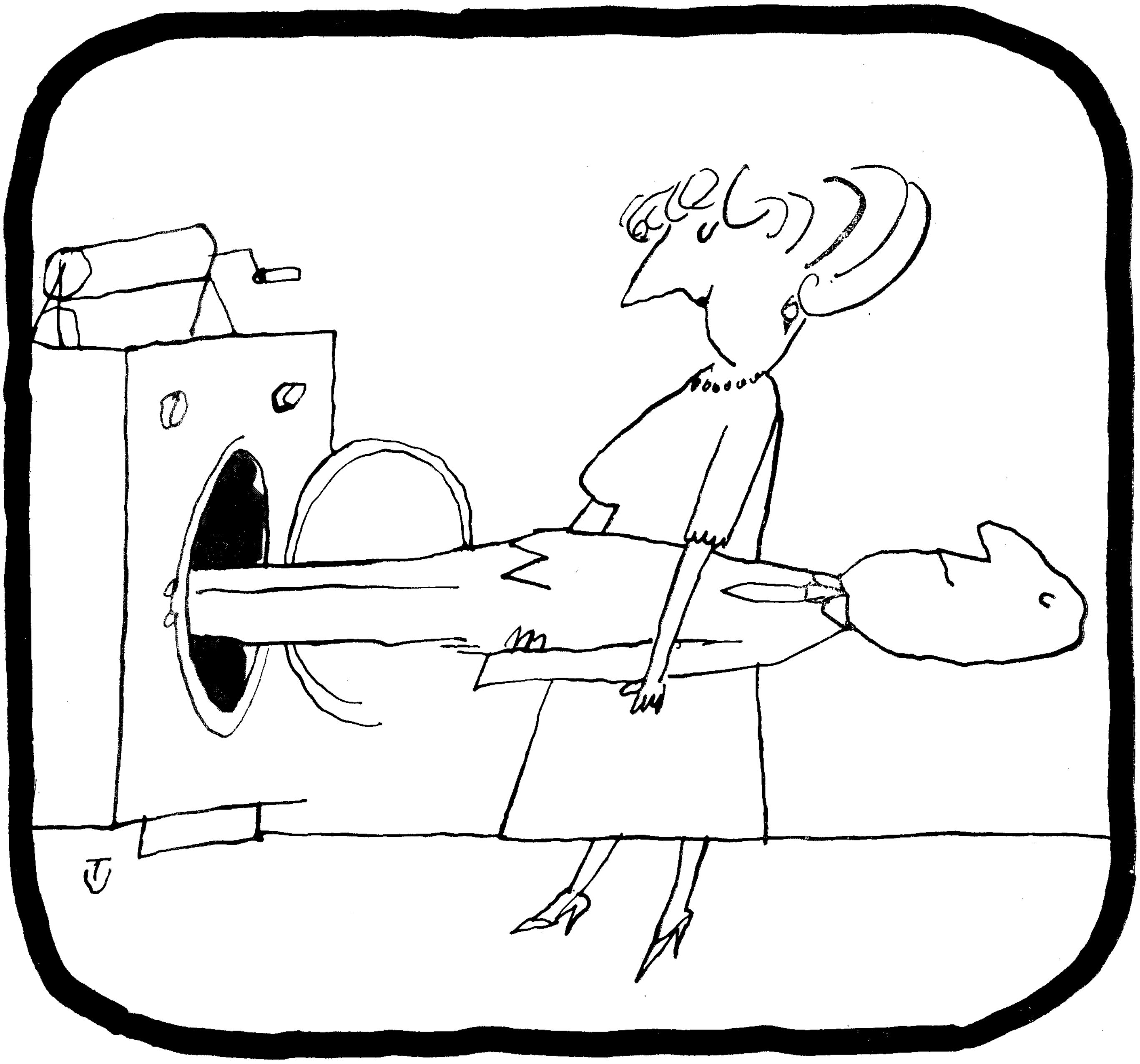

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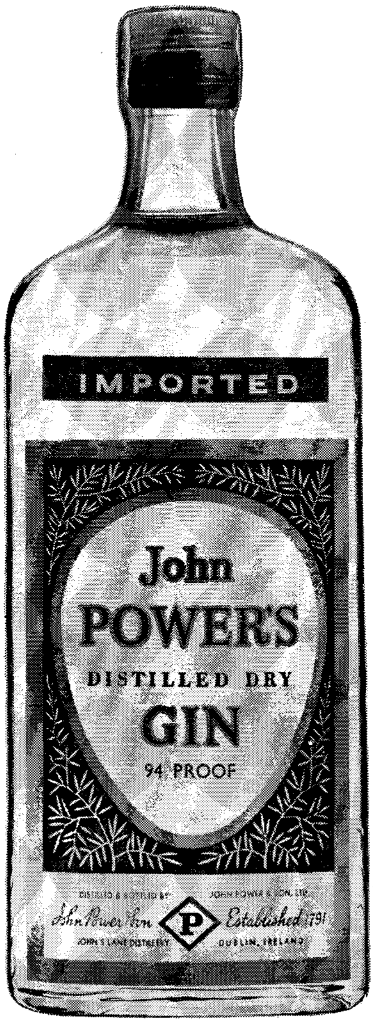

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femininity rampant, if that's not a contradiction.

THERE should be one more episode in this gripping, true-to-life serial, but I think it can wait another week, can't it? —LOIS LONG

ABOUT THE HOUSE

School in the Kitchen

IF one listened closely, I am sure one could hear a cry going up all over the land from citizens begging to be allowed to amuse themselves as they please in their leisure time, rather than with the canned and patented activities pressed upon them as hobbies by the cheery feature writers of household magazines. Being firmly against any maneuver designed to persuade people that learning to hook rugs or breed schnauzers is going to keep them happy for the rest of their days, I quite astonished myself at a recent session of Joseph Hyde's cooking classes, in Palisades, New York, by coming to the conclusion that right here, in the culinary instruction offered by this intelligent and highly accomplished professional, is the solution to the problem of what to do with one's leisure at any age—and, incidentally, the solution to the problem of how to eat superbly. It is not my custom in these columns to concern myself with matters beyond the limits of our own borough, but I have an excuse in this case—that I would go a lot farther afield than Rockland County to find a teacher with Mr. Hyde's combined gifts for cooking and teaching.

It may be argued—indeed, it certainly *is* argued—that this is no time to hold out for perfection in the kitchen. (Except, of course, in the kitchen's furnishings; no self-respecting housewife would be caught dead opening so much as a can of beans on anything but a formica-topped counter, or warming the contents in anything but a built-in electric oven.) Nowadays, cooking schools—and I'm told there are more of them in this country than ever before—direct their instruction, for the most part, either at the housewife whose modest aim is to get together a passable meal for her family in the shortest possible time or at the ambitious dilettante who would compete with the more implausible Gallicized frills of the frozen-food counter. Neither of these targets, however, is aimed at in the Hyde courses, in which the students not only are put on easy terms with the principles of classic French cookery but acquire a real feeling for the importance of care-

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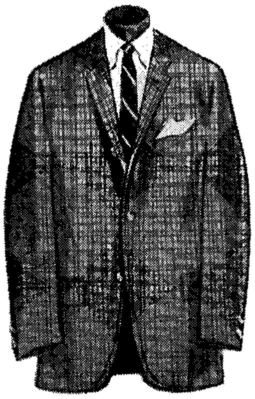

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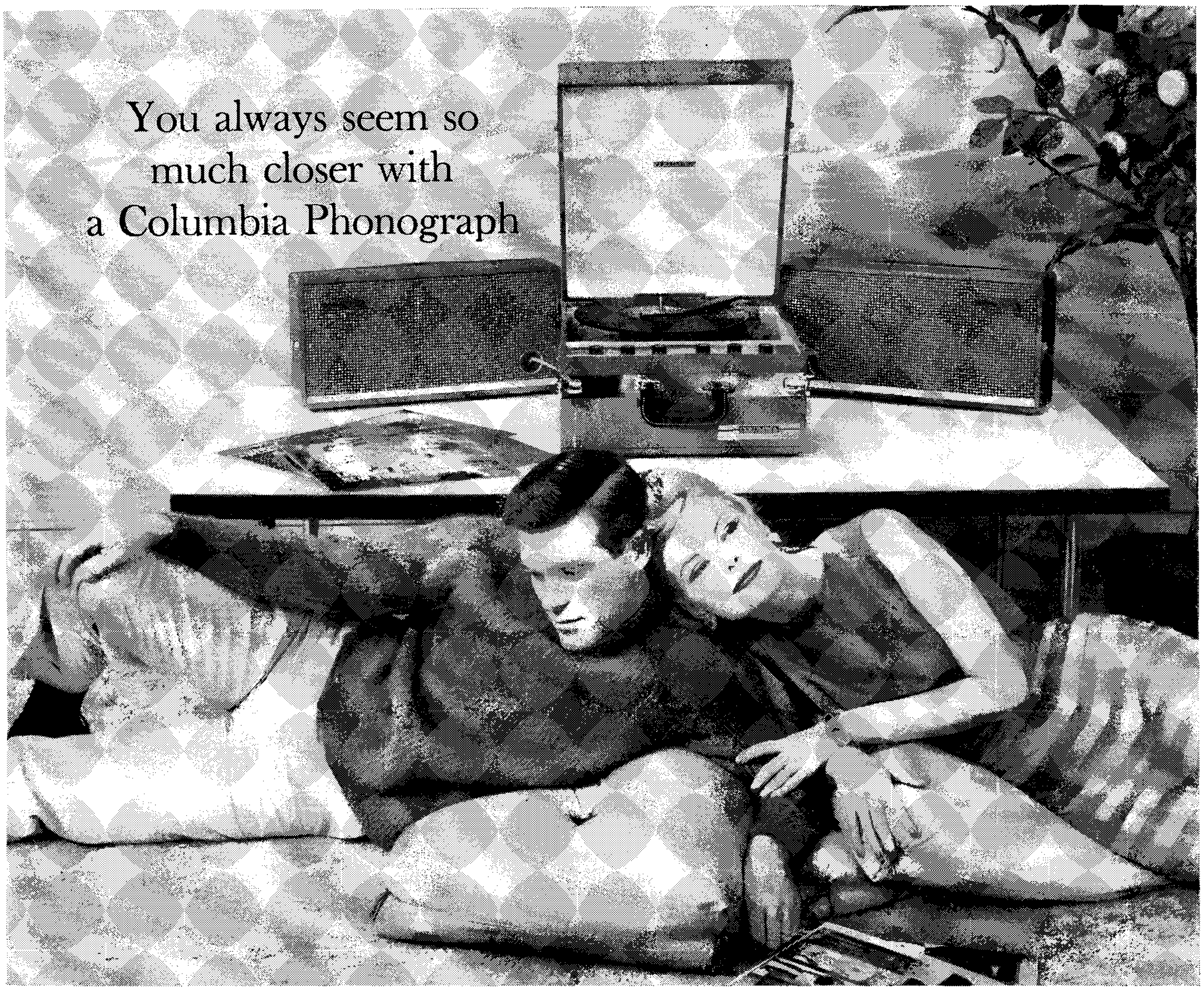
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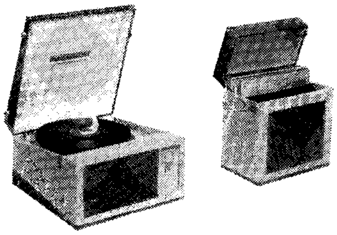

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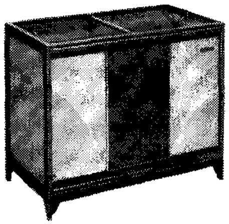

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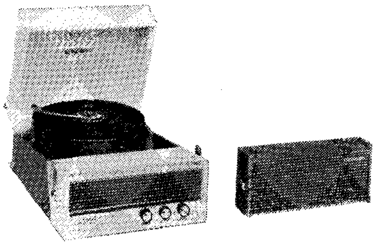

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ful and loving preparation of all foods. In a subject that is right now up to its ears in foolishness, this is no mean achievement.

Perhaps at this point I had better say something about Mr. Hyde's background and qualifications as they bear on his chosen vocation of professional cook. A native New Yorker who had always had an amateur's interest in cookery—an interest that somehow managed to survive a hitch he served as an Army cook in Korea—he decided at the close of the war to make cooking his career, and went to France to study at its source what he considers the greatest cooking in the world. After taking some elementary courses, he was accepted as *commis rôtisseur* (assistant roast cook) at the Restaurant Nandron, in Lyon—a highly spoken-of eating place that boasts one of the coveted Michelin stars—and later served as *commis poissonnier* (assistant fish cook) at the late Fernand Point's famous Restaurant de la Pyramide, in Vienne. Mr. Hyde believes the cooking of Lyon to be the finest in France—a judgment with which, on the basis of an admittedly slight acquaintance with the place, I incline to disagree, in spite of the fact that the city has more starred restaurants than any town besides Paris. I may be quite wrong about this, though. It is true that the cooks of Lyon seem to devote much more of their skill than Parisian chefs do to preserving the essential greatness of the ingredients, rather than exalting them to complicated and unrecognizable heights. Certainly this is the approach that Mr. Hyde has made his own; the dishes he offers to his classes are likely to be of extreme simplicity, though they involve, in most cases, some underlying principle that applies to a whole group of related creations.

Thus, at the session I attended, the pièce de résistance was *poulet bouilli au gros sel*, a Lyonese specialty that, as plain old boiled chicken, has been dismissed with contemptuous hostility by generation after generation of Anglo-Saxon cooks. In response to Mr. Hyde's loving care, it becomes a dish to delight an epicure, and on this occasion it also served to point up for the class the rules that govern a good many boiled or poached dishes. Two young chickens were neatly trussed (learning to truss a fowl is a valuable lesson in itself), put in a pot with suitable vegetables (Mr. Hyde, like most French chefs, carries on a serious love affair with the leek), barely covered with cold water, and set on the stove, and at the end of exactly forty minutes the class was privileged to con-

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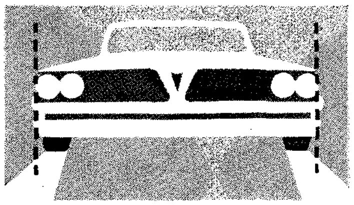

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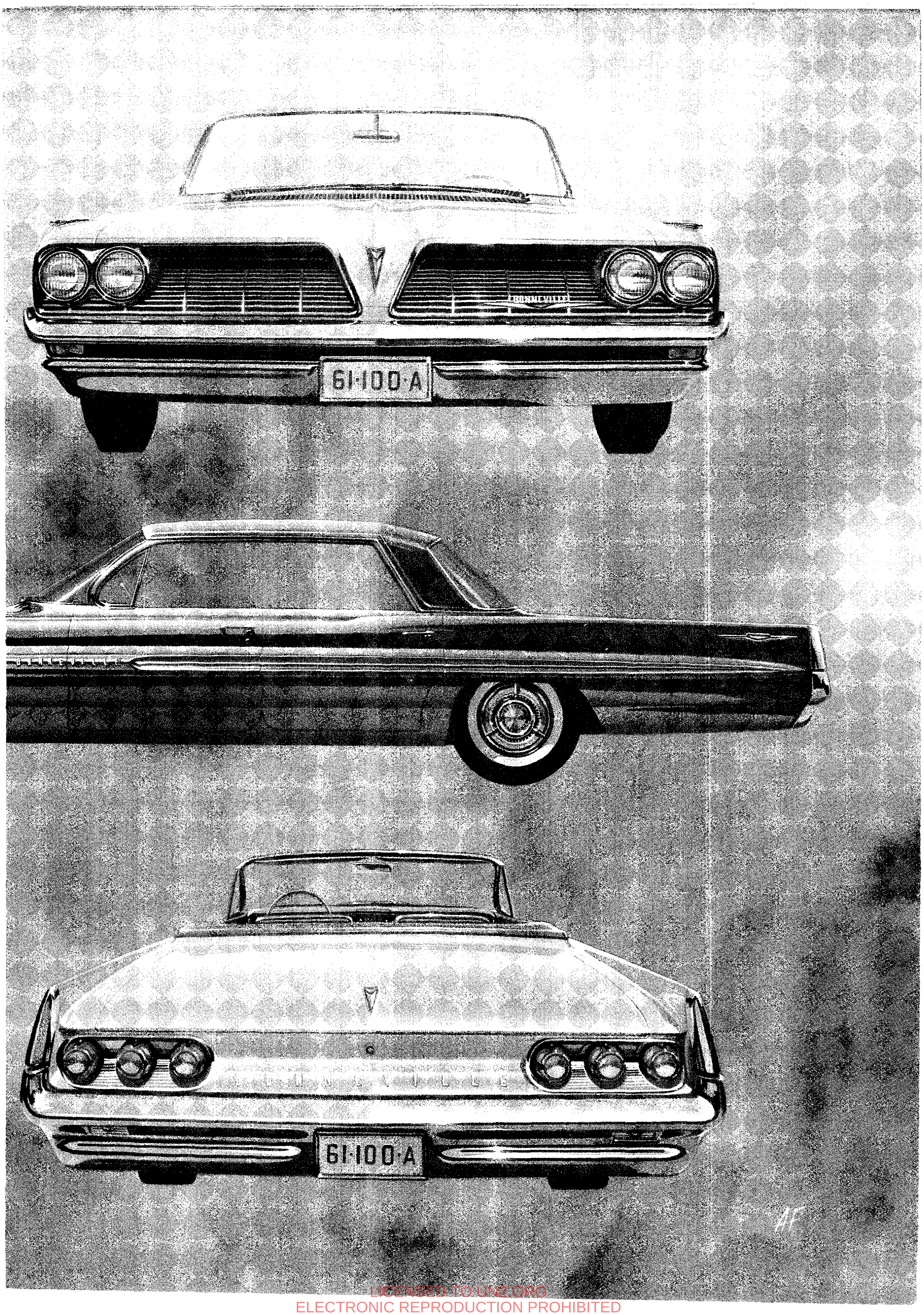
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sume portions of delicate, tender chicken surrounded by the exquisite bouillon, served in soup plates with a saucer of *gros sel* on the side. During this precisely timed procedure, we had been instructed in the importance of keeping all bouillons (whether for poultry, fish, or meat) at exactly the right simmering temperature, and in the tricks of skimming fat from liquid and straining off vegetables, and we had discussed the variations that turn *poulet bouilli* into *poulet en demi-deuil* (chicken in half mourning, with truffles inserted under the skin, which is a specialty of Lyon), *poulet en vessie*, *poulet sauce suprême*, and half a dozen other sophisticated dishes that have as their base a perfectly boiled chicken. Thriftily making use of the remains of the chicken liquid, Mr. Hyde proceeded to the construction of a *hochepot*, a dish that Rabelais spoke of with enthusiasm. To the liquid he added leeks, cabbage cut in small sections, a quartered turnip, young carrots, Polish sausage (the nearest thing locally obtainable to the sausage used for the purpose in Lyon), and a bit of beef, as well as a number of ingredients that, in my bewilderment, I'm afraid I may have overlooked. Served with a vinaigrette sauce made with shallots and mustard, to give it extra zest, this proved to be a dish for hungry heroes.

Mr. Hyde is the least pretentious practitioner of *la haute cuisine* whom I have ever met. Indeed, I think what he presents to his classes could more accurately be called French family cooking at its loftiest. He can teach you to make a *tournedos* Rossini, if that's what you want, or any of the other ultra-refined gastronomic marvels that are encountered in the great hotels, but his real interest seems to lie in lavishing skill and scrupulous care on the splendidly simple dishes that compose the traditional *cuisine bourgeoise*—broiled sea bass with a béarnaise sauce, *blanquette de veau*, *coq au vin*, *poitrine de veau farcie*, *pot au feu*, and the rest. In his unhurried exposition of how to cook well, Mr. Hyde recognizes the necessity of making do with the ingredients at hand, but he never lowers his sights; if you plan a *raie au beurre noir* and can't get good butter for it, don't settle for margarine but, instead, think up another menu—a bouillabaisse with olive oil, say, or a bean dish that calls for fat pork. To one young lady who wanted to know if shallots can be found in the hinterland, he explained helpfully that he himself keeps a supply of them cached in the glove compartment of his

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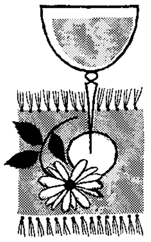

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All these interesting matters are discussed in the kitchen of a pre-Revolutionary Dutch farmhouse, and the room itself reflects something of the instructor's uncompromising stand against the pretentious and the phony. The kitchen, which has its original enormous fireplace and iron crane, could so easily have been turned into what the women's magazines love to describe as a provincial kitchen, complete with self-consciously countrified curtains at the windows and lacquered-copper utensils—made in Japan, and obviously for decoration only—on the walls. Here there is no attempt at decoration, in spite of which—or maybe because of which—the effect is comfortingly beautiful. The class sits opposite the stove, on one side of a long, narrow wooden table that has been scrubbed within an inch of its life, and there is a mirror above the stove that allows the students to see what is going on inside the pots and pans. It would be inaccurate to say that there is no pupil participation in the cooking, since anybody who wants to have a try at trussing a chicken or chopping parsley or frilling a mushroom can do so right at the table, and there are questions from the class that lead to lengthy discussions of such matters as the *braisage* of vegetables, the thickening of sauces, and the ingredients of a mirepoix. However, following what I understand is the custom in the classes held for restaurant apprentices in France, the confection of the dishes is not entrusted to the pupils; the instructor does the whole job himself, explaining each step and the reason for it—a technique I had not previously met with. After watching Mr. Hyde's performance, I am inclined to believe that it is much more successful than the usual procedure of turning the cooking over to the pupils. This way, there is no confusion and the class watches the orderly progress of the dish as it should be made—not as a couple of well-meaning neophytes are attempting to make it.

There are four classes, limited to fifteen people each, and they meet once a week—on Wednesday or Thursday morning, from nine-thirty until noon, or on Wednesday or Thursday evening, from seven-thirty until ten. No special experience is required of the students, and the fee is $50 for ten lessons. The Hyde home in Palisades, where all the classes are held, is on Route 9W (telephone Elmwood 9-4663), and can be reached in thirty-five minutes by buses of the Rockland Coaches line, which leave from 166th Street and St. Nicho-

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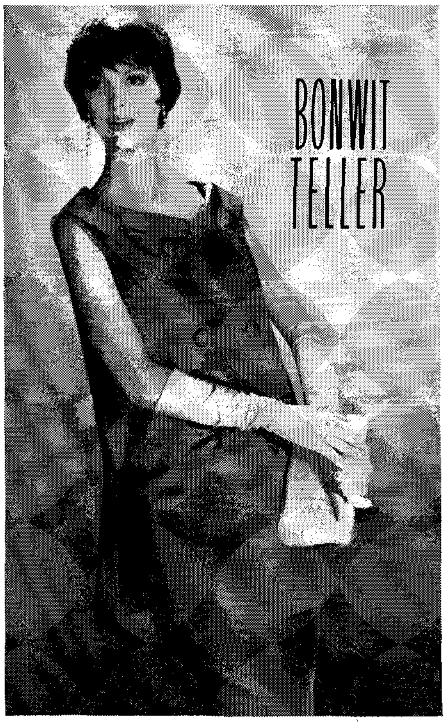

TWO ON THE AISLE
Beautiful theatre costume
for a lady-in-waiting: caftan tunic with
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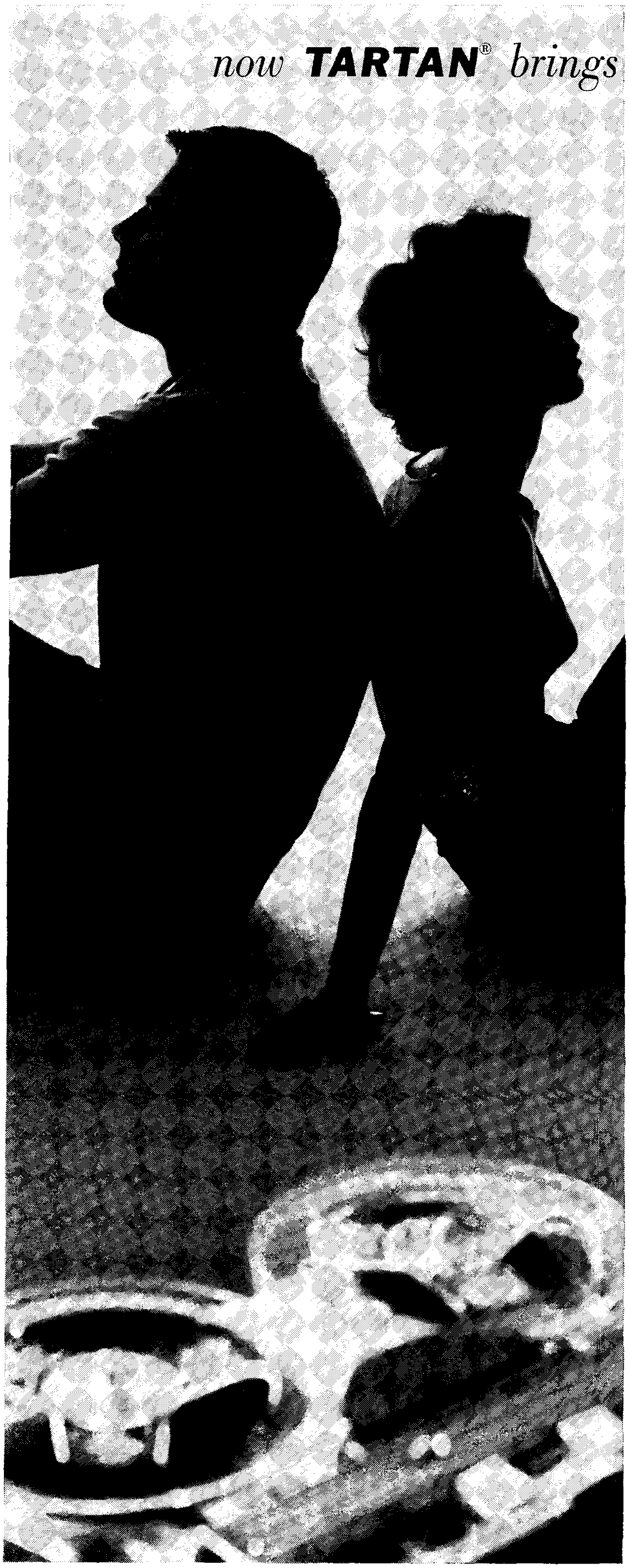
By Ma Mere in fiery red or jet black
silk satin. 8 to 16 sizes. 55.00
Mail or phone orders if you wish.
Anticipation Shop New York Manhasset



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Stereo-quality sound and real economy in the new "SCOTCH" BRAND Tartan Series Tapes!

Listen . . . all you lovers of fine sound: New "SCOTCH" BRAND Tartan Series Magnetic Tapes bring you new stereo quality, priced so economically you can tape a whole hour of sound for less than $3!

Tartan Tapes feature new high potency oxides that give wide dynamic range . . . mountain high, valley low . . . for all recording situations . . . everything from fine monaural to 4-track stereo. And only "SCOTCH" BRAND features exclusive Silicone Lubrication to reduce head wear and eliminate squeal.

The new Tartan Series gives you a choice of savings: six different tapes, three types, two kinds of backing, for all your needs:

No. 141 Standard Play, Plastic Backing
600'—$1.75
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No. 140 Extra Play, Plastic Backing
900'—$2.50
1800'—$4.25

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All, now, at your retail dealer!

SCOTCH
Magnetic Tape
141

SCOTCH
Magnetic Tape
140

SCOTCH
Magnetic Tape
142

Free, in each box! Packed with each Tartan Series Tape . . . handy new clip that prevents tape spillage in mailing or storage.

MINNESOTA MINING AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY
. . . WHERE RESEARCH IS THE KEY TO TOMORROW
3M COMPANY

"SCOTCH" and the Plaid Design are Registered Trademarks of the 3M Company, St. Paul 6, Minnesota. Export: 99 Park Avenue, New York. Canada: London, Ontario.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Triumphs
of an advertising
decision maker

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PIE IN THE SKY

This media man has latched on to a rising spiral of profits—for his client. He realized that the imaginative editing of Hearst Special Interest Magazines not only singles out the prospects, but creates a climate of acceptance in which advertising thrives—works harder—earns more sales per advertising dollar.

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Motor • Bride & Home • Motor Boating
House Beautiful • Science Digest

las Avenue, or in considerably less time by car.

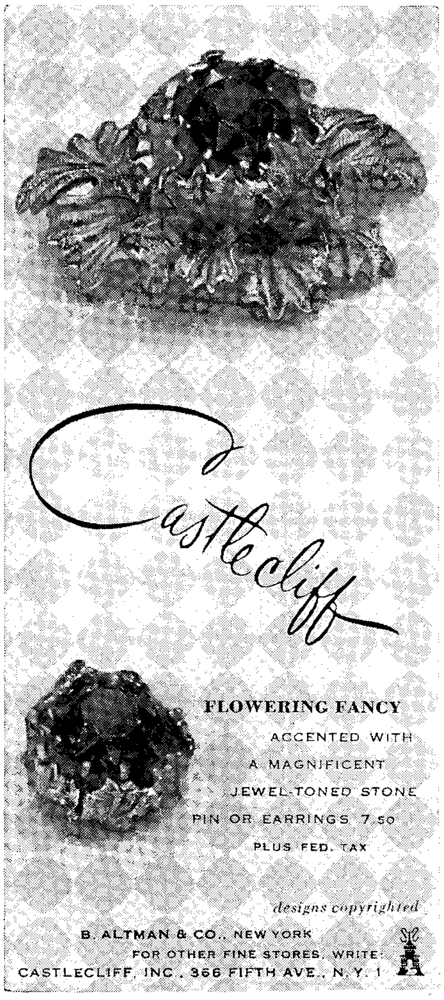
I HOPE it isn't changing the subject too abruptly to report on a brand-new kitchen utensil that should be of considerable interest to those unfortunates who have to follow a fat-free diet—or, for that matter, to people who simply believe in saving on butter. This is the Sigg frying pan, which comes to us from Switzerland and has an interior coating of silicone that makes it possible to fry with almost no fat. Although I have been exposed to some learned talk about the mysterious combination of coal, oil, and gas that produces silicone, I still don't understand it very well, so I shall confine my report to what this remarkable skillet *does*, and not bother with how it gets that way. One of the things it does is to fry a chicken or a fillet of flounder in as little as a teaspoonful of butter. What will be almost equally welcome to the cook who is also the dishwasher is the fact that the pan requires (even demands) no scouring at all—just a quick wipe-out with a paper towel and a rinsing with water and soap. The only fault I have to find with the skillet is that its silicone lining will not tolerate the use of a metal spatula for turning the contents and that the wooden spatula that comes along with the pan, while it performs surprisingly well for a wooden utensil, doesn't quite take the place of the good old metal article. However, the ointment in this case is so praiseworthy that I hope you won't let the very small fly of spatula trouble keep you from enjoying the skillet. It can be had at Pampered Kitchens, on the eighteenth floor at 220 Fifth Avenue (26th), and at La Cuisiniere, 903 Madison (72nd), in a seven-and-an-eighth-inch diameter, for $5; a nine-and-a-half-inch diameter, for $7.50; and an eleven-inch diameter, for $9.50. All three can be bought in a set for $20. The same shops have silicone-lined covered saucepans (a five-and-a-half-inch one is $5.50, a six-and-a-half-inch one is $6.50, and the pair are $11), from which such old enemies of the dishwasher as Cream of Wheat and oatmeal are miraculously easy to wash. And Bloomingdale has a Swedish skillet treated in the same way with silicone, which costs $9.95 in the nine-inch size and $11.95 in the eleven-inch size.

—S. H.

•

The Russians won all the events, in compliance with a cultural agreement between the U.A.R. and the Soviet Union.—*Egyptian Gazette, Cairo.*

There's nothing like culture.



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ACCENTED WITH
A MAGNIFICENT
JEWEL-TONED STONE
PIN OR EARRINGS 7.50
PLUS FED. TAX

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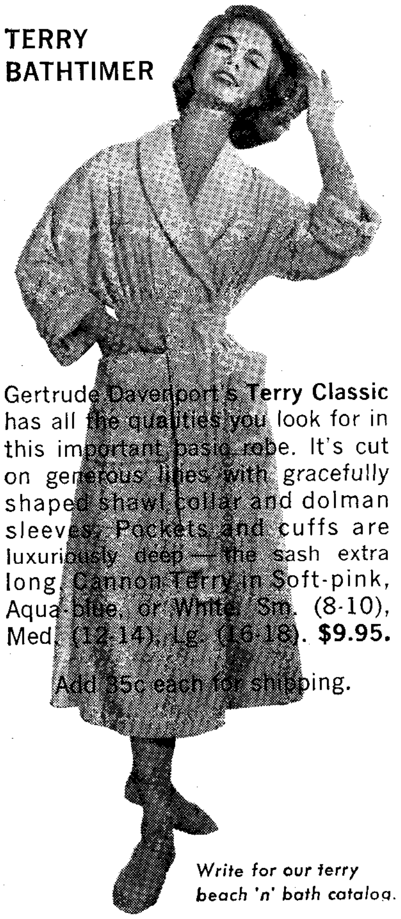

TERRY
BATHTIMER

Gertrude Davenport's **Terry Classic** has all the qualities you look for in this important basic robe. It's cut on generous lines with gracefully shaped shawl collar and dolman sleeves. Pockets and cuffs are luxuriously deep—the sash extra long. Cannon Terry in Soft-pink, Aqua-blue, or White. Sm. (8-10), Med. (12-14), Lg. (16-18). **$9.95.**

Add 35c each for shipping.

Write for our terry beach 'n' bath catalog.

THE TOG SHOP LESTER SQUARE
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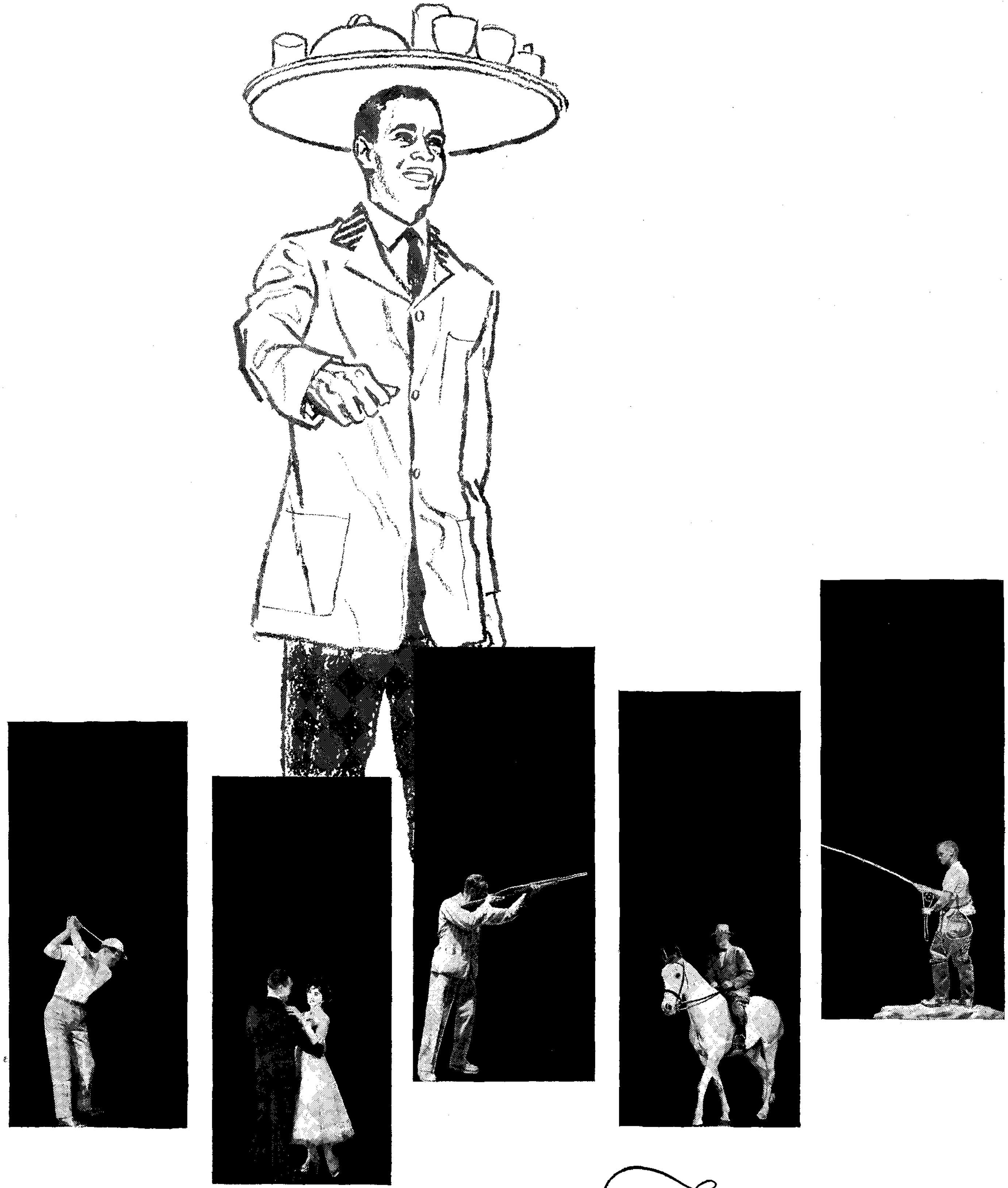


THE

HOMESTEAD

HOT SPRINGS, *Virginia*

Mr. Lemon Hart says: "Have a GOOD RUM for your money

Ronald Searle

and enjoy it in a Jamaica Cocktail"

½ oz. lime juice
½ oz. simple syrup
1 oz. Lemon Hart Dark Jamaica Rum

Shake with cracked ice and strain into chilled cocktail glass.

LEMON HART
LEMON HART
JAMAICA
LEMON HART
151
DEMERARA RUM

JAMAICA RUM—superior dark or golden, both 8 years old . . . 86 Proof. DEMERARA RUM—smooth in taste and not pungent. 86 and 151 Proof.

Send for free recipe booklet charmingly illustrated by Ronald Searle.

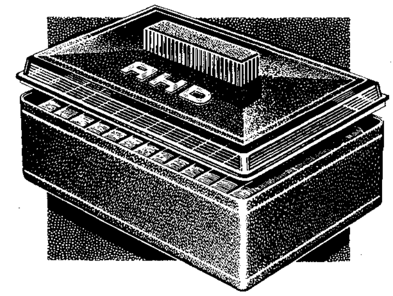
Julius WILE
IMPORTERS SINCE 1877
JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., NEW YORK, N.Y.

LETTER FROM LONDON

SEPTEMBER 29

TO ordinary citizens sitting here and watching with fascination the goings on in Turtle Bay on their television sets (both the B.B.C. and Independent Television are giving excellent coverage through films rushed over daily and reports from their own men on the spot), the proceedings have not seemed uncheerful to date. After the profound national gloom last May, when the summit disappeared from view in Paris, people on this section of the plateau have possibly given up expecting big, lofty miracles and begun to draw their encouragement from smaller gains. The thing that appears to have impressed many British in the fantastic international personality contest in New York is the way the host institution has dwarfed even the most flamboyant personalities. Seen from this distance, the balcony press conference, the stained battle-dress, the gorgeous tribal toga, and all the other bits of business came through only dimly in contrast to the impressive dignity of the United Nations itself, and Mr. Khrushchev's fury seemed a tribute to the organization's new strength. This has been widely felt to be an important gain. Mr. Macmillan's contribution is now being awaited with deep interest—though without much optimism, it seems, about his success as a negotiator this time. In everybody's view, the most absorbing spectacle and discussion point of a historic assembly are the behavior and reactions of the new, rather than the old, hands. How the new African states will use their spick-and-span political maturity is of particular importance here, where African problems are going to come to a dangerous boil again with the imminent publication of the report of Lord Monckton's commission, which the Government sent out to observe the situation in the Central African Federation (consisting of Nyasaland and Northern and Southern Rhodesia). According to leaked information that the newspapers carried over the weekend, the Monckton report will recommend drastic changes in the setup, giving Africans, among other things, a far greater share in the federal government, and allowing member states the right to opt out of the Fed-

dunhill



STA-FRESH HUMIDOR
for cigars, cigarettes, tobacco

Specially designed for moisture control, it functions so simply it's almost unbelievable. Just a little water in the visible reservoir about once a month, keeps cigars in perfect smoking condition. 6½" wide. For personalizing add 50c for each golden initial.

In gold tooled leather in chestnut or turf brown (shown) 15.00
In tortoise-shell colored lustrous-styrene 5.00
In solid walnut "Dome" model with piano hinged cover 20.00

Add sales tax where required

alfred dunhill of london, 620-5th ave., n.y.
534 north michigan avenue, chicago
136 south rodeo drive, beverly hills

It's the Sporting Thing This Fall!
WOOL JERSEY SPORT SHIRT
$15

New warmth and comfort in jersey of bulk and body. It's our new pullover model of pure domestic wool jersey by Weiner, styled by Moran Sportswear. Black hounds-tooth checks on olive, brown, gold or silver. Solids in gold, olive, black, beige or white. S, M, L, XL.

3% Sales Tax N.Y.C. & Illinois
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564 Fifth Ave., at 46th, N.Y. 36 • JU 2-3230
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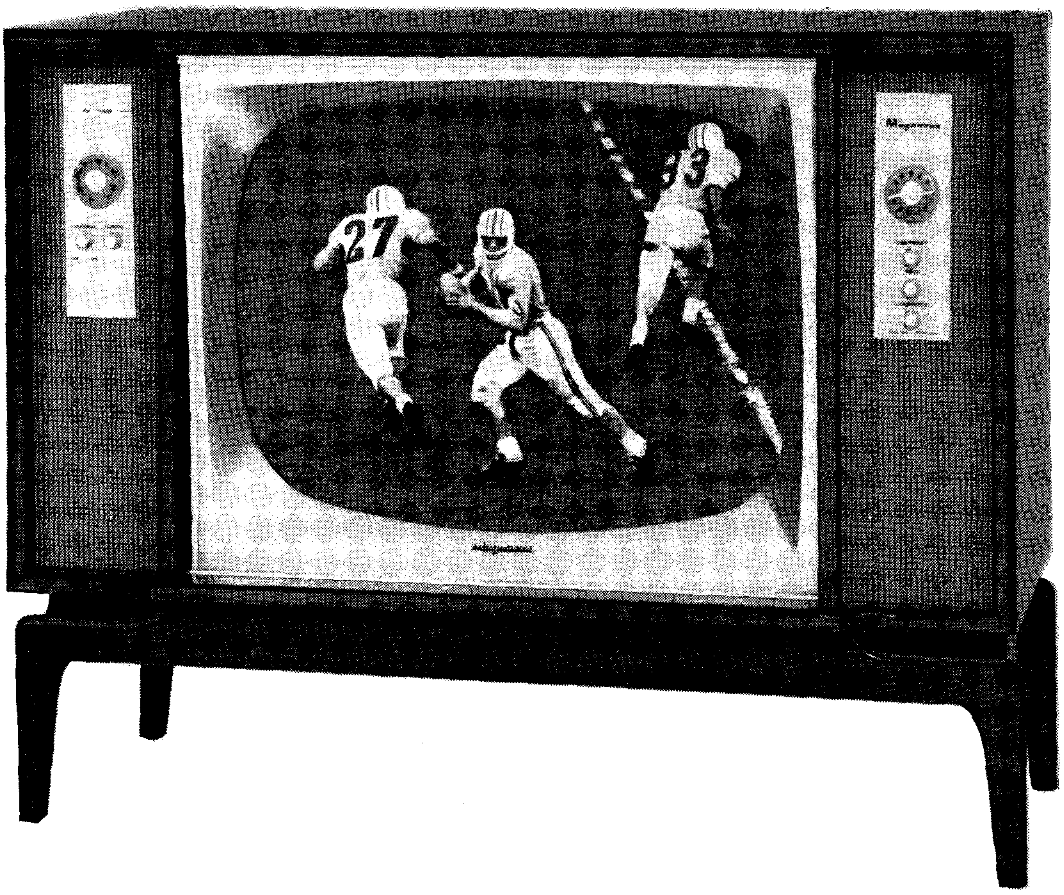
Announcing the only

Spectacular 27" screen*– biggest, clearest picture in all TV



A picture almost half again as large as the new 23" sets*

Here is the newest, most spectacular addition to America's leading line of big screen television. Nothing can equal the lifelike size, the picture depth and clarity of the Magnavox Spectacular Playhouse 27.

Compare it to the new 23″ sets . . . its 400 square inches of viewing area make a breathtaking difference in realism! Yet magnificent Magnavox 27's take no more wall space than most 23″ sets.

Includes famous Magnapower chassis, superb FM radio for static-free music all day long and incomparable high fidelity sound from a 4-speaker system. Exclusive Gold Seal Warranty.†

In a variety of hand-rubbed finishes—model shown, in mahogany with tapered legs, only $399.50 including FM radio. Other bases and a variety of styles optional. Magnavox 27″ starts at $359.50. Other TV models as low as $179.90. See a demonstration at your authorized Magnavox dealer's listed in the Yellow Pages. Magnavox is the finest . . . and your best buy on *any* basis of comparison.

WIRELESS REMOTE CONTROL, optional, gives you "at the set" control of picture and sound from anywhere in the room.

†*A full year's warranty to replace or repair all parts and tubes . . . plus 90 days' service, all without extra cost from your Magnavox dealer.*

**Diagonal measure*

the magnificent
Magnavox
WORLD LEADER IN STEREOPHONIC HIGH FIDELITY AND QUALITY TELEVISION

The Magnavox Company, precision electronic equipment for industry and defense, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

A Saga of Fine American Craftsmanship

In 1827, ten-year-old James Bryce came to America from Scotland and was "bound-out" to learn a trade at one of the first glass works west of the Allegheny mountains. Young James was an apt pupil, because fourteen years later he founded the company which bears his name, to manufacture fine glass for discriminating people. Today, the company is still operated by his descendants, and the glassware is still produced in much the same ancient manner in which James Bryce learned to make it. Each batch of glass is melted with lead in a closed pot. Each bowl is formed by the breath of the glass-blower at the end of his long blow-pipe, and the foot is shaped by hand with blocks of wet cherrywood. Archaic as these hand methods may seem, they result in quality products which have never been equalled by machines. Perhaps, as an owner of handblown lead crystal by Bryce, you may take certain pride in the knowledge that it is well and honestly made, in the oldest way, by a company whose history has become a saga of fine American craftsmanship.

Antique Jelly Glass

Late in the last century, great-grandmother Bryce asked the factory to produce these glasses for her own use in putting up jellies and jams. Blown into the same old mold, they have now become unique and fascinating hexagon-shaped, 15-ounce drinking glasses... ideal for those who prefer lots of ice. Despite large capacity, their shape allows them to fit easily in a small hand. Ask for them at your favorite fine glassware department, or write to Bryce for the name of the dealer nearest you. About $1.50 each.

Bryce Brothers Company
MT. PLEASANT, PENNSYLVANIA
Fine Hand-Blown, Hand Cut, Lead Crystal
Since 1841

eration altogether if they want to—all this being enough fat in the fire to start a fierce blaze of protest among white settlers in the three territories, and also among many Conservatives here at home, whose attitude since the Congo disaster has increasingly stiffened against any handing over of independence before the children are good and ready for it.

THE wind of change that has so obviously been blowing through the United Nations is likely to lead to some stormy moments two weeks from now, when the Conservatives, Monckton reports in hand, meet in Scarborough for their annual Party conference. At the moment, however, the big political question here is what sort of shape the Labour Party will be in after its own conference, to be held in Scarborough a week before the Tories get there. Two alternative possibilities are now being discussed on all sides. One is that the Party will emerge from its annual policymaking without its leader, Hugh Gaitskell, and torn in two angry pieces over the question of whether it believes, as the leadership does, that Britain should possess a nuclear deterrent or, as another section holds, that Britain should renounce a deterrent forthwith—in the event, of course, of a Labour Government's return to power, which every day looks less likely. The other possibility is that the Party will manage to remain more or less intact on the surface by adopting a whopping compromise, such as the Trade Union Congress gulped down earlier this month. The Congress made itself the laughingstock of the nation with a desperate piece of gymnastics, contriving to vote along with Frank Cousins, of the Transport and General Workers' Union, and his resolution calling for Britain to lead the world by unconditionally laying down all nuclear weapons, and at the same time managing to keep a toe on the bar of reality by voting for Mr. Gaitskell's official defense policy, too. This astonishing bit of two-way vote-stretching aroused something that is probably even deadlier to the recipient here in Britain than downright anger—a roar of hearty merriment tinged with contempt. The trade unions have become more and more unpopular with the public during the last few years, but they have been the butt of exasperated grouses rather than the ridicule they are coming in for now. Whether the Scarborough conference will go through some similar contortion remains to be seen. If it does, the

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CHERRIES JUBILEE
in burgundy and rum sauce
KETTLE COVE

SIX DESSERT SAUCES

CHERRIES JUBILEE
in Burgundy and Rum Sauce
CHOCOLATE ELEGANTE
like a French Pot-au-Creme
CHOCOLATE ELEGANTE
with Rum
CHOCOLATE ELEGANTE
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CHOCOLATE ELEGANTE
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BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE

At better food stores or order direct.
Six Gift-wrapped 11 oz. Jars $6.95 pp.
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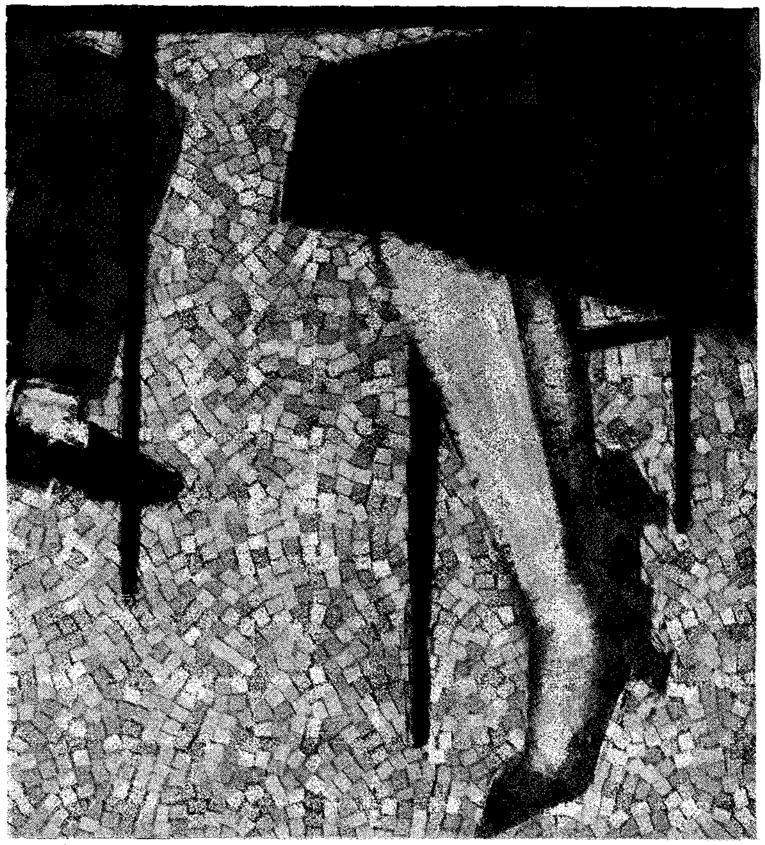
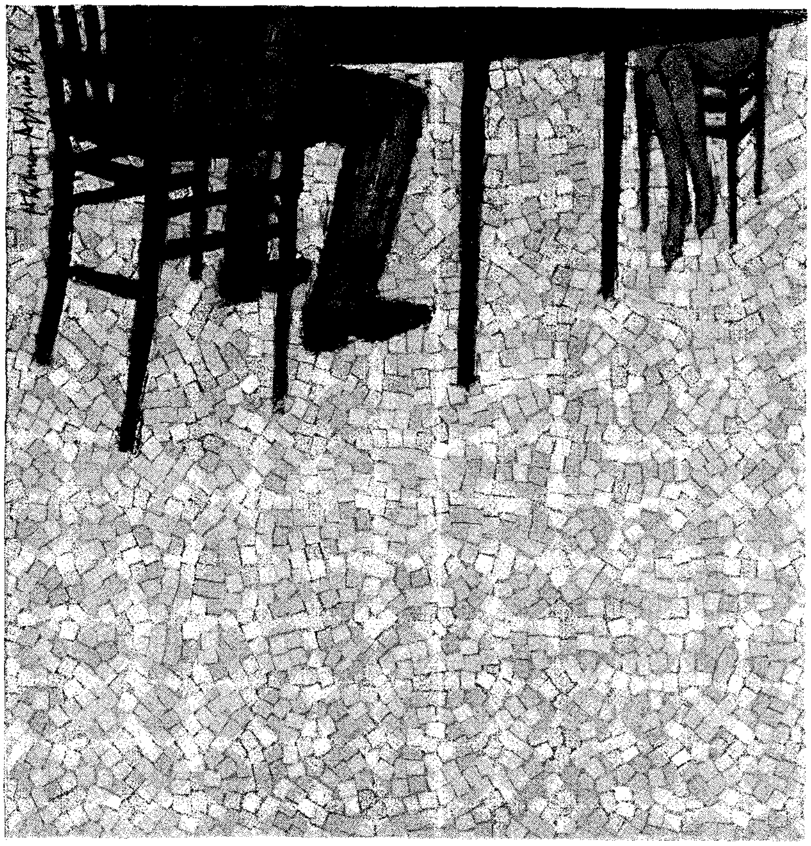
INCOMPARABLE
SHERWOOD

. . . Stereo-High Fidelity. "Top Rated" by recognized testing organizations. Only with components can you create the ultimate sound set-up you want—and it's easy—in cabinet or built-in. Operation is simple. Sherwood Electronic Laboratories, Inc., 4300 North California Ave., Chicago 18, Illinois.

For complete information write Dept. NY-10

Which Harvey Schmidt painting would have been the best advertisement for Armstrong Tessera Corlon Floors?





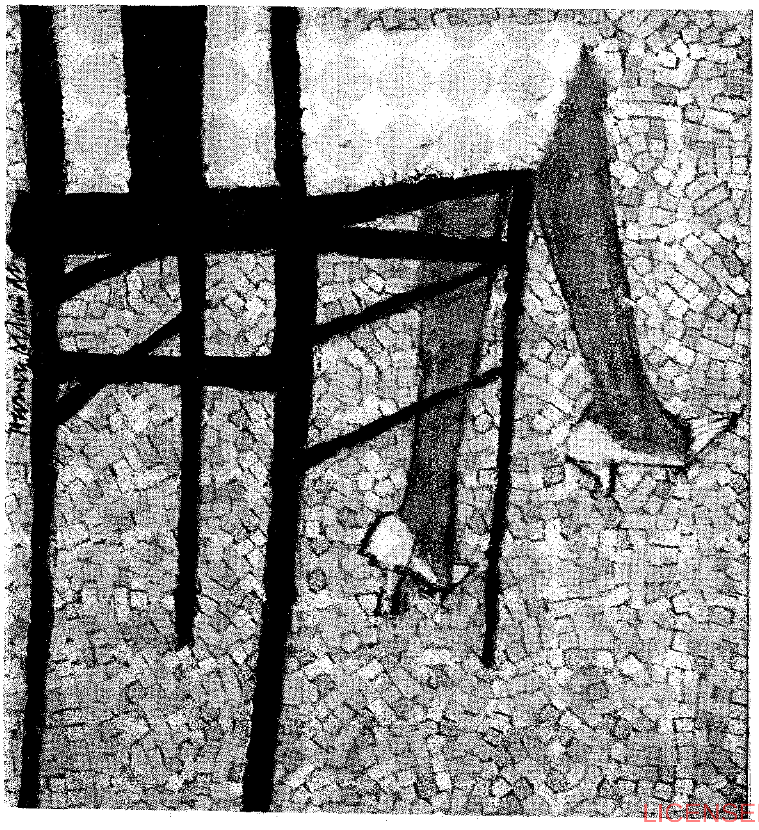
A—We asked Harvey Schmidt to do a fashionable modern painting on fashionable modern Tessera Vinyl Corlon. He did three. Decisions, decisions! This one, on a background of style 86531, has a lot of merit. It shows off Tessera's *nubbly texture and delicate colorings splendidly. It is* beautifully balanced. Its freshness expresses Tessera to a T.

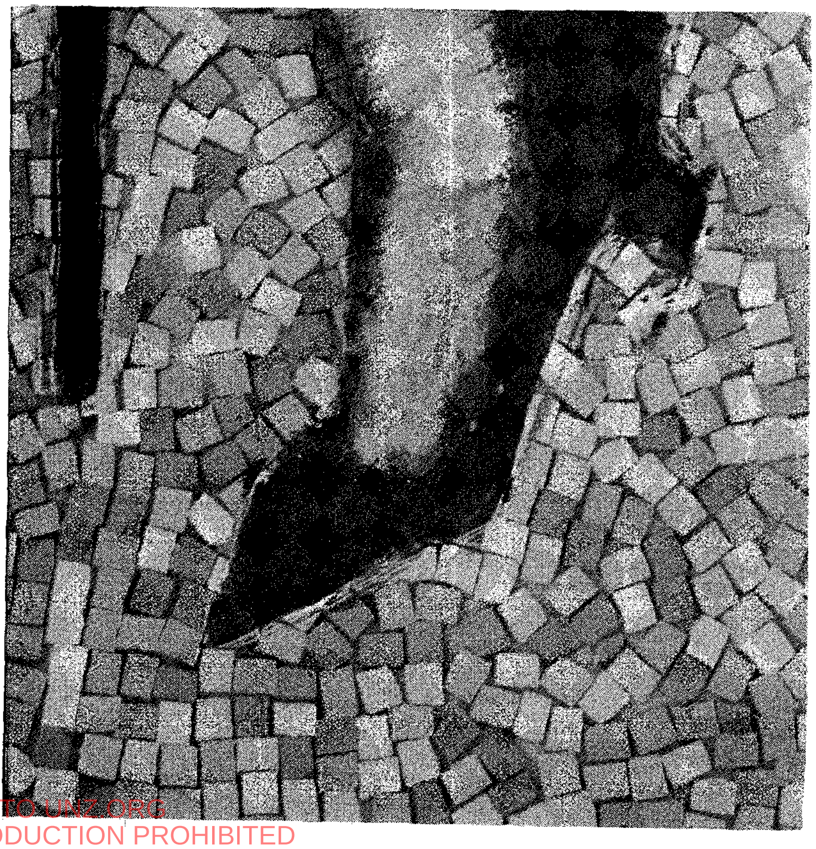
B—Our original headline was: "Sit down and talk to your architect or decorator about Tessera Corlon." (Somewhat more "sell," you'll note, than our present headline.) This Schmidt fits that idea, with style 86535. *It displays more floor, too—a strong point in its favor. And it hints at* the interesting, yet demure, things Tessera does for any room.

C—This one ignores our original headline, but has delightful verve and vivacity. It also shows one of the variegated Tessera colorings 86539. "It does a great job for the random chip design. Shows its intricate, interwoven look," said one critic. "One of the monochromatic stylings would do that better," argued another. Controversial, this one.

D—Then somebody wanted to show the chips in actual size. So here's a bit of Schmidt A. But only a sample can show Tessera's real character. Send for one—it's free, of course. Write Armstrong, 6010 Payne Rd., Lancaster, Pa. In Canada, Dept. 100-R, Box 919, Montreal, P. Q.

1860-1960 Beginning our second century of progress





Here's milk in your eye

The Green Giant is the kind of giant who, if he trips on the same spot in the carpet a hundred times, is just as surprised the last time as the first. Clumsy, you might say. We wouldn't say it because he's bigger than we are.

And anyway his real trouble is that he's a trifle absent-minded about some things because he has a rather grand preoccupation with bringing you the very nicest kind of vegetables. Naturally, he is most scientific about this.

For instance, how does he tell just what day and hour to pick a field of corn so it is as suitably crisp and young and tender as Niblets Brand corn must be? Why by constant refractometer tests as the maturity date approaches, that's how. The refractometer is a little old machine (well, actually, it's sort of a medium-sized new-ish machine) that tells you the exact moisture content of a kernel of corn so you know just when a field is at its tenderest and milk-popping best.

Of course, being only human, the big green man is not above sticking his thumbnail in the kernels of an ear to see if the milk squirts—that is, if none of his plant scientists are looking. He's gotten a lot of milk in his eye this way. But he doesn't really mind. Being such a dedicated man, he'll go to any lengths to make sure his quick-cooked Niblets is the best corn you ever put on your fork. Why don't you have some this week?

GREEN GIANT
CREAM STYLE

NEW Green Giant Brand quick-cooked cream style corn.

GREEN GIANT
Niblets
FRESH CORN VACUUM PACKED
QUICK COOKED

Green Giant® Niblets® corn. Quick-cooked.

GREEN GIANT
Mexicorn
CORN
SWEET PEPPERS

Green Giant® Mexicorn® corn, sweet peppers.

GREEN GIANT
WHITE CORN
QUICK COOKED

NEW Green Giant Brand shoe peg white corn.

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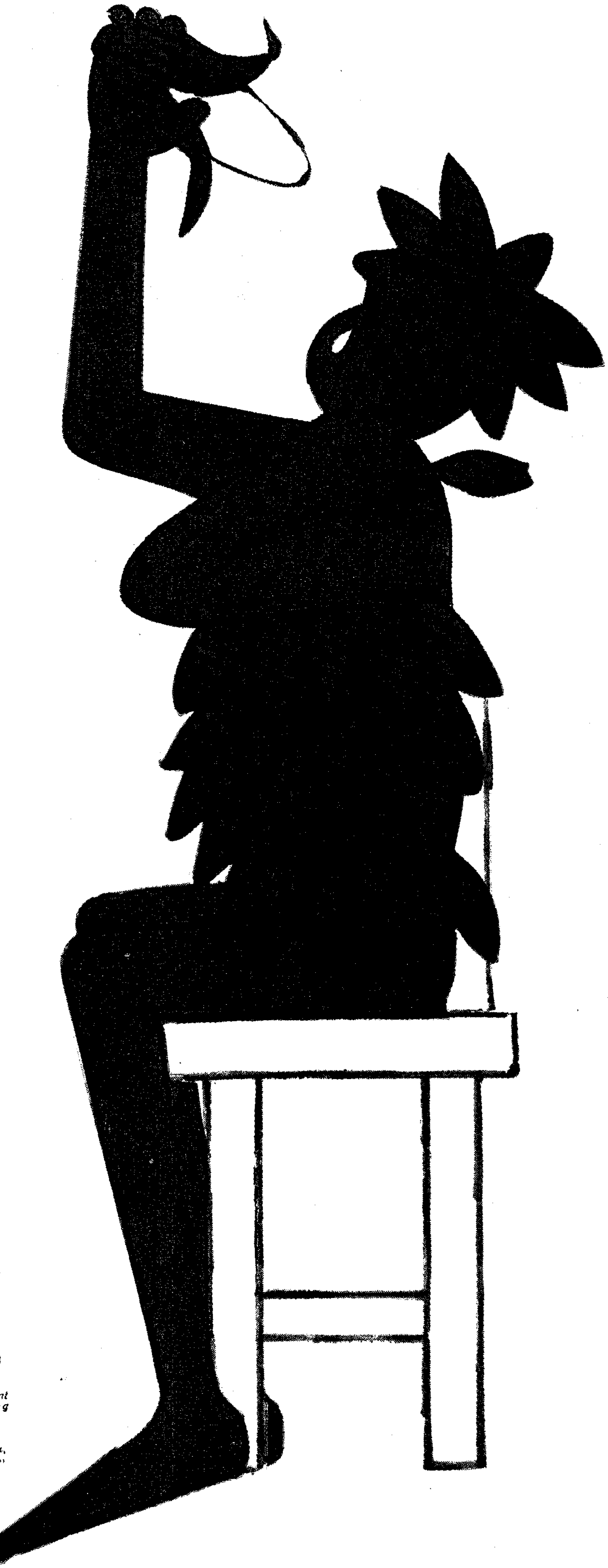
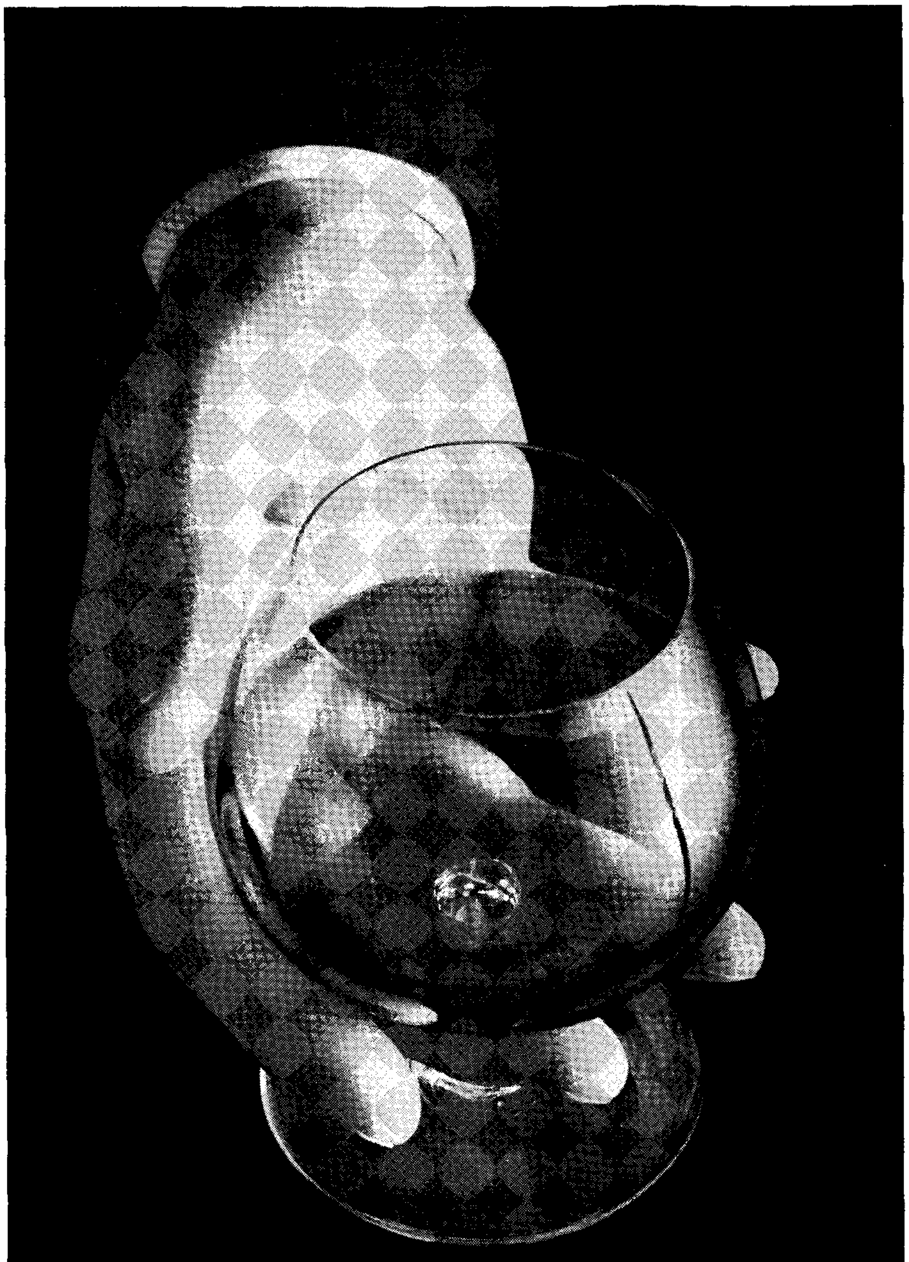


only gainer will be the Liberal Party, which is holding its annual assembly at Eastbourne this week, and will doubtless take note that its chances of becoming the radical second choice to the Tories as a Government may be enormously increased by what happens at Scarborough.

Though the reports of the tough old Labour movement's death have often been greatly exaggerated, even its warmest supporters do not deny that it has been staggering from one disaster to another since it came to grief in last October's polling. Aneurin Bevan's death was, of course, a major loss, and, in the view of many, the last chance to reconcile the Left and the Right wings of the Party disappeared with his unique person. The next grave casualty was Morgan Phillips, Labour's General Secretary and principal organizing man, who is recovering from a stroke but whose return to public life seems problematical. Finally, there was the trade unions' absurd, damaging showing at their Congress, and the acrimonious exchanges between the Gaitskell and the non-Gaitskell factions are still ringing in the ears of the British public, whose hearing is more acute than Labour appears always to credit. Over the weekend, both Hugh Gaitskell and Frank Cousins firmly rejected any suggestion that they might budge from their stated positions and patch up some sort of face-saving, Party-saving truce. Mr. Gaitskell, speaking in Battersea Town Hall on Sunday night to a meeting of workers in London's key constituencies (against a rattle of interruptions, apparently from members of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament), was in excellent form, which he will need to be at Scarborough. He told his audience, and the national audience listening outside, a few blunt home truths about what, in his opinion, would happen "if we cut ourselves off from the mainstream of international affairs in a vain hope that we may be saved, in some mysterious way, from a nuclear holocaust." His warning that the Scarborough conference might be going helter-skelter for pacifism was received with shouts of protest—perhaps another example of the current blithe assumption by some members of his party that words can be made to mean anything you like if you close your eyes and swallow hard enough. To the nuclear disarmers—mostly young, deeply serious people who, understandably, dislike the idea that the middle-aged and the elderly are heading them toward mass vaporization (they have just staged another protest march,



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Americans choose it
over all other Cognacs
combined.

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And V. S. O. P. (Grande Fine Champagne) Cognac
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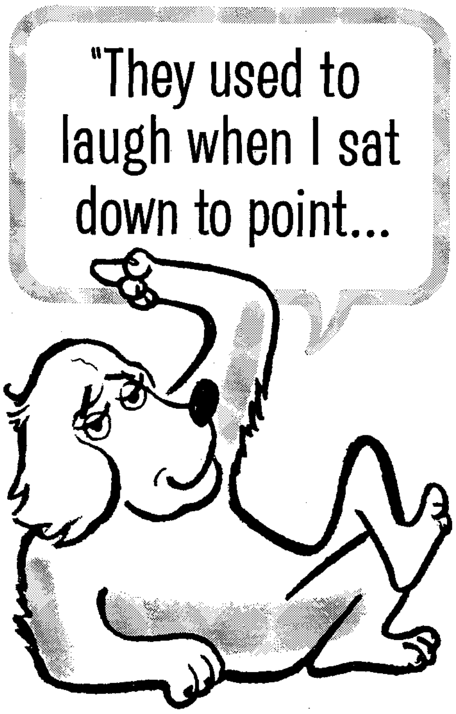
"They used to laugh when I sat down to point...

...but I didn't care. I hated hunting. My feet hurt, I got the sniffles, my backache nagged. Then my master started giving me VIONATE to provide essential vitamins and minerals. Now I'm full of pep and vigor . . . I point with pride . . . and all the other setters are *green* with envy."

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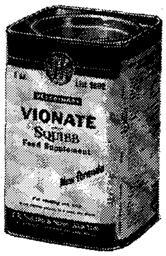
contains 20 vitamins and minerals in a formula developed by Squibb especially for dogs, cats and birds. A small quantity mixed with food once daily helps keep dogs healthy, vigorous and bright-eyed with rich red blood and silky-smooth coats. Ideal for city dogs to help keep appetite keen and system "in tone". . . unsurpassed for sporting dogs and show dogs to help keep them alert and in prime physical condition. Look for the *Guaranteed Analysis* on the label . . . it's your proof of quality. Available at your pharmacy and pet shop.



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SQUIBB

SQUIBB - A NAME YOU CAN TRUST

this time from Edinburgh to London, to say so) and who believe that Britain should realistically accept the role of a small, non-nuclear member of the Western alliance, like Norway, and keep well out of the battle of the giants (these arguments appear to skirt the inconvenient memory, which possibly their parents recall better, that Hitler gobbled Norway early)—Mr. Gaitskell served grave, uncompromising notice that for the West to abandon all nuclear armaments while Russia is still armed would be "simply handing over the West, lock, stock, and barrel, to any kind of Soviet threat or pressure there may be." If this was a dress rehearsal for Scarborough, it was worth noticing that he was warmly cheered at the end of his speech, and the general impression seems to be that his supporters are doing rather well in their efforts to rally Party opinion for next week's struggle.

The internal opposition to Mr. Gaitskell has just received a notable prickly addition, however, in Michael Foot, who was adopted enthusiastically as the Labour candidate in Ebbw Vale, Aneurin Bevan's old coal-mining constituency. This amounts to a safe ride to Westminster, since Ebbw Vale has never voted anything but solid Socialist. Foot sat in Parliament for Labour from 1945 until he lost his seat in 1955, was a staunch Bevanite until the group broke up, has always been one of Gaitskell's most bitter castigators in the pages of the *Tribune*, the Labour Party weekly, and is a member of a remarkable Cornish family of Liberal radicals. His brothers are Sir Hugh Foot, who was Governor of Cyprus up to its independence, and Dingle Foot, a barrister and formerly a Liberal but now a Labour M.P., who specializes in African affairs. It seems ironic that Michael Foot will almost certainly return to the House of Commons as the successor of Nye Bevan, whose views on defense and the nuclear bomb were sharply opposed to his in recent years. Not only to the Labour Party but to the country, which is not in favor of virtual one-party government and requires a live and healthy alternative, this year's gathering at Scarborough will be of immense interest and importance.

THE major musical excitement here has been the visit of the Leningrad Symphony Orchestra, which gave three concerts at the Festival Hall and a fourth at the Albert Hall. The first Soviet orchestra to be heard here, it aroused the usual intense advance in-

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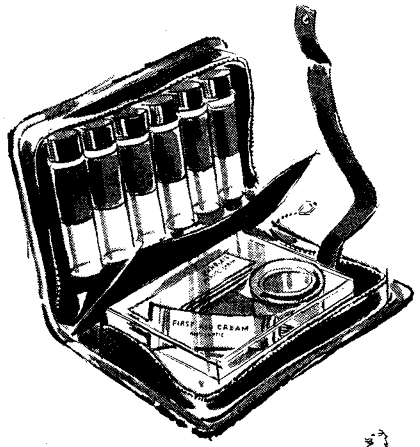

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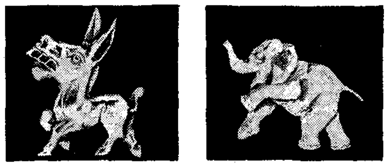

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From ISRAEL TODAY, in the Oct. 11, 1960, LOOK

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terest and curiosity in anything Russian, and then became the sensation of musical London with its first concert. The astonishing discipline of this enormous, magnificently trained orchestra and the brilliance of the individual musicians in every section bowled over the critics and were greeted with a frenzy of applause by the audiences. The eagerly heard novelties in its mostly refreshingly unhackneyed programs were Shostakovich's new cello concerto and his Eighth Symphony, composed in 1943 but new to London. At both performances, Dmitri Shostakovich was present—a rumpled, spectacled figure nervously tapping his fingers together in the ceremonial box, who had perhaps not yet fully recovered from the reportedly painful ordeal, shortly after his arrival here, of being plied by a B.B.C. interviewer with highly tactless questions on how the artist preserved his personal integrity in the Soviet Union. On Friday, the day Mr. Khrushchev was delivering his own brand of performance in the United Nations, the Shostakovich symphony was given under the baton of the orchestra's chief conductor, Eugene Mravinsky, a tall, austere-looking man of fifty-seven. The critics next day found the hour-long work difficult and somewhat baffling, with its sudden transitions from brooding, melancholy tonal images—repeated again and again, and lacerating the nerves deliberately, like someone playing the same scale over and over on a piano across the street—to an angry chatter of strings and furious outbursts from the extraordinary brass and percussion (the trumpets being led superbly by a remarkable young man with a blond mustache named Veniamin Margolin). At the symphony's rapturously applauded close, Shostakovich disappeared from his box, swiftly reappeared on the platform, wrung the hand of every man in sight, and appeared to be about to work his way desperately around the entire orchestra until Mravinsky sternly gestured him onto the podium, from which he made a jerky bow before bolting into the wings. On that evening, with less noble Russian sounds already going out on the air elsewhere and the capitalist applause flailing down on the Soviet musicians as they stood, stiff as soldiers, holding their instruments to attention, it seemed sadly likely that music is the only language that really unites nations today.

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and want to see it you should do a little advance prospecting—is "Oliver," the musical based on "Oliver Twist," which has settled down at the New Theatre so successfully that should the shade of Boz encounter the shade of Shaw, they might exchange a few complacent remarks on the drawing power of a good story when provided with some attractive tunes. In this case, the tunes, the book, and the lyrics are the work of Lionel Bart, the young composer who wrote the music for the also successful, if far less suitable-for-children, show "Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'Be." It sticks to Dickens pretty faithfully, though the lyrics take a dive into more modern argot. Oliver is appealingly played, and sung with pathos, by a good-looking boy, Keith Hamshere. A long, lean comedian, Ron Moody, is very funny indeed as Fagin, looking more like an eccentric, bearded, and not unkindly Pied Piper of Hamelin as he skips about his kitchen, surrounded by his ragged brood, and shows Oliver how to swipe a toff's handkerchief or counts his miser's hoard with the concentrated speed of a crack stenographer. The excellent sets, by Sean Kenny, shift speedily—by the juggling of a few wooden structures and suspended platforms—from Mr. Bumble presiding over the ladling out of gruel in the workhouse; via a splendidly sinister gin emporium, where Nancy (Georgia Brown) dances among the fuddled customers; to the ending on London Bridge, where Oliver is reunited with his comfortably middle-class grandpa. It is a gentle enough show, but it has charm, some pretty music, a lot of natural-acting kids, and a real live dog (Bill Sikes' faithful mutt)—a surefire recipe for an English winner any day, and one that London audiences seem to like more than ever now that gentleness is as rare in the theatre as in the news.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

ATLANTA, GA.—The creation of the world in seven days still holds the record for a construction job, but the Atlanta International Raceway is a close second. —*Press release received by a paper in Pennsylvania.*

Was it without form and void?

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Cuernavaca (Mexico) News.*]

Alex and Tamara Wenzel, the children of Ira and Camilo Wenzel, spent a few weeks here with their parents. They had such a good time that they left twice.

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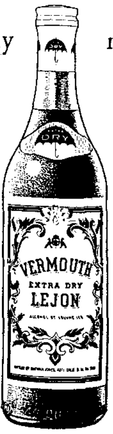
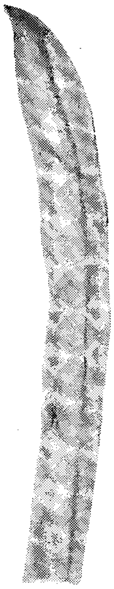
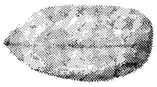


Is the Dilly Bean



a threat to the peanut



and the pretzel?

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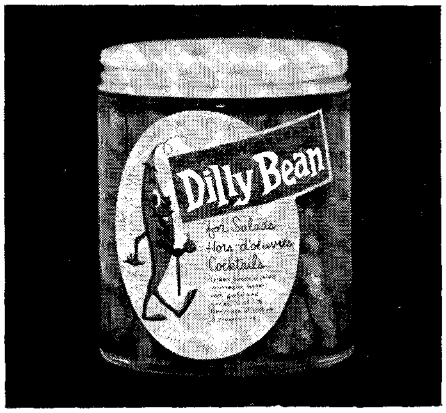

THE MASTERPIECE

I HAD it timed down to the second, down to the last decimal. It was all a matter of organization. Every move had to be planned—every reaction to every possible event. I had the advantage of my own coolness. Most men would have tried to pull off the job at once, with only a day or two of preparation; some would even have tried to enlist associates. I knew better. An instant after the great idea struck me (I was standing just inside the museum door, on a clear Friday afternoon in August), I murmured to myself, "It has to be planned. It has to be done alone."

Six weeks went into the preparations. Step by step, I considered the various hazards and framed my solutions—the entry, the first guard, the second guard, the ascent, the third guard. The track would have to be checked on the day itself; if the previous day's traffic had been heavy, there would be grit. I settled on a Tuesday morning, just after opening time. The traffic would be light and the guards not yet fully alert. Then I drew up my schedule. I walked through it again and again, perhaps thirty times, stopwatch in hand, and collated my findings in the evenings. When I was sure, I wrote it all down:

Enter. Explain, show card—1½ minutes.

Second guard—1 minute. 15 steps to elevator.

Elevator—maximum 3-minute wait. Ascent, 40 seconds, plus 30 seconds for each intervening stop. Mean average of stops: 3.

Landing at top, third guard. Explanation, joviality, good-fellow routine—3 minutes.

Unwrapping of machine, assembling and placement of machine, distraction of third guard—4 minutes.

Lowering operation—1 minute, 12 seconds estimated, considering average morning traffic and dry condition of floor four days past wax.

Beyond that, of course, I could not prepare with exactitude. That was the exciting part. I would have to lean heavily at the Archipenko. In light traffic, a thirty-degree angle of trunk would be sufficient. There would be clear sailing past Nonell and Alcoy, and little worry at the second Canogar. There was a dead spot hard by Millares. There a kick would be needed, and I settled on the left leg. Then Pijuán and Planell. Tàpies was the point of no return. Here momentum overcomes friction, and it would be a matter of centrifugalization versus the effectiveness of

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Dramamine. And, of course, I would need luck. Fortunately, I am always in excellent physical condition.

The night before the day of the job, I went over the machine carefully. I checked the effect of the sequins and the coffee mill, and reglued a loose fragment of the newspaper collage on the footrest. I gave the ball bearings a last spin, applied a bit of sewing-machine oil to them, and covered the machine with oilcloth to protect it from the night air. Then I took a sleeping pill, set the alarm for seven o'clock, and went to bed early.

I WOKE abruptly at five minutes to seven, and laughed at my victory over the alarm clock. I dressed meticulously—black turtleneck sweater, denims, tennis shoes, horn-rimmed glasses, mackinaw, beret. Then I wrapped the machine. First I tied the shaft to the frame, handle upward, and then I folded the paper around it all, being careful not to loosen any sequins. I studied the finished package, now five feet tall, checked the adequacy of the string, and had a light breakfast. When I had finished, it was eight-forty. I stalled ten more minutes, then took the Dramamine and a Miltown, and picked up the machine and left.

I got off the bus at nine-fifty-eight. I approached slowly, studying the big letters along the façade. "The Solomon R Guggenheim Museum." Such a long name, I thought. The Miltown was working now. I stepped up to the guard at the door and removed my beret, Continental style. I carefully shifted the package from right to left hand and pulled out the slightly worn card. It read, "Galerie Michel, 17 Quai Saint-Michel, Paris VI."

"*Les* Kandinskys?" I said. "I am—'ow you say eet?—*un peintre, un admirateur.*"

The guard looked at me, eyed the package, and said, "Fifth floor."

I said, "*Merci,*" replaced the beret, and entered and repeated the routine with the second guard. I had placed a great deal of faith in the efficacy of respectfully removing my beret for the two guards in order to distract their attention from the package, and I feel now that it was this detail, more than any other, that led to my ultimate triumph.

"Elevator's to the left," the second guard said.

"*Merci,*" I said. I looked at my watch. Four seconds ahead. "Easy now," I said to myself. "Keep cool. Don't forget anything." I dropped a

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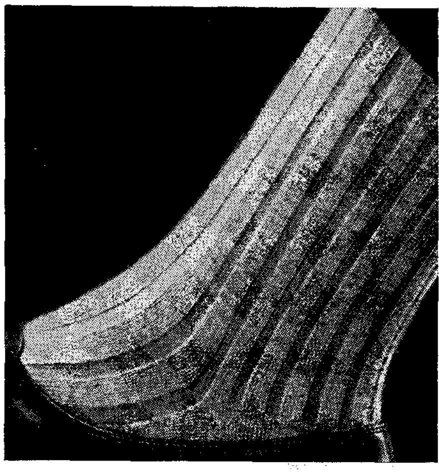

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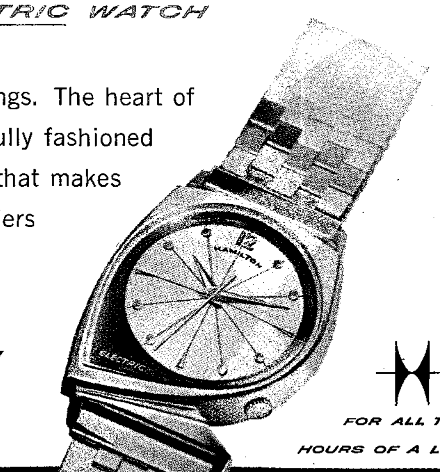

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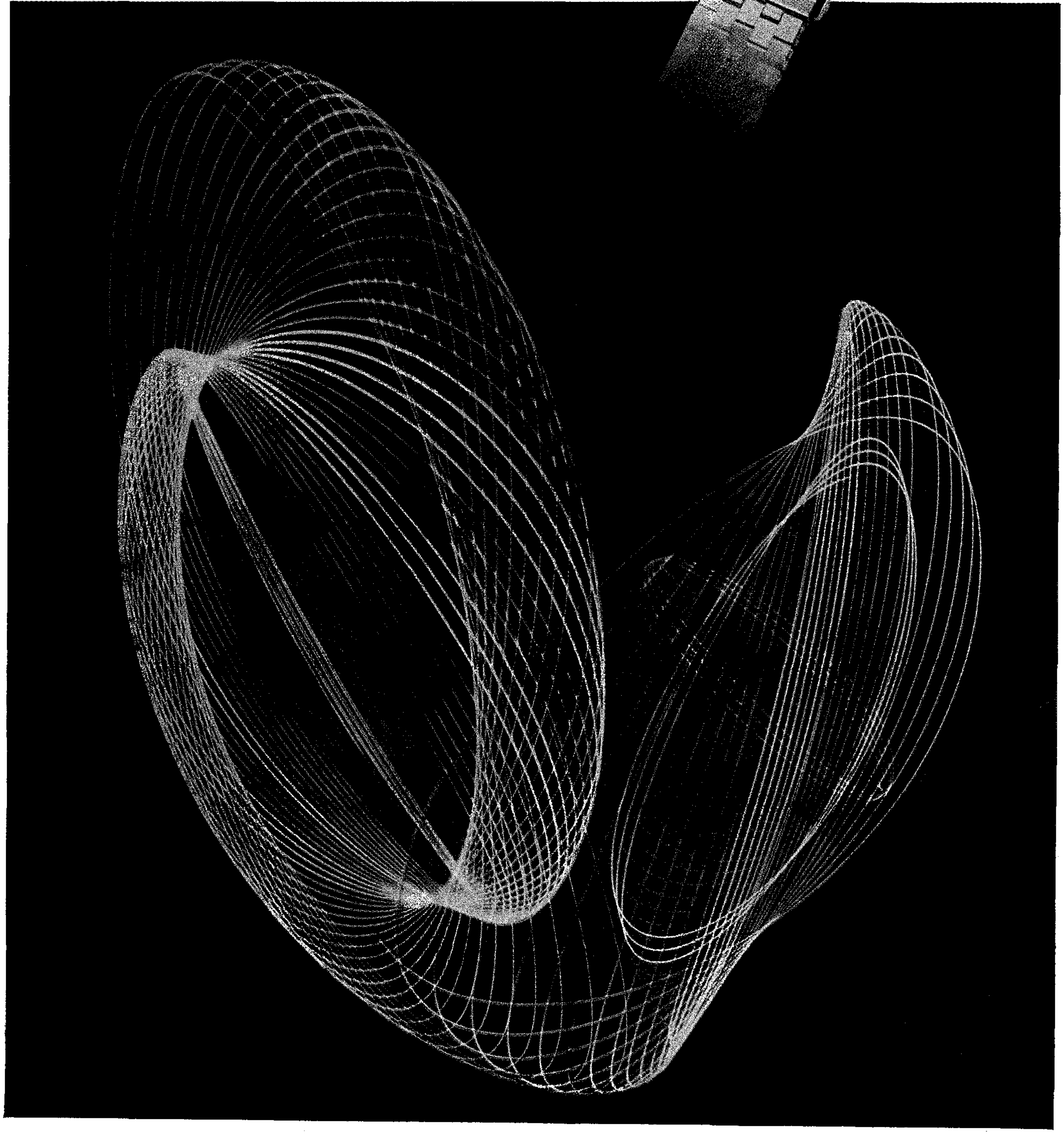

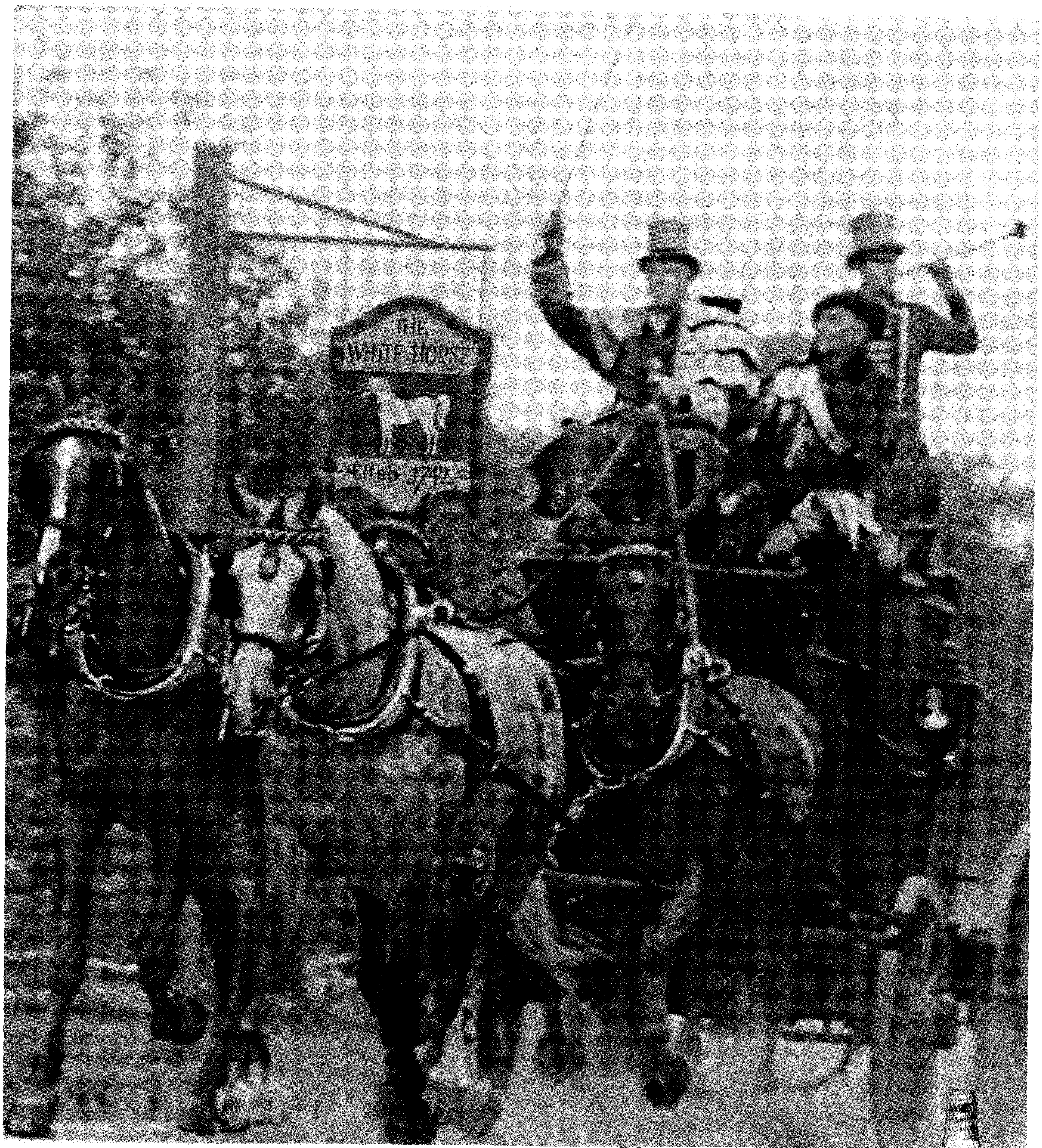

Eight days to London! [The stirrup cup was White Horse, of course]

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book of matches, and as I bent down to pick it up I felt the floor. The track was fast.

The little light over the elevator bounced merrily: "4, 3, 2, 1." The door opened. Two scholarly-looking gentlemen exited, one scholarly-looking lady entered, and I followed with my package.

"Fourth floor," the scholarly lady said.

The operator eyed me, then my package, but I kept silent. I removed my beret, he closed the doors, and the ascent began. There was a bouncing light inside, too: "2, 3, 4." The operator stopped, the door opened. The scholarly-looking lady left, the door reclosed, the light bounced. "Five," said the operator, looking at me. "Last stop." I smiled, the door opened, and I stepped out.

I walked up the last half-spiral—I had paced off the distance many times. The third guard stood fast. I approached him brusquely and handed him the gallery card without a word. (I had studied him carefully, and I was almost positive he knew no French.) I cut the string instantly with my penknife, and the wrapping paper started to peel off the machine. The guard was watching me. I knew I had about twenty seconds before he would object to the paper now falling on the floor.

"Eet ees a crazy business," I said, laughing foolishly and shrugging my shoulders in the manner I had practiced before my mirror.

The machine was now bared, and its crimson brilliance startled even me. The guard took a step to one side and studied it. "I'll be damned," he said. "It looks almost like one of those kid's scooters."

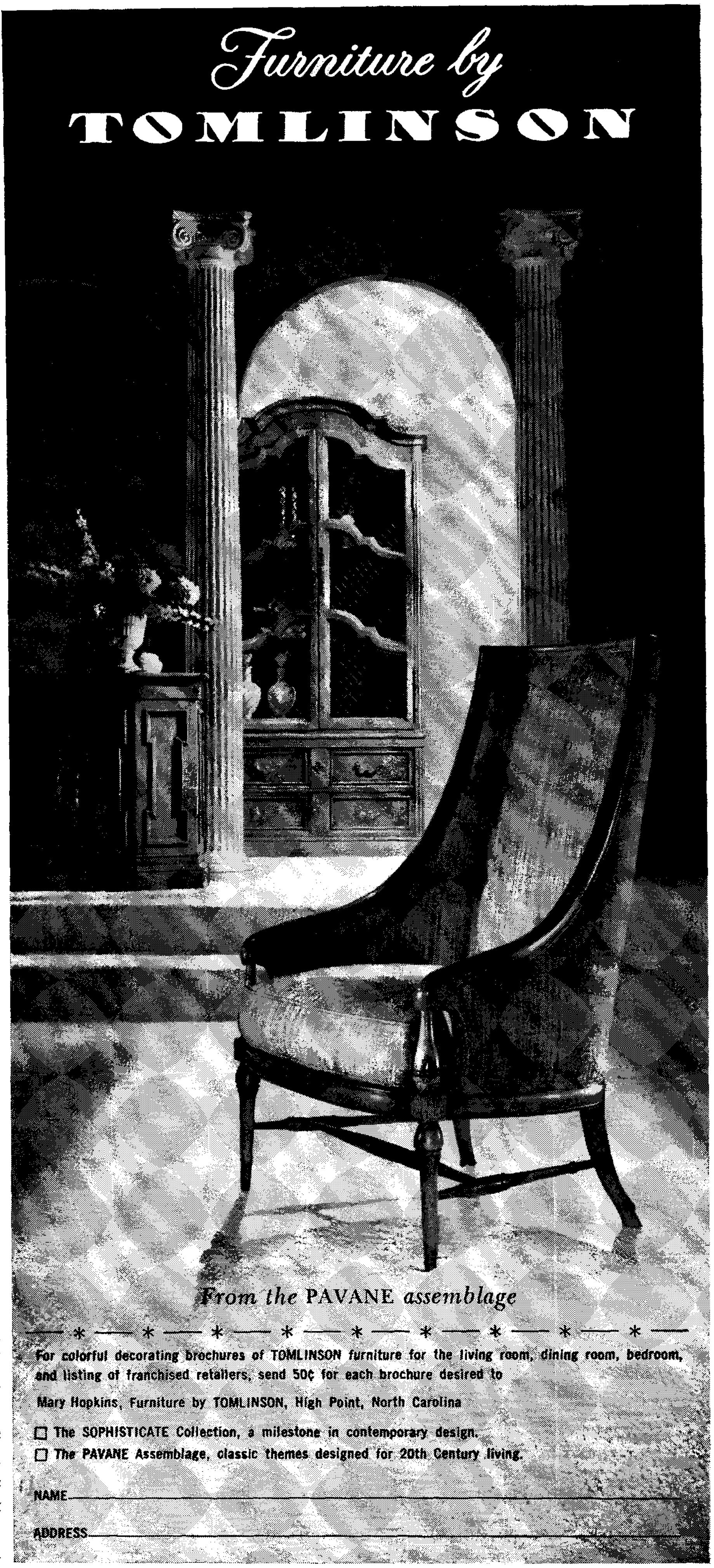
I said, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," again shrugging my shoulders. It was the only French sentence I knew. I was rapidly bolting the handle to the frame.

"Just looks like a kid's scooter with a coffee mill screwed on it," the guard persisted. "I don't get it."

I nodded, placed the scooter on the floor, and moved it back and forth. "Eet ees a mobile," I said. "Post-Calder. Eet ees called 'Misery 3.' " I stole a look at my watch. I was running late.

"You're in the wrong place," the guard said in a friendly way. "You want the director's office, over in the other part of the building." He bent down to reinspect.

I straightened up and pointed toward



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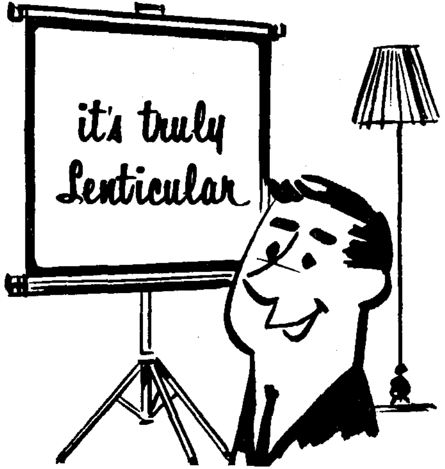

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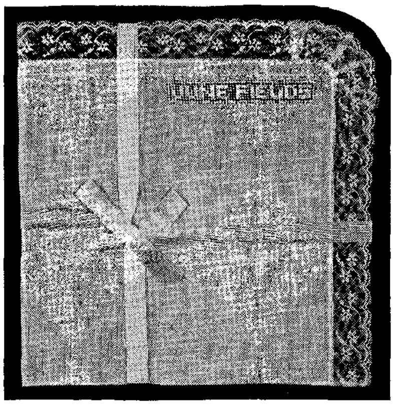

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the elevator. "Lady just fainted," I said.

I watched him hurry off. I pushed the beret back on my head, removed the horn-rimmed glasses, and mounted the scooter, placing my right foot firmly on the footrest. I gave a swift kick with the left foot, and was off.

The first spiral was uneventful; the Kandinskys, the Zobel, the Rivera fused into a beautiful golden yellow as I passed. The breeze was pleasant. I was amazed at my brilliant steering, at the accuracy with which I passed two elderly ladies, one left, one right. I picked up speed, nodded silently at the Nonell and Alcoy (old friends), swerved beautifully around the column by the fourth-floor elevator doors.

I passed another lady, two men, a little boy, and either two or three young girls. It was hard to tell them apart. Then there was panic. My speed increased, the colors fused—the blues, the reds, the mauves, the watermelons becoming first pastels, then gray, then a colorless blur. The Archipenko hairpin turn loomed up. I wanted to scream.

Then, as quickly as it had appeared, the giddiness left me. The Dramamine—the last essential detail—had taken hold! I braked with one foot, leaned in just enough to compensate for the drift in my back wheel, kicked hard, and came out of the hairpin startlingly fast but under full control. I estimated my speed at fourteen knots as I left the spiral on the ground floor and gracefully circled Brancusi's "Miracle" four and three-quarters times, counterclockwise, before I finally came to a halt.

I got off, propped the scooter gently against the base of the statue (*some* museum would want it, surely—if not the Guggenheim, then perhaps the Smithsonian), straightened my beret, and lit a cigarette. I walked out slowly, past the staring guards, cool to the end. Even before I gained the street, though, I became aware of the full depth of my tragedy. I mean, what can I do now, for all the rest of my life?

—JOHN HAASE

•

Many girls who are sexy on a dance floor or at a party or in front of a movie camera. When the office just haven't got it in these girls and celluloid come to-movie stars. That's why every gether, the movie magic doesn't happen. That's why they're not movie stars. That's why every stacked doll sitting at a soda fountain doesn't turn out to be a Lana Turner.—*The Post.*

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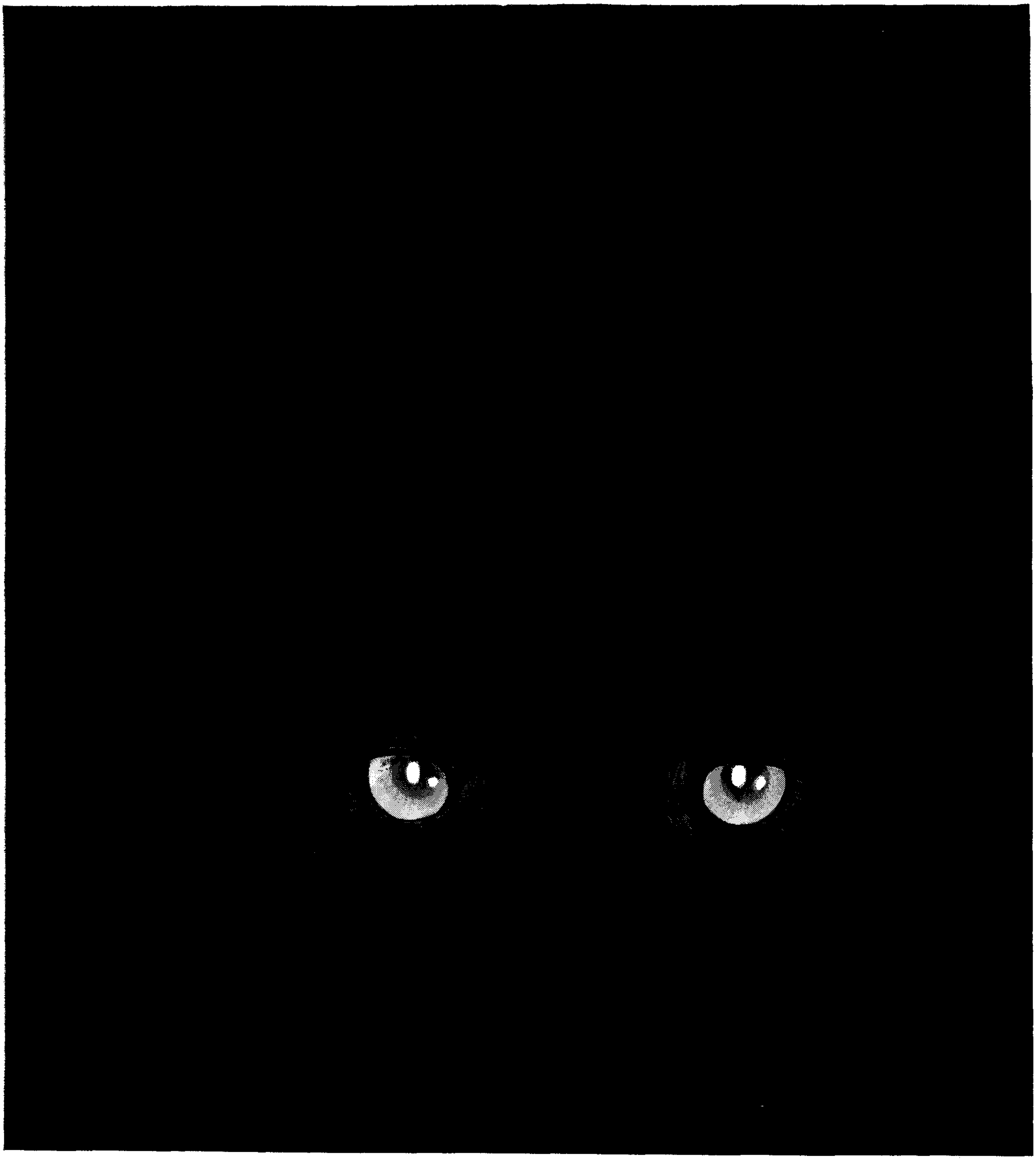

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MASSACHUSETTS VS. MAILER

IT began as just another D. & D. case—Drunk & Disorderly. It won't be found in the lawbooks—there wasn't even a court stenographer—but it's already part of the folklore of Provincetown, also known as Eighth Street by the Sea. Every summer, this Cape Cod seashore town becomes what the sociologists would call a focus of conflicting cultures. The *Kulturkampf* is waged between the natives—mostly either Protestant New Englanders or Portuguese-descended Catholic fishermen, two breeds not notable for the breadth of their morality—and the summer people, whose morals are latitudinarian, and who are a rich mixture of artists, writers, beats, hipsters, homosexuals, and other estival hedonists. The police force is definitely on the side of the native culture.

The case of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts vs. Norman Mailer began on Commercial Street, in Provincetown, at about one-ten on the morning of June 9th last. The bars close at one in Provincetown, and Mailer and his pretty brunette wife, Adele, who was acting at the Provincetown Playhouse this summer, were walking home after some pub-crawling. They were making for the Hawthorne House, a big place on a hill and one of the town's landmarks, which was built by the turn-of-the-century painter Charles Hawthorne; they had rented it for the season for themselves and their two small children. A police car came nosing along the deserted street in that unsettling way police cars have, like Melville's pale shark slipping ominously through tropical waters.

"Taxi! Taxi!" Mailer called out, mocking the tribal enemy.

"Be quiet, you damn fool!" said Mrs. Mailer, in a wifely fashion.

"TAXI!" he insisted, in satisfactory defiance of both police and wife.

The car glided sharkily on, went around the block and came back—this is the moment in the nightmare at which you wake up if you're lucky—and pulled around a corner in front of the Mailers just as they were about to cross the street. Two cops got out.

"Did you yell 'Taxi'?"

"Yes."

"Does this car look to you like a taxi?"

"Well, you know—that thing on top."

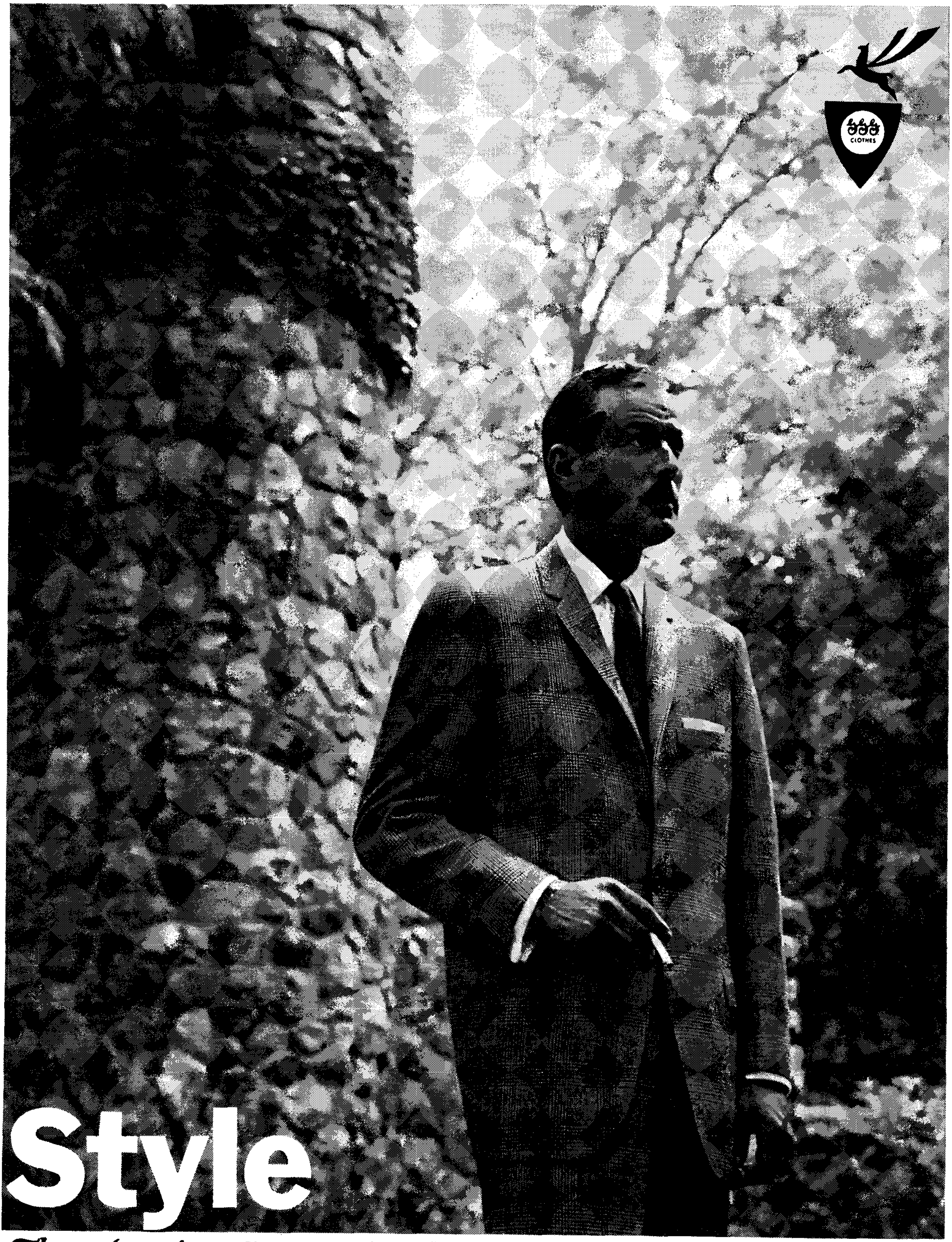
"All right, move on!"

"I'll move on when you get out of my way."

At this point, the cops grabbed Mailer and pushed him into the car. With considerable presence of mind, he called out as he disappeared, "Adele! You're my witness. I'm not resisting arrest." The car drove off, leaving Adele on the street, as alone as Ariadne. Provincetown cops have been known to drop the wife at her home in such late arrests, but the present acting police chief, Francis H. (Cheyney) Marshall, has put a stop to such gallantry.

During the ride to the jail—both sides agree—no one said anything. When they arrived, the cops got out. They were Patrolman George St. Amand and Special Patrolman—that is, on the summer force only—William Sylvia, known throughout town as Cobra. Still without a word, Cobra reached in and pulled Mailer out of the car. What happened next was described by the victim in a letter written several weeks later to the New York *Post.* The letter is a good specimen of Basic Mailerese.

> The rumble was a touch copacetic. It began when we got out of the police car outside the station house, and they would not let me walk in, but endeavored to assist me in. The scrimmage started because I did not want their hands on me. Yet all the way through, I was afraid of a flip, afraid I would begin to hit a uniform. I had the sustained image of a summer or a year in cellular, and so I did no more; let us say I was reduced by this caution to no more than ducking, spinning, slipping, blocking, and sidestepping. At one point one of the policemen tripped and fell, but I was on my feet all the way, a point to take no vast pride in because the cops were smaller than me, and did not know how to fight. And maybe I was yellow not to hit them back. A difficult point. When I was hit with something heavier than his fist . . . it was from behind and I kept standing but I think it took a bit away from my pride to resist because the form my thoughts next took were liberal rather than radical: Give up a little or they'll beat your head in. So I relinquished the defense of an arm, and let one of the cops manage to apply the grip he had been trying to apply for the last minute—he was proud when he got it—and then he bent



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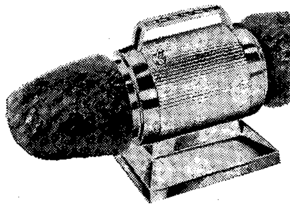

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me over the trunk of a parked car, and liquid started falling in dark half-dollar drops on the polish of the automobile, and I said, "Okay, you happy now, I'm bleeding," and that seemed to cool them a little, and in we went, into the jailhouse which was safe.

The clubbing resulted in a thirteen-stitch cut on the back of Mailer's head. After permitting him to make a telephone call to his wife, the cops put him in a bare cell, without bed or toilet. He improvised an antiphonal barrage of anti-police insults with a young boy in the next cell, another D. & D. case. Officer St. Amand came around and explained to Mailer that he had cut his head on a car bumper.

"Are you a Catholic?" asked Mailer.

"Yes."

"You'll go to Hell for lying!"

Chief Marshall soon showed up. He and Mailer got into an exchange of insults, like Homeric heroes before battle.

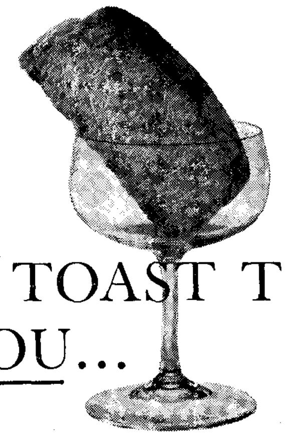
"I could beat up those two toy cops of yours, and you know it, kid."

"Listen, boy, I could take you with one hand."

"Maybe you could and maybe you couldn't, but you picked the wrong pigeon this time. You cops are used to dealing with people who can't defend themselves. Well, I'm a writer and I know how to use words, and, boy, I'm going to use them."

At three-thirty, Mrs. Mailer arrived, bringing fifty dollars bail, but Mailer had to wait till the bondsman appeared, two hours later, for release. Although her husband had warned her on the phone that he had been clubbed, when Mrs. Mailer saw his bandaged head she was furious. "Look what you've done to my husband. You'll wish you'd never begun this!" It is not known precisely when the cops realized that they had beaten up not an anonymous beatnik but a writer of reputation, and that both the writer and the writer's wife were not going to be good sports about it.

I went up to Provincetown to cover the trial. Upon my arrival—on July 22nd, the day before the trial—Mailer told me that he had decided to undertake his own defense, because he felt that an out-of-town lawyer would be resented and a local lawyer, while he might win the case, would be inclined not to attack the police. That night, the Mailers and I spent several hours drinking with the local beatniks in the Old Colony Bar, at the east end of town. (The homosexuals' turf is the other end.) Mailer was a kind of big brother to them, both a leader and a confidant; he clearly enjoyed not only talking to



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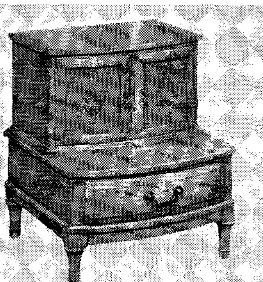

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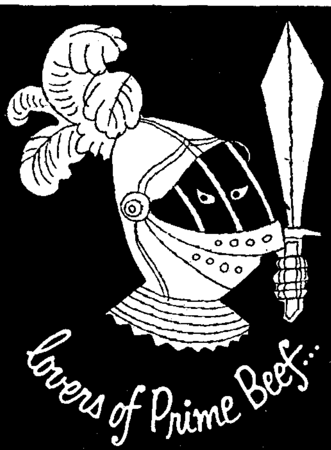
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them but also listening to them. I heard a lot about the police: that the former chief, now ill with heart trouble, was relatively mild but that Cheyney Marshall, who had been acting chief for the past three months, had been cracking down on the summer latitudinarians; that the slightest public exuberance after the bars close might land one in jail suddenly; that Franz Kline, the painter, was arrested, without warning, for playing records in his home late at night; that homosexual bars and night clubs were being closed down by legalistic hokeypokey about licenses; that the police tried to get restaurant and nightclub proprietors to fire homosexual employees; that one officious young cop diverted himself by stopping people who looked odd to his untravelled eyes and demanding that they "identify" themselves—this from a young Negro artist, who thought it was his paint-stained trousers, and from a white artist, who thought it was his beard.

The next morning, I joined the Mailers for breakfast. Over coffee, Mailer revealed to his wife that he was going to put her on the stand, explaining that he had said nothing about it earlier, lest she get tensed up. She showed signs of alarm.

"All you have to do is tell the truth *and look the judge in the eye* and don't get angry," he said.

"Yes, I know, but—"

"Don't worry, baby. I'll take care of you. It'll be all right."

Mailer decided that he and his wife should both dress in sober black for the occasion. The three of us were about to set off for the trial, in the Mailers' car—he had decided, for tactical reasons, to use the ancient family sedan instead of an English sports roadster, something low and dashing called a Triumph TR-3, he has recently acquired—when he noticed that she was not wearing stockings. He sent her back for stockings.

THE courtroom, done in the usual police-court light oak, with the usual flags, was packed. Chief Marshall and his two cops sat along one wall, in civilian clothes, and so did various local dignitaries, including S. Osborn Ball, landlord, realtor, lawyer, and the town's leading offbeat eminence.

"Hey, Norman!" Mr. Ball called across the room. "I'll visit you in state's prison!"

"O.K., Ozzie, don't forget," Mailer called back, grinning.

The judge entered, and everybody stood up. He was the Honorable Gershom Hall, a circuit judge from

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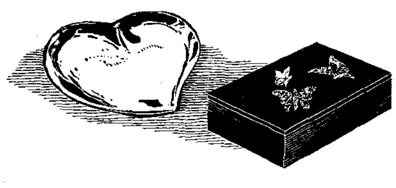

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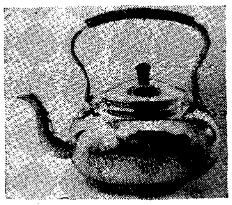

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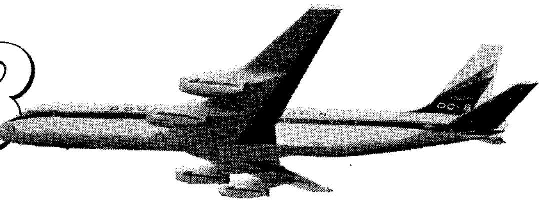


Harwichport, up the Cape. He was long and lean and composed, with an impassive New England expression and a voice that was low but audible, and slightly chilling.

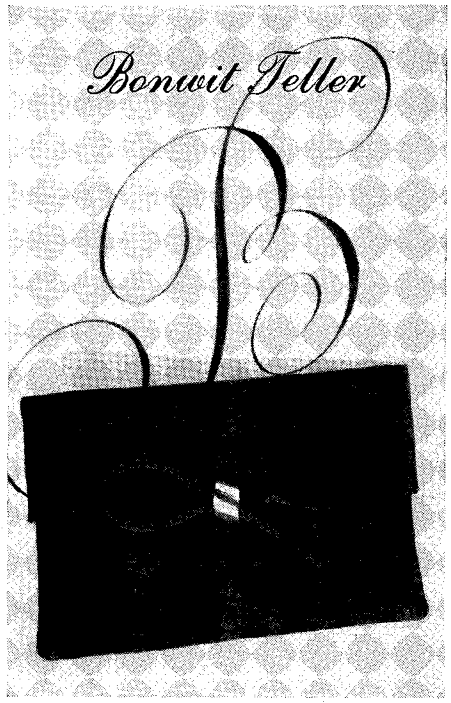
Two short cases first—a bored young man in dungarees who pleaded guilty to dangerous operation of a motor scooter, and a red-eyed, unshaven workingman who pleaded guilty to Drunk & Disorderly, and clowned around a bit, scoring once. The Judge asked him, "Why do you drink?" and he replied, "I like it."

Then the main event. Mailer began by asking to have not only his wife sworn as a witness but also me. I scrambled up and raised my hand, my notes tumbling about my feet; he hadn't alerted *me* at breakfast. Can one report a trial in which one is a witness, I wondered uneasily. Always willing to try anything once, Mailer had thought I could testify that he had had more drinks the night before than on the night of the arrest, and yet had shown no signs of being drunk. True. But the Judge pointed out that since I hadn't been there on June 9th, my testimony was irrelevant. I sat down, and began taking notes again.

Chief Marshall, who was doubling as prosecuting attorney, took the stand as a witness—a well-set-up man with a big brown face, hot of eye and jutting of jaw. When he got to the jail, he testified, he had found the defendant drunk and abusive. "I detected a strong odor of liquor on his breath," he said. The defendant had called up Mr. Ball and asked him to come down and get him out; when Mr. Ball had demurred, because of the lateness of the hour, the defendant had shouted angrily into the phone, "You're a lawyer, aren't you? Why don't you get down here?" When Dr. Daniel Hiebert, summoned from his bed, had wanted to shave the defendant's head, the latter had indignantly refused to let him, saying he was going to a dance the next night; he had made many loud and uncomplimentary remarks to the Doctor (though he had finally let him bandage his head). "Why don't you sober up?" Dr. Hiebert had said as he left.

Mailer rose to cross-examine Chief Marshall. He walked up with a slight swagger—something between the new gun in town and Perry Mason—and his first questions were delivered in a sinister Texas drawl; throughout the hearing, he shifted gears between this accent and his normal one (Brooklyn-Harvard), according to the dramatic voltage he felt was required.

"Why did you come to the jail at



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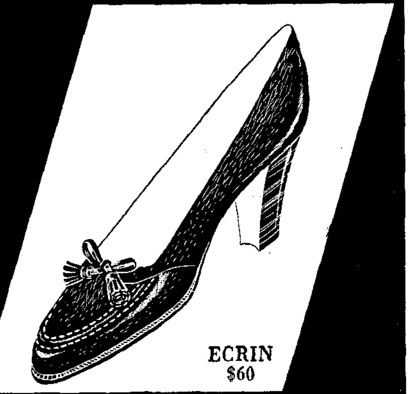

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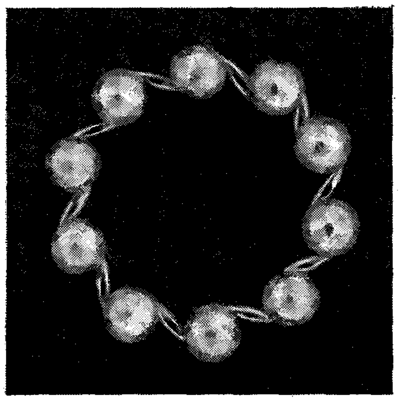

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two in the morning?" Mailer began.

This drew a blank. The chief had been called out to look into a possible case of drowning—he had the record sheet to back him up—and had dropped in at the jail as a matter of routine.

Mailer opened up a second front. "Before I dismiss you"—the chief's large jaw tightened—"I want to ask one thing: Do you insist I was going to a *dance* the next night? Actually, I was going to the Robinson-Pender fight in Boston. I haven't been to a dance in years."

"You said a dance."

"Have you ever been wrong?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Mr. Marshall, you are not an electronic machine. You might be in error."

The chief admitted that he was not an electronic machine.

The non-belligerent cop, Patrolman St. Amand, next took the stand—pale, puffy, eyeglassed, somewhat bald, more like a bookkeeper than a policeman. He seemed uneasy, and stared at his shoes as he was testifying. He went through the story, stating that when the police cruiser arrived at the station, the defendant had jumped out swinging at Officer Sylvia; that there was "a little mealie" (melee); that all three of them fell down; and that when the defendant got up, "I noticed his head was lacerated and bleeding; I don't know how it happened." He had apparently given up the car-bumper theory.

"Did you find it offensive that I called the police car a taxi?" asked Mailer, cross-examining. "Is driving a taxi a contemptible occupation?"

"No."

"Then why did you circle back around the block?"

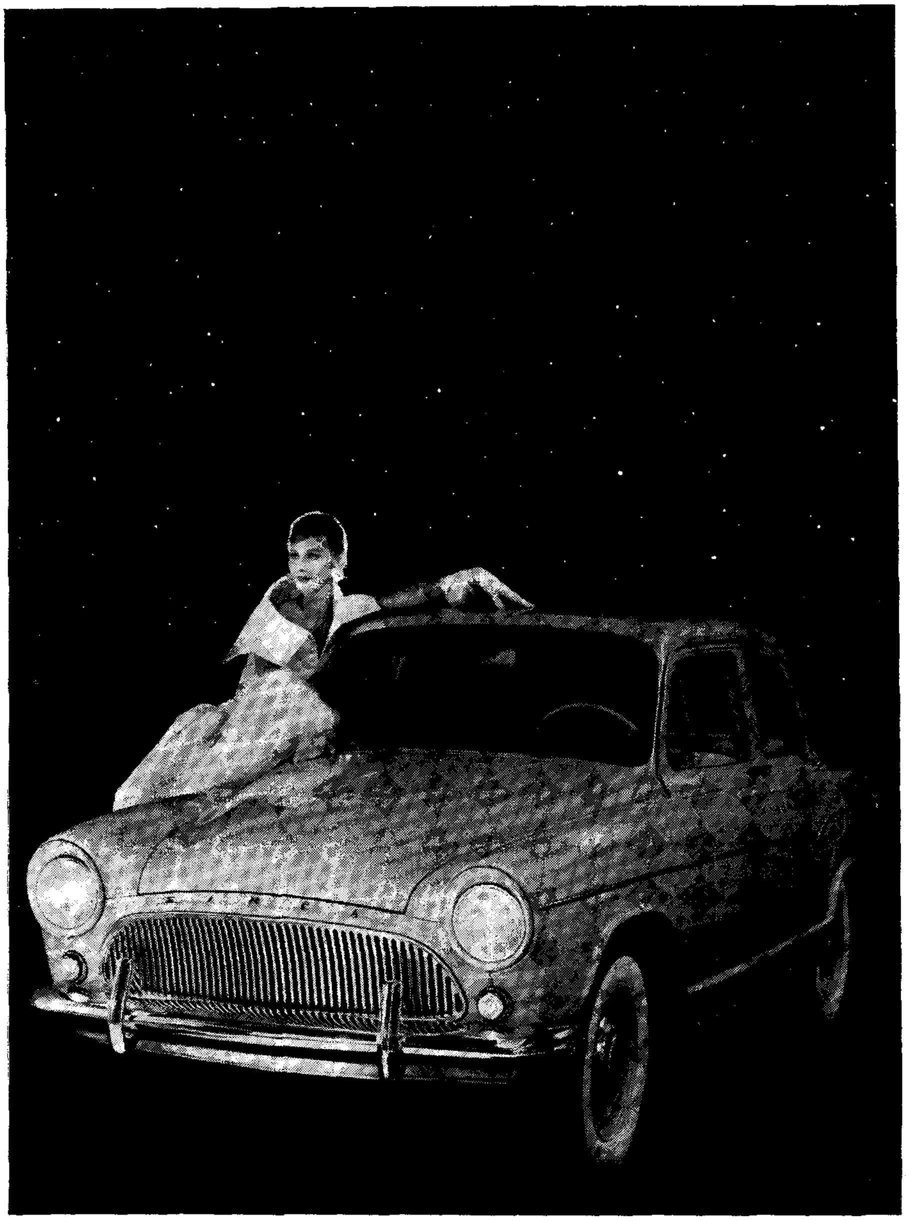
"We didn't. We completed our regular tour as far as the Ace of Spades and then came back."

There followed some virtuoso questioning in which Mailer got the witness to place him on the street the first time the car passed and then the second. Mailer pointed out that these two spots were less than two hundred feet apart, and then drew his conclusion: The police car could not have gone to the Ace of Spades, a night spot a half mile away, in the interval. (Point unimportant, except to show that the police did resent being called taxi-drivers, and that their testimony was not to be relied upon.)

"Did you put me into a bare cell?" asked Mailer.

"Yes."

"This cell had no bed to lie on. No toilet, not even a pail. I had a bad cut,



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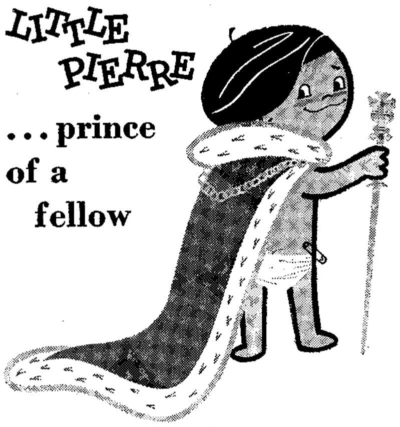

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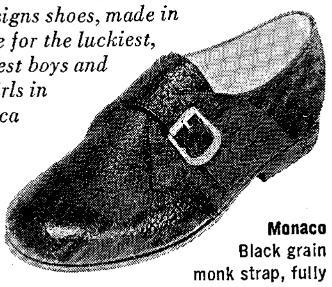

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which was still bleeding. Is it possible you were being vindictive?"

"No. I just put you in the first handy cell."

"Mr. St. Amand, how long have you worked for the police force?"

"Five years."

"How many cells are there in that wing?"

"Four."

"In five years you haven't been able to learn the separate characteristics of those four cells?"

"Well, there was no other one open."

"Are you certain? At the time I was brought in, there were only two other men in the cells."

"The fourth cell is the women's cell."

"I was transferred to that hours later. It had no bed, but it had raised planks on which you could lie down. It also had a pail. Is that the women's cell?"

"I guess it isn't."

"So you had a choice of putting me in a cell where I could lie down, or one where I couldn't, and you put me in the bare cell."

Patrolman St. Amand found his shoes more and more fascinating.

MAILER: When we arrived at the station, did Cobra reach in and—

CHIEF MARSHALL: I object.

JUDGE: Mr. Mailer, the officer's name is Sylvia, not Cobra.

MAILER: Your Honor, I have heard this man called nothing but Cobra since I've been in town. I will try to call him Sylvia, but if I slip I wish to assure Your Honor it will not be an intentional trick. (*To witness*) Did Officer Sylvia pull me out of the car?

ST. AMAND: He did assist you from the cruiser, yes. (*Laughter in court*)

JUDGE: If there are any more demonstrations, I will clear the court. (*To witness*) You stated the defendant came out of the car swinging. Did you see him throw any punches?

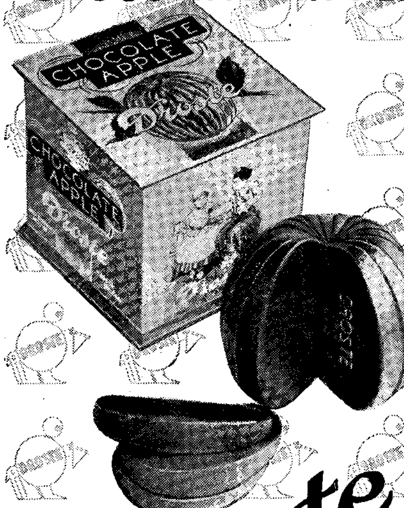
ST. AMAND: He was fighting and aggressive and—

JUDGE: *Did you see him throw a punch?*

ST. AMAND: I did not actually see him swing at Officer Sylvia.

SPECIAL OFFICER WILLIAM SYLVIA took the stand—small, stocky, sharp-featured, hard-eyed. As he was rehearsing the tale again—with that wooden-faced impassivity cops assume in court—the Judge interrupted. "You back there, you with the cigarette, come up here!"

A callow young beatnik, with whom I had drunk the evening before, made



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his way forward. One could fairly hear the Judge ticking, like a grenade. It was an awful moment.

"Were you *smoking*?"

"Yes. I'm sorry."

"Don't you know I could send you to jail for contempt? This is not a circus." To the officer of the court: "Officer, get this man out at once. Get him out of the building."

Officer Sylvia resumed. When he had finished, the Judge asked him, "Did he refuse to get out of the car?"

"No."

"Do you know how he got the cut on his head?"

"No."

Mailer had planned to cross-examine Officer Sylvia along psychiatric lines (he had written the questions out in advance on cards): "Are you aware that your nickname in this town is Cobra?" "Do you know what Cobra means? Webster defines it as 'any of several very venomous Asiatic and African snakes.'" He had also written down such questions for Police Chief Marshall as "Are you aware that people in the town believe they have a bullying and brutal police force?" and "Do you know that the nickname for the police here is the Gestapo?" Judge Hall, however, had made it clear almost immediately that such questions, interesting as they were, did not fall within his concept of cross-examination, and Mailer had forgone them. But he found it difficult to abstain from interpretation. As the trial progressed, the Judge gave the defendant-*cum*-attorney-for-the-defense an elementary course in courtroom procedure. "You have no right to comment on proceedings at this point," he kept repeating as Mailer kept inserting conclusions into his questions. "Mr. Mailer is not a lawyer," the Judge usually added. "We'll give him a little leeway."

It was the legal vs. the novelistic mind, and the latter always gave way politely—and temporarily. For, as a writer, Mailer had done a rough draft before he entered the courtroom, and, also as a writer, he couldn't bear to have this draft wholly wasted; he worked it in wherever he saw an opening, like a beaver instinctively using what comes to hand.

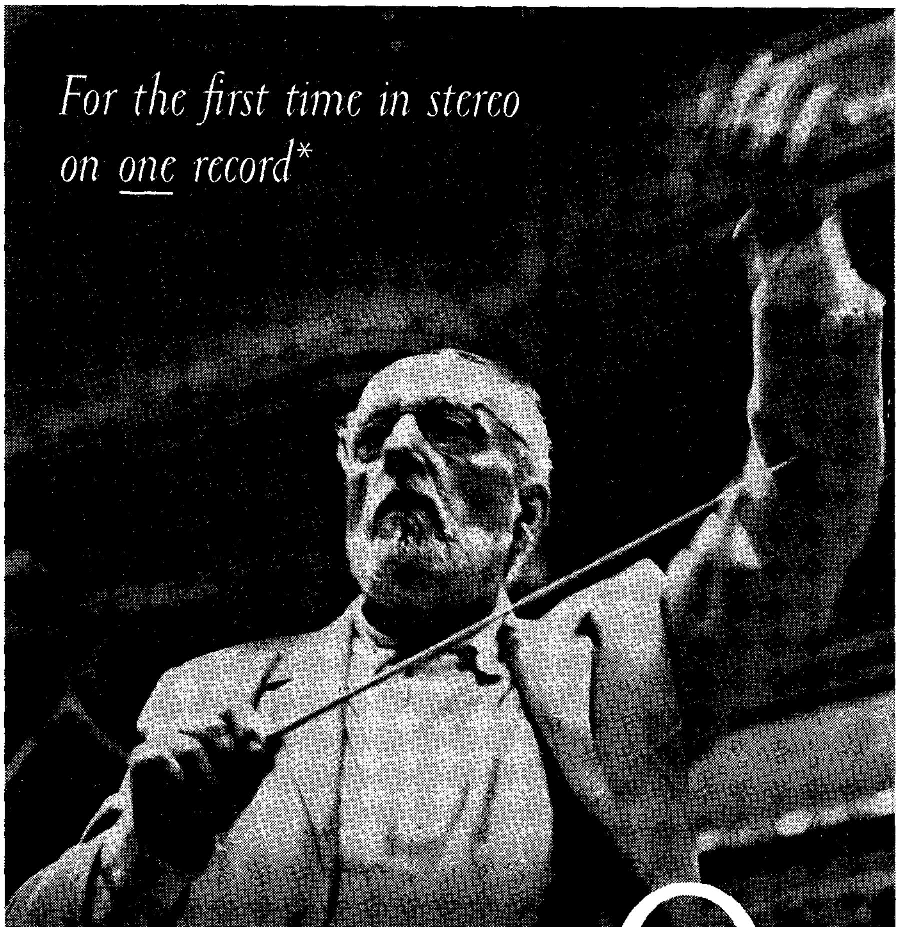
MAILER: You grabbed my arms from behind—isn't that right, Cobra?

CHIEF MARSHALL: Objection!

MAILER: I'm very sorry, Your Honor. I forgot. I should have said "Mr. Sylvia."

SYLVIA: Yes.

MAILER: Have you been in this sort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of trouble before, Mr. Sylvia? I mean, have there been violent episodes in your past?

JUDGE: We're not interested in the past. Only in what happened on June 9th.

MAILER: Yes, Your Honor. . . . Now, have you no fear of getting out of control?

SYLVIA: No.

MAILER: Do you ever have bad dreams about violence?

CHIEF MARSHALL: *I object!*

JUDGE: That is not a proper question, Mr. Mailer.

MAILER: I'm sorry, Your Honor.

THE prosecution rested, and the defense called Mrs. Mailer. She took the stand, looking very pretty and nervous and unprofessional—a pleasant contrast to the three wooden-faced cops.

"What did we have for supper on the night of June 9th?" Mailer asked her, sensing her nervousness.

"Steak," she replied triumphantly.

"And where did we go after supper?"

"To the Ace of Spades."

Mailer looked a little dashed. "But didn't we go somewhere else first? To a drive-in movie, for instance?"

"Oh, yes, that's right."

"And after that to the Atlantic House, where we had one drink each?"

"Yes, we did."

At this point, the Judge said something about leading the witness. Mailer said earnestly that he had no such intention, adding, "Your Honor, I think it is clear that the testimony of this witness has not been rehearsed."

Mrs. Mailer then fixed the number of further drinks that evening at one for her, three for him, all at the Ace of Spades, and identified them as gin-and-tonic.

"Could you be in error?" Mailer asked ruminatively. "Was it not possibly gin-and-tonic for you and gin-on-the-rocks for me?"

Mrs. Mailer agreed that it might indeed have been so.

After this display of candor, her testimony went along smoothly enough, except that the Judge had to ask her to address herself to him rather than to the spectators. The important point came at the end, when she testified that her husband had called out to her as the cops hustled him into the squad car, "You're my witness. I'm not resisting arrest."

MAILER now took the stand as his own witness and told, in more conversational terms, the story of the

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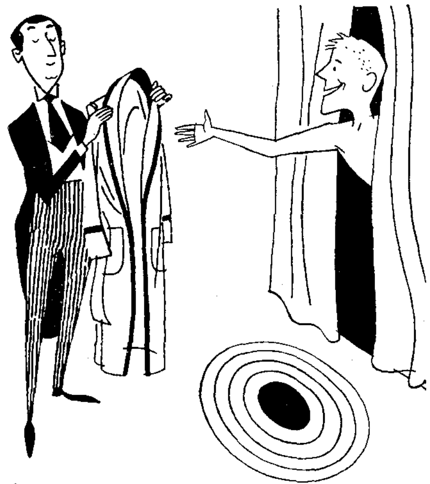

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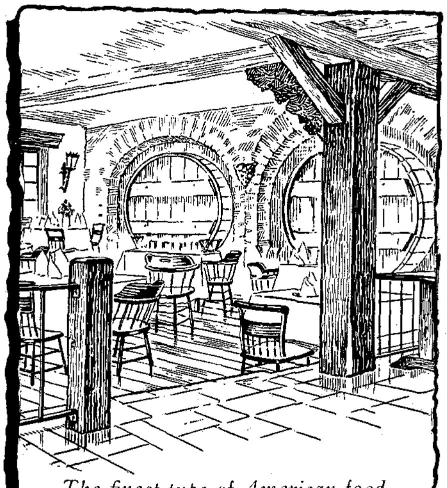

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"rumble" already given above in his letter. He admitted he had been "a little coy" with the cops, but explained that his aggressiveness was due to the lack of tobacco rather than the presence of alcohol. "I was a little high but I don't get drunk on four drinks," he said. "That night, I was irritable, because I had stopped smoking two days earlier. I was worried about myself when they began hitting me. I have a bad temper. They may have thought I was a dangerous beatnik; maybe they look at television too much." He admitted he had insulted Dr. Hiebert. "I'm very sorry about that—I was angry and he seemed to me at that moment just a representative of the police and I hated the police. I was cocky, sassy, arrogant—call it what you will. When they took me into the station, I was in a state of great anger and I remained angry for hours. Shaving my head I thought was the last indignity."

Chief Marshall's cross-examination centered on the call to Mr. Ball, which he cited as an example of drunken belligerence, and on Mailer's rudeness to the Doctor (ditto).

Mailer then called S. Osborn Ball to the stand, and asked him if he concluded from their phone talk that he (Mailer) was drunk.

After a rather dramatic pause, Mr. Ball replied, "You showed no signs of drunkenness."

"Was I offensive when I asked you if you were a lawyer?"

"No. You had dealt with me only as a tenant. And some have had doubts about the matter anyway."

"Mr. Ball, you have upstaged me forever," said Mailer.

"Don't put me into your next novel, that's all I ask," said Mr. Ball, getting in the last word. Mr. Ball just happened to be in court, on another case; neither side had thought of subpoenaing him. For all his advance preparation, Mailer forgot to include in his testimony that it took thirteen stitches to sew up the cut on his head. At the post-mortem after the trial, over a pitcher of beer at the Old Colony, someone asked why he hadn't mentioned this. "Didn't I?" he said. "Damn!" It was that kind of trial—sort of free-form. The police forgot to subpoena Dr. Hiebert—an omission that the Judge commented on unfavorably, as he also did on the failure of the police witnesses either to report or deny Mailer's parting words to his wife about not resisting arrest. Nothing-up-his-sleeve Mailer *had* asked Dr. Hiebert's wife, informally, the evening before, to ask him to appear, but he didn't.

Mailer summed up his case: "A mid-

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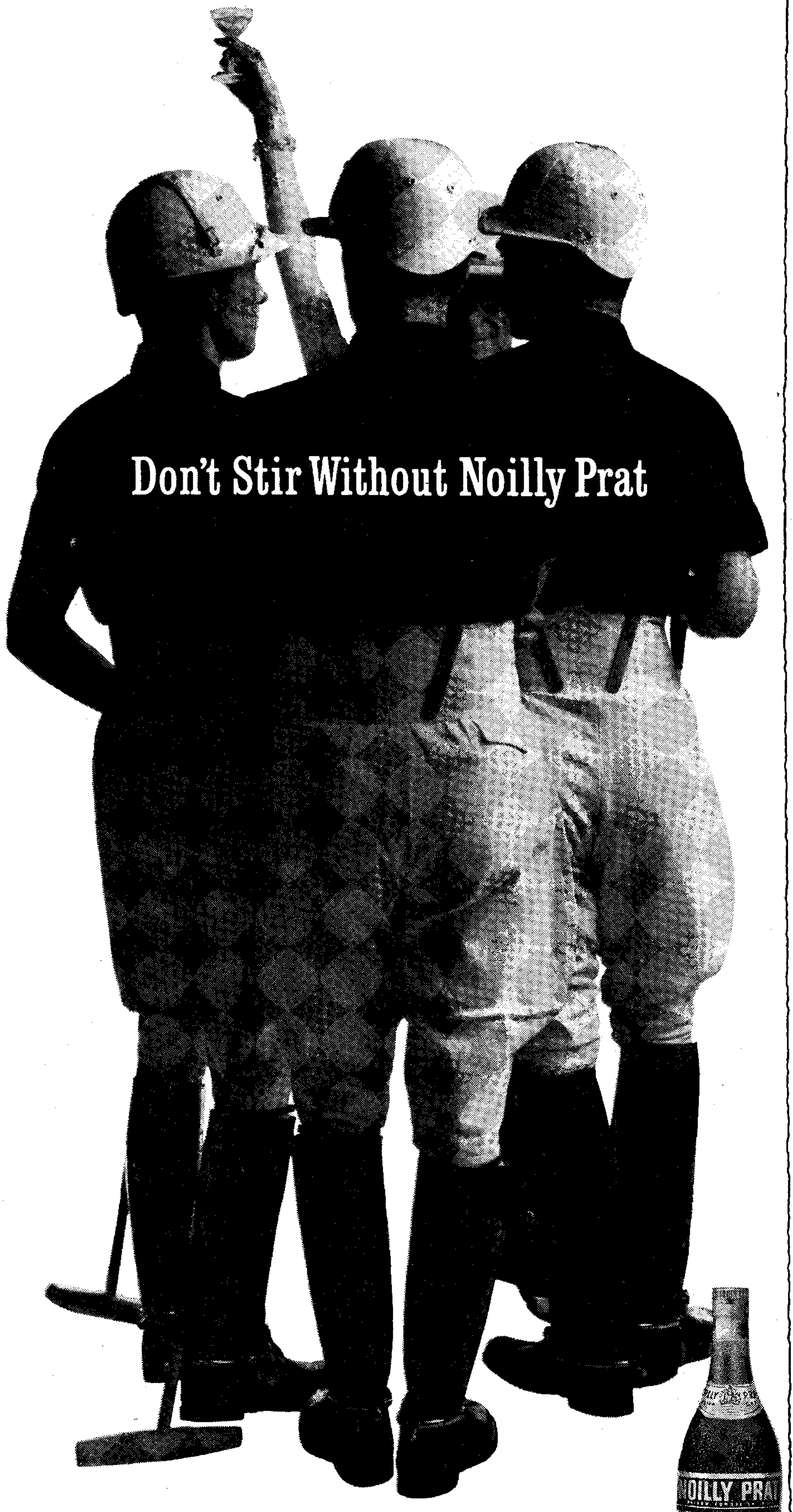
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dle ground may apply here. A man has had a few drinks and is sassy, but I question whether this is a cause for arrest. . . . I don't want to be flowery. I've been coming here ten times in the last fifteen years. I like Provincetown, and there's no reason it can't have a police force that is as good as the rest of the town."

Chief Marshall's summary was long on rhetoric: "This man is an intelligent man. He did not ask for a drunk test. Is this the action of a normal person? Is this the action of a sober man? He presents himself here clean as the new-fallen snow. But we have seen he behaved in a rude and disorderly manner."

JUDGE: Was it rude and disorderly to call your men hack-drivers?

CHIEF MARSHALL: Police officers are called many things.

JUDGE: Rightly so.

Chief Marshall then finished his speech.

After a short recess, Judge Hall pronounced his decision: "I'm going to say pretty frankly what I think about the whole business. I think the defendant had enough to drink to act like a fool. On the other hand"—turning to the cops—"you police officers were too thin-skinned. You have to deal with many summer visitors here, and you can't manhandle a man because he says something you don't like. If any more cases like this come before me, there will be some action taken. I say that in this case the police went too far. . . . I find you"—turning to Mailer—"guilty of drunkenness, and I advise you in future to show more respect to the police. The verdict will be filed"—i.e., no fine or sentence; nothing on the record, unless it happens again. "I find you not guilty of disorderly conduct."

Finis. Subdued jubilation in the audience. Reporters from the local and Boston papers leave to write their stories. Attorney Ball congratulates Mailer on his handling of the case. Much handshaking and backslapping, centering on Mailer, who finally slips off to retrieve his fifty dollars bail from the clerk of the court. General *détente,* and *exeunt omnes* with a sense of having been in on a bit of legal and literary history in the making.

—DWIGHT MACDONALD

•

Most of the book was published in *The New Yorker,* but Mr. Mehta writes with feeling as well as accuracy.—*The Saturday Review.*

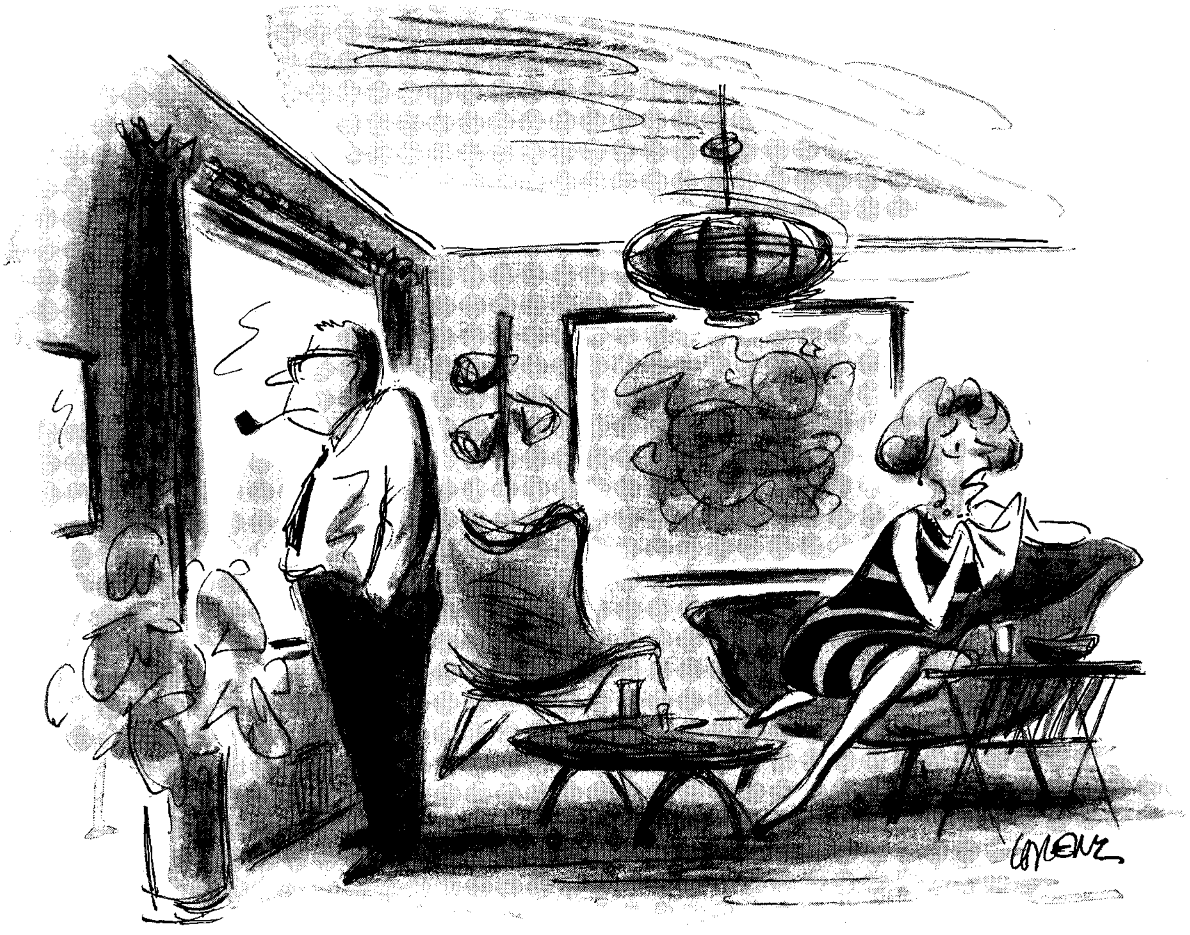
Got right past our guard.

LETTER FROM CHICAGO

SEPTEMBER 29

THE Nixon-Kennedy debates remain the principal topic of interest among the politicians and their professional critics who keep moving in and out of this most political of American cities, and they speak of them as though they were comparable in historic significance to Gutenberg's breakthrough in 1454. By and large, the politicians are more confident than the television people that the institution will endure and that it will bring about great changes in political life. It will last, they say, because from now on any candidate who wishes to avoid a confrontation is sure to be accused of cowardice by his opponent. They foresee a time, not far off, when seekers of even the lowliest offices will be sitting on Scandinavian chairs under studio lights and submitting to questioning by their rivals or by third persons. Once the most suitable form—or "format," to use a word that has come to politics via communications—has been found, nominating a candidate will be largely a matter of finding a man who can handle it well. Television has already influenced the nominating process by putting a heavier emphasis than ever on physical appearance (a few years back, a man who very much wanted to be governor of New York and seemed as well qualified for the job as anyone else was rejected by his party's leaders because he was bald and fat and looked like a cartoonist's version of the greedy politician), and from now on, it is said, office seekers will be looked over thoroughly from a panel-show producer's point of view. Do they betray anxiety? Can they control their hands and their eyes while sitting still? Are they mnemonically strong? Do they perspire? Are they cursed with a primarily defensive nature? Can they be gracious when asked insulting questions? And so on. It is also said that in Presidential politics the debate will be the death of local and regional issues. With a nationwide audience of tens of millions, no candidate in his senses will waste time on issues that are understood or appreciated in only one part of the country. And with an opponent ready to catch him in any duplicity, he will hesitate even when off television to seek votes in one region with devices that could, if brought before the whole country, lose him votes in others.

In a sense, of course, this revolution—if that's what it is—is long overdue. This is the third Presidential campaign to be conducted mainly by means of television, just as it is the third in which airplanes have replaced trains as the principal means of travel. The adversaries of 1948—President Truman and Governor Dewey—were the last to travel mainly by rail and to address live audiences and newspaper readers rather than cameras. In that year, what the public-relations people have taught the politicians to call "maximum exposure" still meant being seen on the ground and in the flesh. In 1952, General Eisenhower and Governor Stevenson made most of their trips by plane, and had the planes fly them to cities with television facilities, and 1956 was a playback of 1952. In 1956, there was a good deal of agitation for face-to-face encounters on television, but the President would have no part of the idea, and some observers doubt whether the new system can be made to work when one of the candidates is the President of the United States. In 1960, both men are what the playwright-politician Gore Vidal calls "outcumbents," and the candidate who has been having quite a bit to say about what he considers the military and diplomatic weakness of the country has been able to safely ignore the candidate who has been saying that such talk, especially with Nikita Khrushchev and Fidel Castro in New York, is unpatriotic. It might be a very different situation if the incumbent were campaigning. It is difficult, moreover, to imagine a President—who would doubtless have several times stood on the dignity of his office and refused to discuss his actions or his views with Congressional committees—being called upon to appear before the whole country and answer questions put to him by a candidate who might very well hold no public trust at all. And, as Walter Lippmann pointed out



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this morning, there would be something very odd indeed in the spectacle of a President's being told by a clock-holding moderator that he had three minutes and twenty seconds, and not one second more, in which to sum up. Still, the feeling here is that the televised debate is a technique that simply has to be used, and that politicians in or out of office will simply have to adapt themselves to it. Some means will be found to make it possible for Presidents to participate. Technology will no longer be denied.

Whether or not the first Kennedy-Nixon debate was the shattering event that almost everyone believed it would be, the principals, in the day they spent here before facing each other in the converted riding academy on North McClurg Court, approached the experience with awe and in somewhat the state of mind one would expect to find in the first astronauts. This was discovered by reporters who had come to town for the event and who, knowing they would see nothing of the debate itself that would not be seen by most of their readers, sought to be of service by finding out how the two men and their advisers were preparing for it. It was more or less assumed that there would be frantic cerebral and histrionic activity in each of the camps. The candidates would be gulping down great draughts of facts and figures; they and their advisers would be fashioning Reproofs Valiant, Retorts Courteous, Quips Modest, Counterchecks Quarrelsome—perhaps even, for strictly emergency purposes, a few Lies Circumstantial or Direct—and they would certainly be worrying over problems of costuming and cosmetics. There may have been some of this—the candidates themselves have not borne witness on those last hours—but the main job of the managers and trainers, the reporters learned, was in the field of physical and mental therapy. They were trying to quiet the nerves of these two aspirants to the leadership of a beleaguered free world—trying to persuade them to forget facts and figures and get some sleep. A couple of hours before zero hour, a young man who is reputed to have an I.Q. two points higher than Einstein's and who had been retained by Senator Kennedy to generate world-saving ideas and couch them in idiomatic English emerged from the Senator's suite at the Ambassador East to talk for a few uneasy moments with some insistent journalists. "What's going on in there?" he was asked. "What sort of coaching are you giving him? Do you care to make any comment on widespread reports

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that he is being given pep pills?" "We are trying to persuade him to nap," the adviser said. "We're not coaching him at all. He is very jumpy, and we're afraid he'll go on exhausted. I deny categorically the opposition's vicious statements about his being given pep pills. Talk about coals to Newcastle! We *are* interested in Sominex, though. Do you know if it works?" Inquiries at the Pick-Congress, where the Vice-President had his headquarters, yielded very similar answers. Neither man had had a hard day—at least as days go in the lives of campaigners. Each candidate had made an appearance—the Vice-President in the late morning, Senator Kennedy in the early afternoon—before a convention of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, but neither had had any other public engagements since the preceding evening. Yet both had the wobbles. Standing up to Nikita Khrushchev in Moscow had produced no jitters in the Vice-President, but the prospect of standing up to the junior Senator from Massachusetts on the Near North Side unsettled him terribly. The truth is that both candidates were afraid, and those television and theatre critics who pointed out in the newspapers that there was a gas-chamber atmosphere about the whole production struck at the heart of the matter. Mr. Nixon seems to have felt it so strongly that he became temporarily accident-prone. Getting out of his car to greet a one-hundred-and-thirty-two-foot lineup of C.B.S. vice-presidents, he bumped his knee (the good one) against the door; a few minutes later, he bumped his head—soon, perhaps, to be one of our essential resources—on a beam.

The polls and surveys conducted in the past few days seem to show that the majority of listeners feel that Senator Kennedy came out a bit ahead of Mr. Nixon in their first meeting. This was the result expected by most politicians, including those currently attached to the staffs of the candidates. For one thing, Mr. Nixon had no choice but to be defensive. The views he is committed to are to the right of Mr. Kennedy's—just slightly to the right, to be sure, but enough so to make him appear the opponent of improvement and worthy undertakings. The man who argues that things could be better always has an easier time of it, polemically, than the man who argues that they are good enough, and Mr. Nixon has to defend not only his own more conservative policies but the President's policies and the President's performance as well. His political style, moreover, is not very

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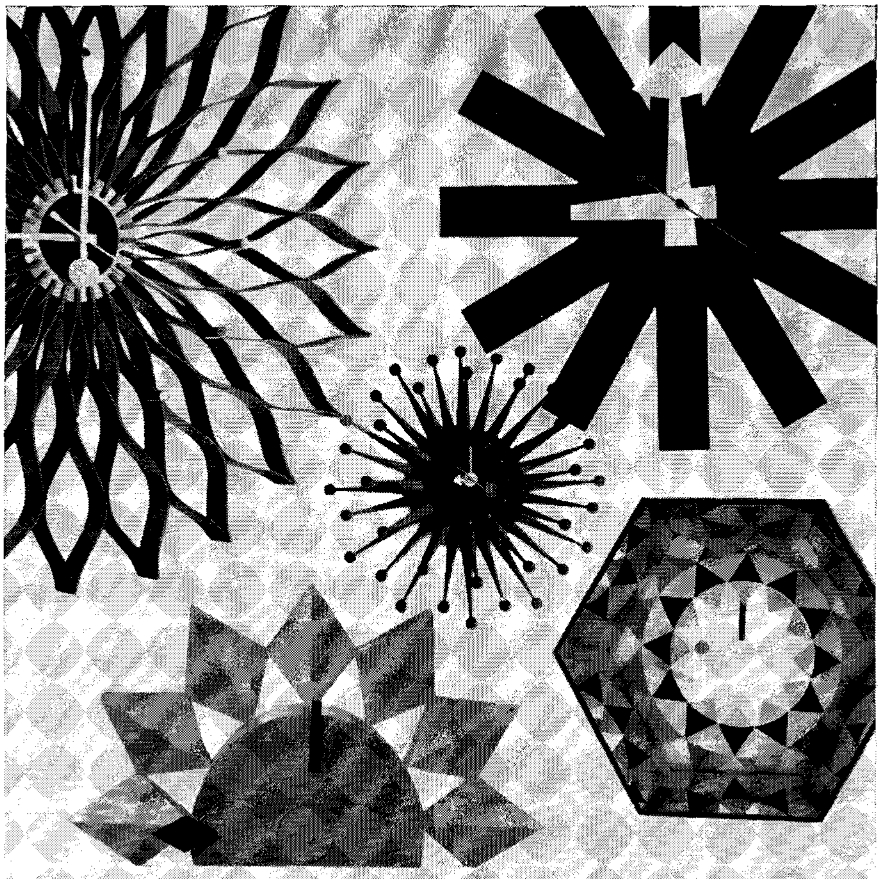

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well suited to either the debate or the press conference. When he has the floor to himself, and plenty of time at his disposal, he can be uncommonly effective, but briskness and incisiveness are not among his assets. He needs time for collecting and ordering his thoughts, and more time for expressing them. He is easily tempted into digression. He and Senator Kennedy covered the same ground in their speeches before the carpenters' convention on Monday; Senator Kennedy got over it in fifteen minutes, but it took the Vice-President, who was constantly being reminded of his early days in Yorba Linda or of something Khrushchev said to him in Moscow, a little over thirty-five. Senator Kennedy, for his part, is sometimes brisk to the point of abruptness. His live audiences occasionally feel that he has been rude and slighting; more than once, a crowd has waited for some time to greet him and hear him and has been rewarded for its pains with a mere five minutes of talk. No Nixon audience has ever felt shortchanged. But Senator Kennedy's style can serve him well if the race is one that goes to the swift. He is vastly more of an intellectual than even most of his backers realize, and he delights in argument for the sake of argument. The fear that some of his advisers have had is that his gifts as a controversialist may serve him too well—that if he tries to roll up an overwhelming number of points against the Vice-President he may thereby win for him. Mr. Nixon has the sympathy of all those who have known defeat at the hands of fast talkers or have seen the glib make the worse cause appear the better. Some of the Senator's supporters still believe that the man who wins the series of debates may very well lose votes in the process, and that the smart campaigner might do well, under certain circumstances, to take what in another form of combat is known as a dive. "I'm not sure the people want a man who's fast on his feet," one Democrat here said shortly before the debate. "They suspect he may be a smart-aleck—not really sound or solid. I've never heard of a candidate being disliked because he was ponderous. Both Nixon and Kennedy could chop Eisenhower to bits in a debate, and I'll bet that if they did, the President's rating in the polls would go up another ten points." Democrats of this persuasion are hoping that their candidate will not make a clean sweep of the series. In general, though, the Democrats were pleased by the way things went last Monday evening. Pierre Salinger, the Senator's press secretary, said as he left

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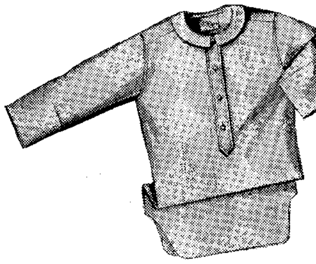

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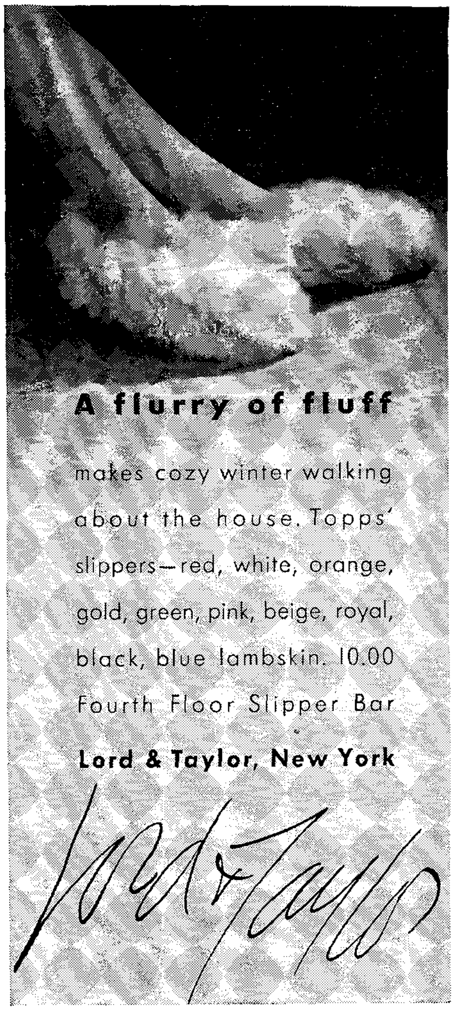

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the C.B.S. studios that it would be fine with him if the networks staged a debate every night. Fortunately, both the networks and the Republicans can be counted on to see to it that nothing comes of Mr. Salinger's appalling vision.

TELEVISION and the airplane have changed campaigning in many ways, and it is probable that full advantage will someday be taken of them to shorten the whole process of choosing a President. The present schedule of spring primaries, summer nominating conventions, and frantic full-time campaigning from Labor Day through early November makes very little sense from the point of view of anyone except those who find some aesthetic pleasure in the spectacle itself. It might never be possible in this country—and it probably would not be desirable—to get the whole business out of the way with the breathtaking speed of the British, who have been known to do it all in a couple of weeks, but it might be quite easily accomplished in six or eight weeks. The case for retaining the present system is that the extensive travel it requires broadens the outlook of the candidates and that the sight of a future President, or the mere knowledge that he is somewhere in the neighborhood, reduces the individual citizen's sense of remoteness from government. It is doubtful whether the educational value of travel, particularly when most of it is done at an altitude of four or five miles, compensates for the stresses that prolonged campaigning puts on the sanity and health of the candidates. As for the electorate's sense of remoteness, it may be relieved more effectively by seeing the candidates, warts and all, on a good-sized television screen than by peering at them over the heads of a crowd at an airport or in a courthouse square. In any case, plenty of travel can be worked into a few weeks, now that it is possible to cross the continent between lunch and dinner.

Despite jets and television, however, the 1960 campaign is running on an 1860 schedule, and although "maximum exposure"—indeed, almost complete exposure—may be obtained in a few television appearances, the time between these appearances must be filled in the classic ways. By far the greater part of each candidate's time goes into cultivating the favor of groups that are infinitesimal parts of the electorate. Both men are speaking several times a day; making themselves and their prestige available to candidates for local offices; enduring endless chicken-and-green-pea lunches, with endless introductions

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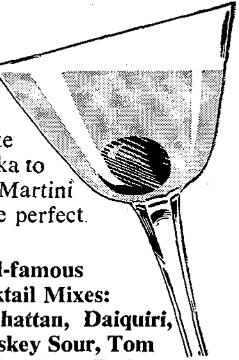
and endless oratory by their hosts; building morale in ladies' auxiliaries by saying they can see at a glance how splendid morale already is; and taking the most roundabout routes to the civic auditoriums, so that they can wave at the largest number of curbside watchers. If these ancient rites are obsolete, they retain a certain charm, and they yield some insights into the candidates and their different methods. There is no doubt in any observer's mind that the Vice-President is far in the lead when it comes to using the devices of traditional campaigning. The experience he has had as Vice-President may or may not make him a worthy successor to Mr. Eisenhower, but the experience he has had in national campaigns—more than anyone since Franklin Roosevelt—has made him a hard man to beat in a courthouse square. Even without experience, he would be a hard man to beat, for if his style is not the best for monitored debates, it is ideal for the traditional political rally. Senator Kennedy can now and then set fire to an audience, and some ralliers apparently find it impossible to keep their hands off him, but the art of mass flattery seems completely beyond him, and he cannot bring himself to say the sort of thing that is supposed to give a crowd a sense of close identification with the candidate. Mr. Nixon on the stump is a storehouse of anecdotes and homely phrases. He talks about Mrs. Nixon and their life together, about his boyhood and his parents, about the exciting life a Vice-President leads, about funny things that happened to him on the way to the meeting, and—on this he never misses—about the time he spent with that devilish and devilishly clever Khrushchev. He can speak of a candidate for the state senate whom he met only five minutes earlier as though the man were a lifelong chum. The audiences devour it all. Senator Kennedy has lately taken to making an occasional mention of the fact that he has a home and a wife who is having a child, but he will go no further, and he would not go even that far until members of his staff, who had talked themselves hoarse imploring him not to plunge directly into political discourse before audiences that mainly wanted to take his measure as a human being, forced him to listen to some friendly newspapermen who endorsed the staff's proposals.

Addressing a farm audience in this part of the country a couple of weeks ago, Mr. Nixon said, "Every word that I read will be words that I have written and that have not been written for



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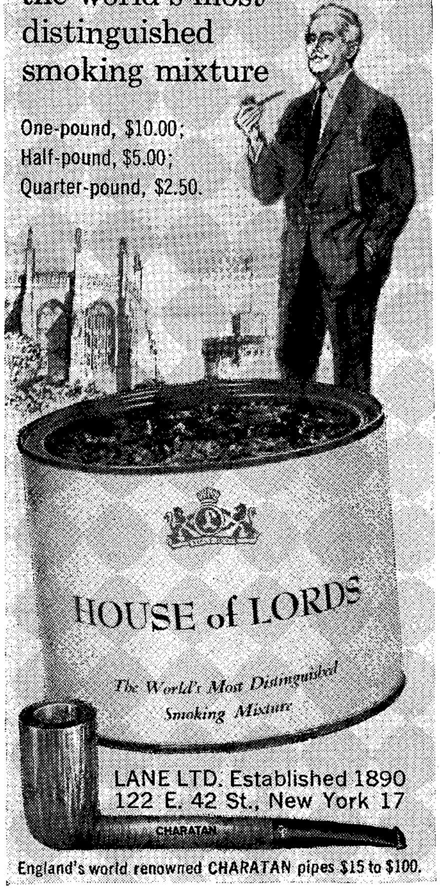

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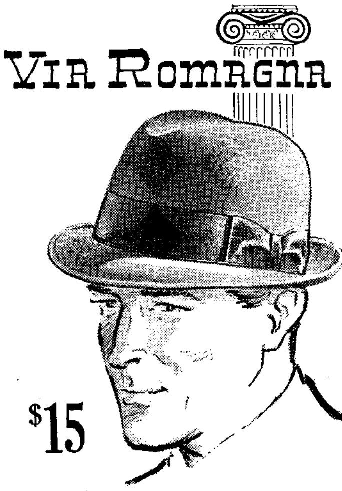

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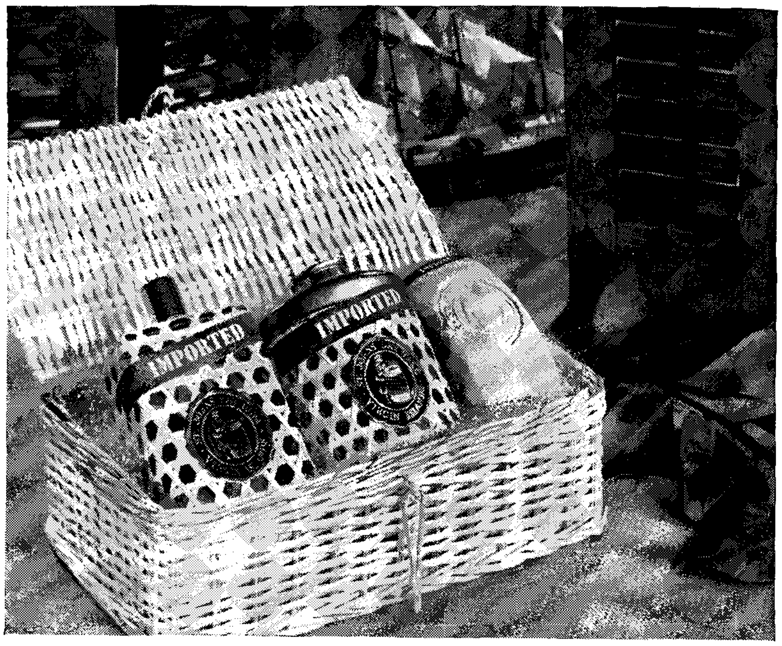
me. . . . Everything that I say will be the result of what I have learned by my own studies." He was seeking whatever advantages there are in being known as a do-it-yourself politician. One imagines that there are advantages but that they are rather slight. Nevertheless, it is a fact that the Vice-President does not employ speechwriters—not on a regular basis, anyway—and that Senator Kennedy, the winner of the Pulitzer Prize for biography in 1957, always has enough of them to fill an airport limousine. And if there is something a trifle disingenuous, as well as alarming, in the Vice-President's boast that he has educated himself without teachers, it is a fact that while Senator Kennedy is receiving the counsel of a glittering array of academicians, headed up by the celebrated Cambridge firm of Schlesinger & Galbraith, the Vice-President is relying very little on scholars. He has been getting some help from the distinguished Columbia economist Dr. Arthur F. Burns, a former chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, and he has as a travelling companion James R. Shepley, the *Time-Life* man who created a stir a few years ago by reporting a conversation with John Foster Dulles in which the late Secretary of State spoke of the diplomatic victories that had been achieved by going to the "brink of war." Mr. Shepley may now and then turn out a speech (the one Mr. Nixon piped in from Boston to a fund-raising dinner at the Conrad Hilton here this evening is said to bear distinct marks of Mr. Shepley's expert carpentry), but as a rule the Vice-President's language is entirely his own, and most of it has been his own for a long time. The fact is that he is partial to modular construction. He works from what his staff members call "the basic speech," which is a collection of what he regards as his best statements on various matters he considers to be at issue in this campaign—disarmament, medical care for the aged, his experience, agricultural policy, federal aid to education, Senator Kennedy's inexperience, peaceful coexistence, internal security, and so on down the line. Preparing a speech is largely a matter of assembling the right blocks, and he can do this in almost no time, for he has long since committed very nearly all of the basic speech to memory.

Senator Kennedy's squad of writers works under the direction of his executive assistant, Theodore Sorensen, and since the start of his campaign it has produced four or five highly profes-



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sional pieces that the candidate has very gratefully delivered. Most of the time, though—and increasingly as the campaign goes on—the Senator is following the Vice-President's lead and drawing on his bank of old material. His writers are a frustrated lot. One of them said here this week that the percentage of their work that ends up in the files—files that are unlikely ever to be opened—is well over ninety-five, and that most of what Senator Kennedy is now telling the country has been composed either by the candidate or by his alter ego, Mr. Sorensen. (The most conspicuous example of his non-use of material was his Los Angeles acceptance speech in July. At his request, eleven writers, all of them men of large and well-earned reputation, prepared full drafts, and some fifteen more submitted memoranda. It was all discarded, and the speech that was delivered in the Sports Arena was the work of the Senator and Mr. Sorensen. Parts of it had been used as far back as last January.) There may be some consolation in this trend away from ghostwriters for those who have been troubled by the whole idea and who deplore the fabricated personality. There is not much consolation in it for those whom circumstances compel to follow a Presidential campaign from beginning to end and who, day after day, must listen to what they have very nearly committed to memory themselves.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

MORNING NOTEBOOK

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at the wake of water.

Flambeaux of sumac
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Hills condescend
to reclaim their shadows.

Fences announce
the arrival of farms.

A crow defects
to evergreen safety.

From a dead roof
some smoke aspires.

—EDWARD KESSLER

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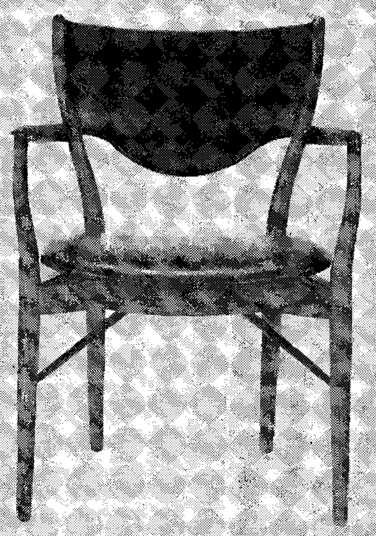

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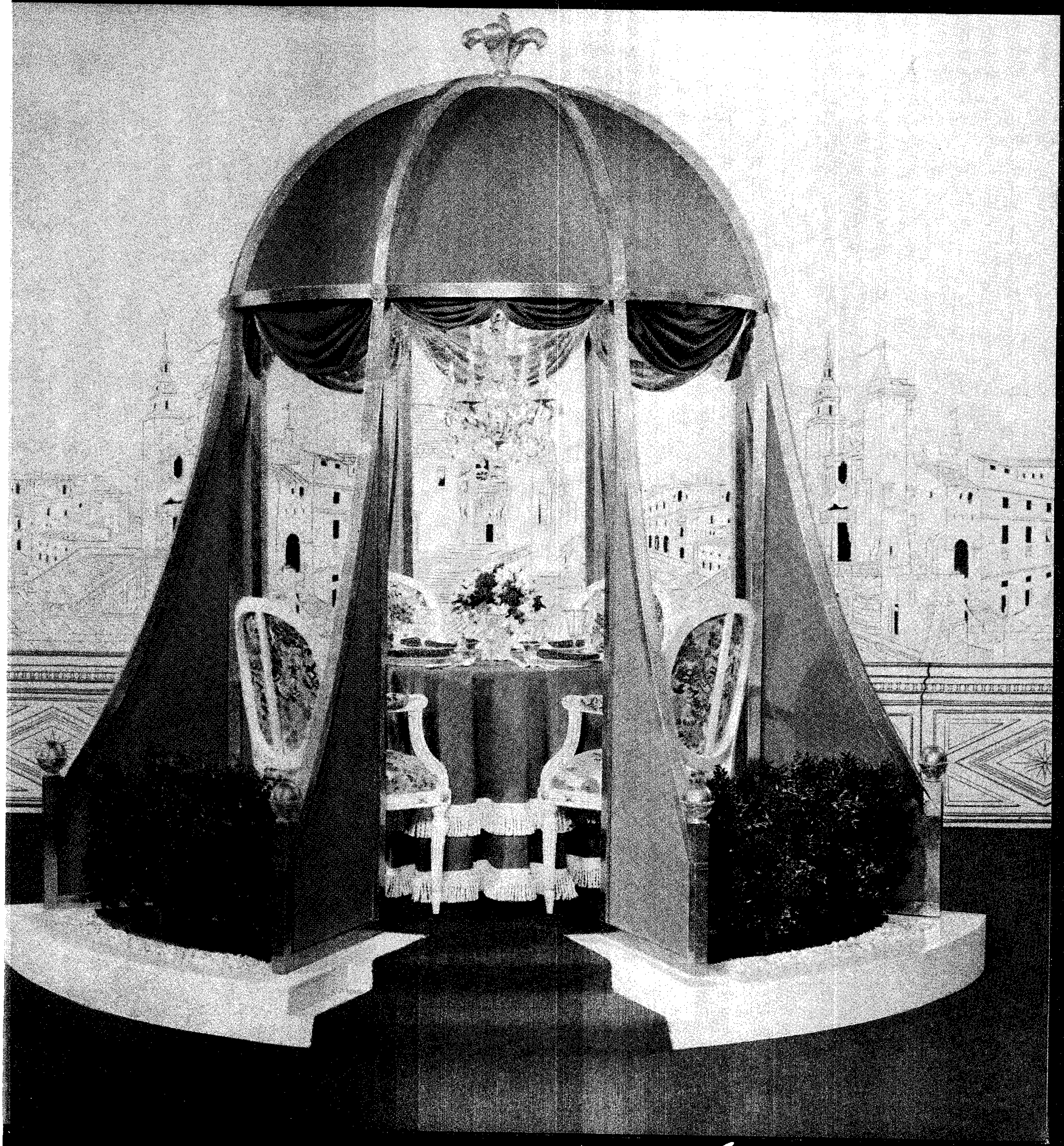

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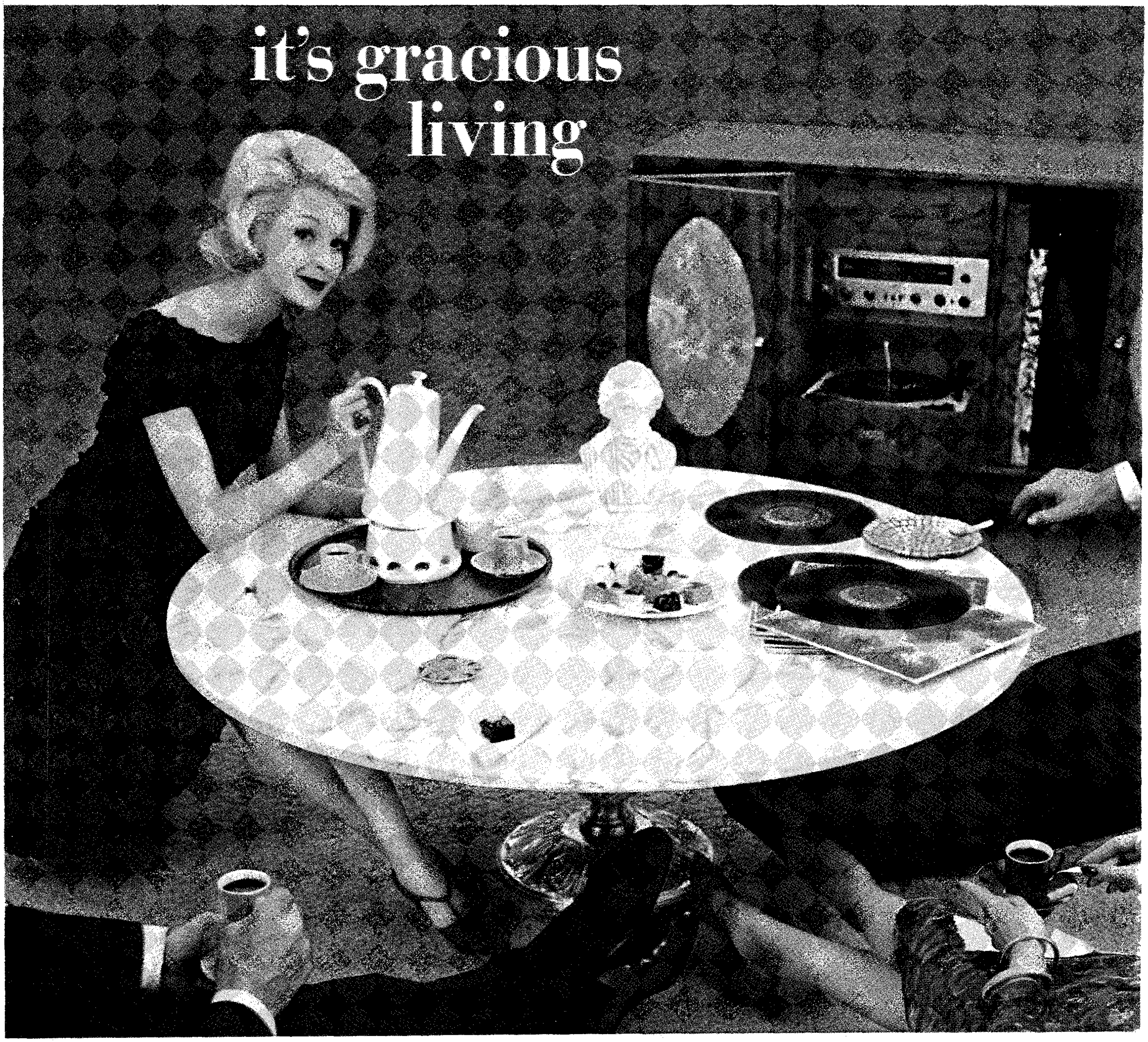

it's gracious living

Medaglia d'Oro Espresso is the correct after-dinner coffee

S. A. Schonbrunn & Co., Inc., Palisades Park, N. J.—Est. 1899

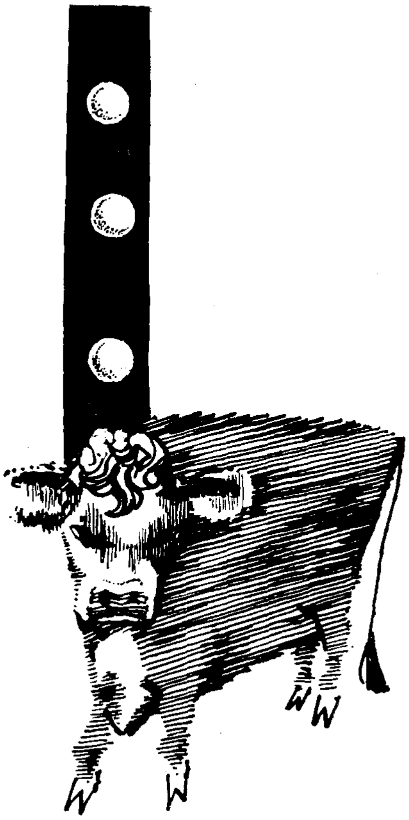
NOTES FOR A GAZETTEER

XIX—PORTLAND, ME.

ALT., 61. Pop., 77,634. When it comes to poets, Portland is for Henry Wadsworth Longfellow all the way. When someone in Portland refers to a poet, he is referring to The Poet, and that poet is Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. When someone tells a stranger that the hotel he is looking for is "just barely a block down Congress Street from The Poet," he means that the hotel is within sight of a seated statue of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, who, bearded and benign and solidly established in a large stone chair, surveys Congress Street from Longfellow Square. Even before a Portland child has learned to walk, he is taught that Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born on February 27, 1807. In Portland. Once he has learned to walk, he is walked, first thing, past The Poet's house—the Wadsworth-Longfellow House, on Congress Street, where The Poet lived from boyhood through young manhood, and to which he frequently returned. Once the toddler has learned to talk, he talks Longfellow. All over Portland, there are talking toddlers who, having peered out the window and seen rain, turn and say, "The day is cold, and dark, and dreary; it rains, and the wind is never weary." After supper, when the toddler yawns and rubs his sleepy eyes, he says, "Between the dark and the daylight, when the night is beginning to lower, comes a pause in the day's occupations, that is known as the Children's Hour." And as the toddler grows up and becomes a man and slips, all unknowing, into old age, he takes solace in observing, "Often I think of the beautiful town that is seated by the sea; often in thought go up and down the pleasant streets of that dear old town, and my youth comes back to me."

At about the time a Portland child is beginning to learn his Longfellow, he is being taught several other matters, too. He is told, for example, that there are three hundred and sixty-five islands scattered through the blue water of Portland's Casco Bay, and that owing to their felicitous number they are known as the Calendar Islands. Nothing could be simpler. Nothing could be less accurate, either (the number is in fact two hundred and twenty-two), but nobody is inclined to quarrel. Some students of Portland claim that a child is taught how to eat a Maine lobster even before he learns to say "The day is cold, and dark, and dreary . . ." Actually, as might be expected, the routine varies from family to family. Regardless of the tender age at which the skill is acquired, there are few more stirring sights along the Eastern seaboard than that of a small Portland product tearing into a lobster. The Portland child is not led gradually to the problem by being first served lobster in the form of, say, lobster salad; the child is presented to the lobster—or, rather, the lobster to the child—whole and entire. A few brief instructions from the parents and the child is on his own. Something deep within him forbids hesitation or a false move. The claws are twisted off with authority. Each claw is cracked with a nutcracker, pliers, a hammer, a knife, a rattle, a rock, or whatever hard object happens to be lying around the nursery. There is probably no need to detail the further steps: the separation of the tailpiece from the body; the separation of the flippers from the tailpiece; the pushing out—with fingers or fork—of the big piece of meat; the unhinging of the back from the rest of the body. No toy of the "modern" variety, designed to teach a child manipulative skill or satisfy his craving for hammering the hell out of things, is in a class with the lobster.

PORTLAND people are steadied by the vistas that play a large part in their lives—vistas of sea and sky, of islands in the bay, of coves, of lighthouses outlined against craggy rocks. They walk along the Eastern Promenade (pronounced promenard) to see the vista of Casco Bay, or they walk along the Western Promenade (pronounced promenard) to see the vista stretching out, on clear days, to the White Mountains, in New Hampshire. Looking at the White Mountains, they tend to forget the pollution of the clam beds and the slow population growth of the city. Along the Eastern Promenade (pronounced), real-estate values have dropped. There are still many expensive homes along the Western Promenade, but large numbers of the wealthy have moved south to the town of Cape Elizabeth, or else north to Falmouth Foreside. No matter where Portlanders live, though, they still have vistas. They still have their pride in Portland, too. "We have the finest drinkin' water in the entire world, bar none," a Portland man said not long ago. "Our drinkin'



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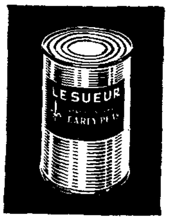
We urge you to grace your table with Le Sueur Brand peas soon. The tiny, very tender ones.



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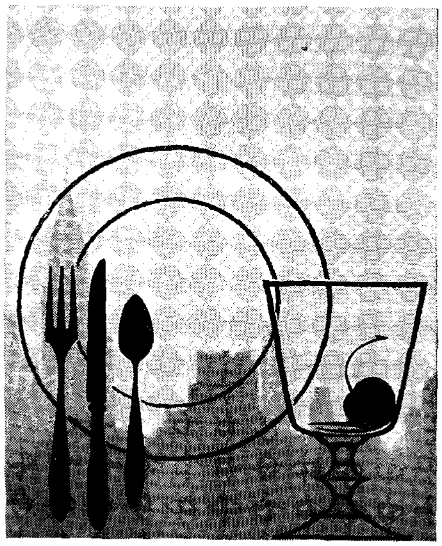

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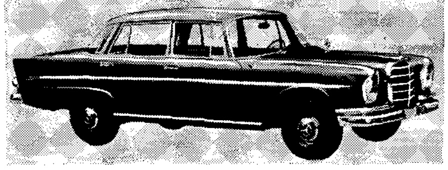

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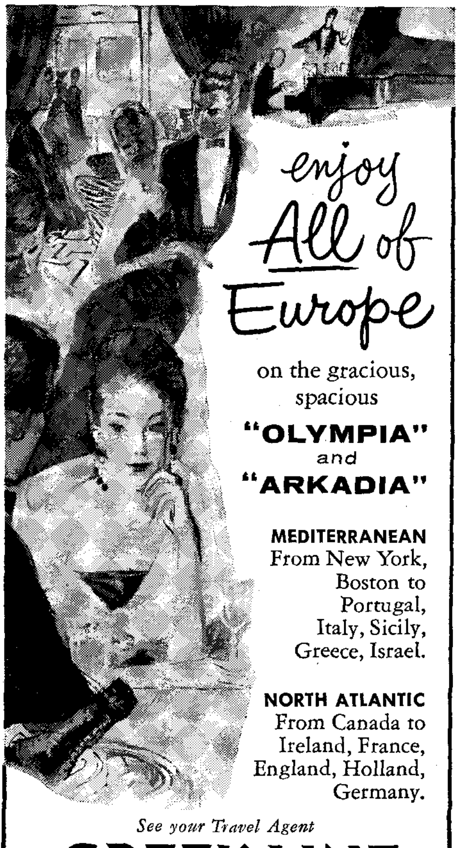
water comes from Lake Sebago, and I will repeat what I just said about the drinkin' water. It is the finest drinkin' water in the entire world, bar none." The Portland Head Light, at Cape Elizabeth, has the reputation of being the most photographed lighthouse in the entire world, bar none. On a fine summer day, hordes of people are clotted over the rocks near the lighthouse, all with cameras. Many a tourist has returned home and developed his pictures and discovered that he has no photograph of the lighthouse but merely a photograph of a man standing in front of him taking a picture of the lighthouse.

Portland Harbor is today a great oil port, the point of origin of a huge pipeline transmitting crude oil to Montreal. Long tankers are constantly slipping in and out of Portland Harbor, bringing oil from Venezuela and other places, and although their cargo may be crude, the methods of handling it are not. They are scientific, and they do not give rise to the kind of old-fashioned fish talk to be heard on the old piers, where as many as thirty thousand lobsters may be crawling around in lobster pounds, or where dozens of enormous haddock are split and smoked over hardwood sawdust. The people who deal in fish around Portland think highly of the ocean, of what's in it, and of what's above it. They also think highly of The Poet.

"The ocean always changes, it's never the same," a Portland fish merchant said recently. "I looked out my window this morning and saw seven hundred and sixteen gulls. The herring had come in, and the seven hundred and sixteen gulls with them. Don't know why, but it brought back the lines by The Poet:

"I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered o'er the tide!
And the dead captains as they lay
In their graves o'erlooking the tranquil bay
Where they in battle died.

"There is nothing in the world like fish. It's the glory of God. And the ocean! Men become like boys when they hit the sea. Men still go out when they shouldn't. And you still can't walk home! Lots of things *have* changed, of course. The efficiency is up, you might say, but the catch is down, and the boats go farther and farther along the Grand Banks as the catch gets smaller. But the whole country eats fish now! You can thank refrigeration and the exposure of the Middle Western G.I. during the war. Poor fellows, all they used to eat was perch fillets—redfish—and then they got exposed to hake and



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haddock and sole, and they haven't been the same since."

Among Portland's favorite vistas is the red-and-white plant of the Burnham & Morrill Co., jutting from a small peninsula between Casco Bay and the Back Cove, and clearly visible from the Eastern Promenade. Like Portland Head and the poetry of The Poet, the B. & M. plant is something a man in Portland can hold on to. B. & M. makes a great many products, but its most celebrated is oven-baked beans, sold in both jars and cans. Visitors to Portland are astounded to learn that the B. & M. people still bake their beans in ovens—fifty-six red brick ovens, in five rows. Portlanders take it for granted. There is still a Morrill in Burnham & Morrill, and it would never occur to him not to bake oven-baked beans in an oven. The beans are baked for eight hours, with pork and brown sugar, and when the jar or the can is opened in Kansas, for instance, they are as good as they are in Maine. Portlanders may shake their heads when they are walking along State Street—the elegant mansions are run down, and have either been turned into rooming houses or become doctors' offices—or they may stop a moment and ponder the passing of time as they glance at the big street clock in front of the Hay & Peabody funeral parlor, on Congress Street, but then they think of all of those beans baking in all those ovens up at B. & M. and they walk on hungry and secure.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

EDITOR'S NOTE: The article on TV education was written by Mrs. SoRelle, who has this to say: "It has been many years since the birch rod was considered a useful educational tool, and a rap on the knuckles with a ruler is no longer employed as an aid to memory. To spend hours after school writing a certain fact over and over may engrave it indelibly on the memory, but implants nothing else. I will never forget that the battle of Hastings was fought in 1866, but it took a number of years to overcome the loathing for history that was bred in memorizing that fact."—*Lakeville (Conn.) Journal.*

Have you *tried* to forget?

•

A Siberian curiosity known as a Pallas' cat was on view at the Bronx Zoo yesterday.

It is the size of a large tomcat, but it will attack a man and, if it were black instead of gray, would probably look best riding on a witch's broomstick.

—*The Times.*

The cat is gray, and we're in no mood for caprice.

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BOOKS

From Erewhon to Nowhere

A LITTLE while ago, Dr. Norbert Wiener warned us all against being victimized by the uncanny cybernetic monsters he himself has done so much to breed. He recalled Goethe's fable of the Sorcerer's Apprentice, who used his master's abracadabra for getting the buckets to fill themselves with water and the brooms to clean up his place for him but forgot the word that would make them stop. The clever lad was almost drowned in the ensuing flood. One of the singular facts of our present technology and its derivative economy of abundance is that no one seems to know how to keep it running without making it go faster and faster and spreading its activities ever wider. "You can't turn the hands of the clock back," people say, if anyone proposes to reduce the speed or limit the province of the machine. But who could tell time if he had a clock whose hands couldn't be turned back or otherwise regulated? If we are going in for automation, our system should at least have the elementary virtues of a clock: that it can be stopped and started, hastened and retarded, at will. Likewise, it should have another special virtue of the clock; namely, that its speed can be regulated with reference to a standard independent of the machine itself—with the clock, the rotation of the earth, and with other machines, the whole nature of man, not just that part of him addicted to mechanization.

Perhaps one of the reasons the machine has ridden roughshod over so many areas of our life is that we have treated it as if it were a creature far outside the sphere of historical experience and not subject to ordinary moral or political judgment—so far outside that only engineers, inventors, and scientists could pass on its methods or aims. Mechanical invention, Francis Bacon long ago told us, would do more to improve the human condition than any of the other arts. By now, most of the world takes this assumption for granted, and in America an ever larger part of the community spends its whole life trying to absorb the insensate productivity of the machine. Our motor-clogged streets and our spreading car parks tell one part of this story. From the prevailing point of view, an expanding technology is as vital to the cultural process as the Christian Church was in the Middle Ages; to refuse its ministrations, to question its dogmas, to block its zealous missions to the heathen is to commit the sin of heresy and put oneself outside the pale of civilization. The late William Fielding Ogburn, the Chicago sociologist, even coined the term "cultural lag" to indicate the failure of politics, morals, and religion to keep pace with the changes wrought by technology. Yet A. J. Toynbee has mustered considerable historical evidence to show that beyond a certain point technical progress may indicate human arrest, if not retrogression. If this is so, why should we go on blithely multiplying machines, increasing their power and scope, submitting to the conditions they lay down for *their* welfare, not necessarily ours? Where does man come in?

Perhaps it is time to challenge some seemingly unshakable axioms—to weigh the value of unqualified quantification and omnipotent power, and to investigate the drives and compulsions that have led to our overcommitment to technology. Why have we treated it as the source of a new kind of life, independent of human purposes? When Henry Ford made his classic declaration that "history is bunk," he was speaking for most of the proponents of the religion of technology, whether they were industrialists, engineers, bureaucrats, scientists, or Marxian Communists, because they assumed that the best life for mankind would be a more highly mechanized life, which, as it happened, was getting a fresh start in our own age. Unfortunately, humanistic scholars took Ford at his word and, until recently, ignored the history of technology. But for this, they might have discovered long before that the aberrations of a power technology that has no better goals than its own inflation were visible at the very beginning of civilization, at the time the Pyramids were built. In that feat of engineering, the most prodigious exercise of mathematical and engineering ability—combining exact measurement with the large-scale regimentation of labor—was placed at the disposal of an infantile fragment of the human

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THE BODY OF A YOUNG MAN

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personality seeking to achieve immortality by mummifying a corpse and heaping up a mountain of masonry. As in our own expanding economy, Pyramid-building may even have had the Keynesian function of finding an outlet for a surplus of labor, but the objective was as irrational as our own phrenetic dedication to nuclear weapons and spacemanship. The original combination of high technical achievement with corrupt fantasies of unlimited power did not end in the Bronze Age; war and technical invention have progressed hand in hand from the time the first walled cities were built. But if we had been better informed about the historical background of technics, we might not have been quite so naïve about the prospective marvels of the machine age; we might have been alert to the threat of a moral and psychological disintegration of comparable dimensions once power and intelligence had freed themselves from the norms of life.

Perhaps no one more fully expressed the old Victorian optimism about technics than H. G. Wells. Not merely in his early fantasies of a world transformed by technology, like "When the Sleeper Wakes," but in more factual disquisitions, like his often brilliant "Anticipations of the Reaction of Mechanical and Scientific Progress Upon Human Life and Thought" (1902), he sketched with unusual clarity and precision the technical developments of the next half century. In a novel published in 1914, "The World Set Free," Wells even graphically pictured the use of the atomic bomb in a global war to demolish a city in a single explosion. While Wells was aware of lingering perversities in human nature that threatened to limit the scope of the machine, he never assigned any of these weaknesses to those who were advancing scientific discovery or mechanical invention. Rather, he looked forward to the emergence of a new race of technocrats, dedicated airmen, ready to redeem a savage, half-destroyed world to law, order, and scientific intelligence. (Ironically, it is these same highly intelligent, scientifically trained, rigorously disciplined, globe-minded airmen who have prepared the new strategy of total extermination, a strategy by which a whole continent can be poisoned, blasted, or incinerated in a "war" that might be started by an electronic accident or a neurotic hallucination and could end with the permanent mutilation, if not the early demise, of the human race.)

Yet, just before Wells' death, the sleeper—that is, Wells himself—awoke,

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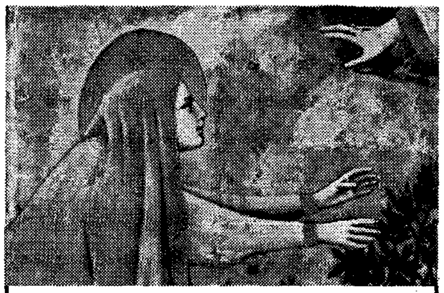

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for he came to the end of his life with the dismal realization (was it senile despair, prophetic illumination?) that the whole technological process he had interpreted with such eager hope for the future was completely out of hand and that "mind was at the end of its tether." Those who still retained Wells' earlier views turned away from this conclusion with embarrassment, as from the gibberish of a dying man. Yet in view of the stereotyped actions, the implacable compulsions exhibited by the leaders of government, science, and technics today, unable to conceive alternatives for the course they are following or to slow down the speed of their movement as they approach a very visible precipice, one wonders whether Wells in his decay did not perhaps have a maturer understanding than he had attained when all his faculties were intact.

Contrast our state with that of primitive man. Primitive man, though poor in numbers, unarmed, almost without tools or a reliable food supply, still had enough cunning to hold his own against every natural force that threatened him, even advancing glaciers and roaring floods. By devoting himself to the greatest of all human inventions, language, he created a meaningful world, and by believing in the power of words and images he tapped resources in himself that modern man usually represses on principle, on the ground that emotions and feelings and desires lie outside the abstract framework of scientific intelligence. Primitive man went on nurturing the forces of life, within and without, until he learned the arts of domesticating plants, animals, and above all his own wild, wanton self, and became at home in every part of the planet. In time, he converted a limited portion of the brute forces of nature into forms, like the city, that served in early civilizations as a humanized replica of the great cosmos itself. Take modern man, as I said, for contrast—rich in numbers, dominating every acre of the planet, commanding cosmic sources of energy, flying at the speed of sound and already dreaming of rivalling the speed of light. Unhappily, this godlike being displays the morals of a juvenile delinquent. Within him, at the very moments of his achieving these extraordinary powers, neurotic anxieties and psychotic hatreds have erupted, like those that have so often threatened absolute monarchs, from Ashurbanipal and Nebuchadnezzar to Hitler and Stalin. By its one-sided preoccupation with power, mechanical organization, and abstract scientific intelligence divorced from any other human concerns, West-

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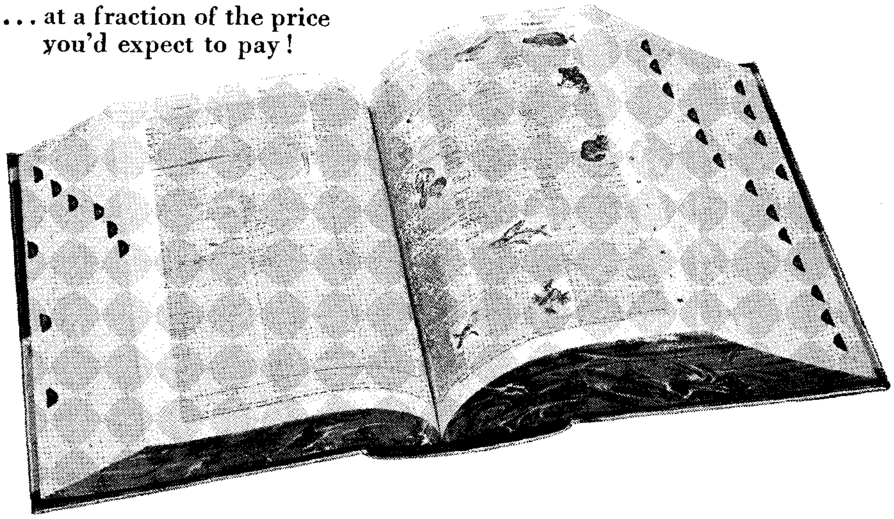

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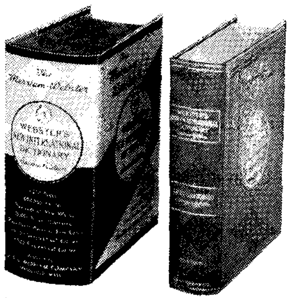

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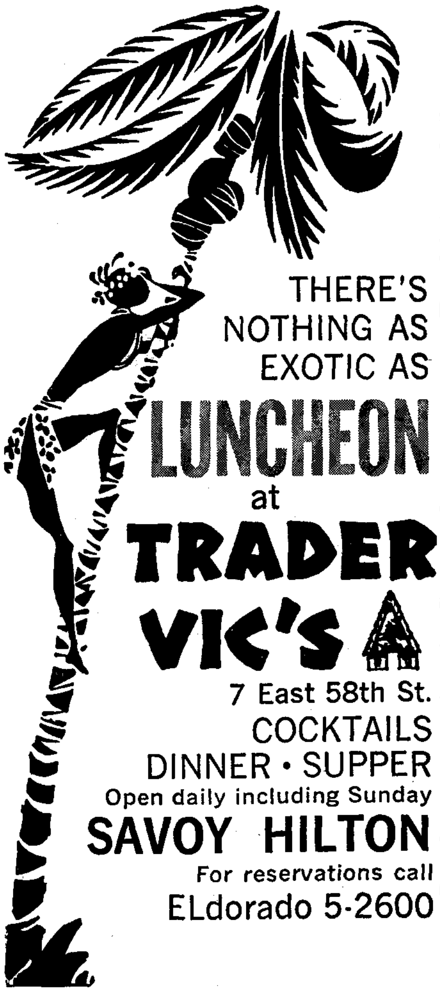
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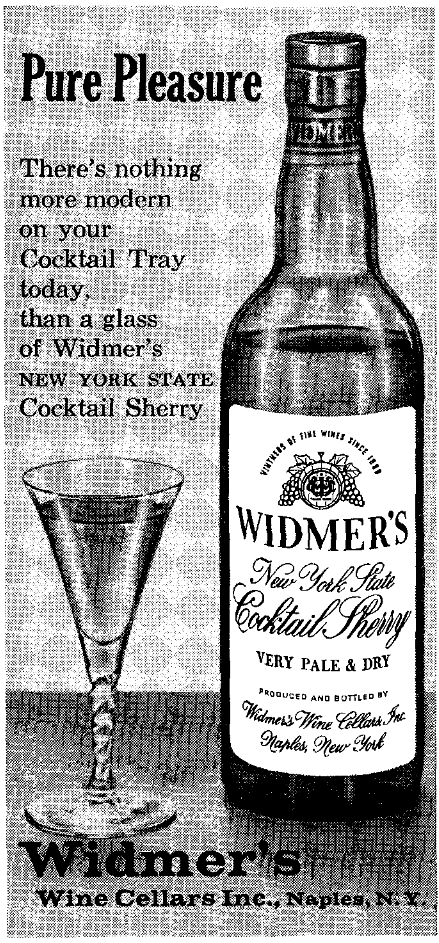
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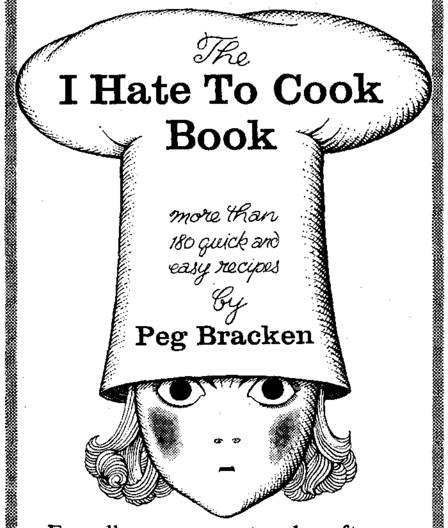
ern civilization has created an expanding technological universe. But all its parts, unfortunately, are moving at an accelerating speed away from its human center.

Primitive man, blessed by belief in himself, had the illusion of being able, with magic words, to command the forces that threatened him, but modern man, for all the development of science and technology, has lost faith in himself, so he is actually weaker than primitive man in that he has identified his ends with his means and has not yet found his way back to his own vital core. Need we wonder that the more scientifically refined our instruments become, the more irrational and dehumanized become the preoccupations of their exploiters? What rational objective would account for the fact that the United States government continued to pollute the air, the soil, and the food of children with nuclear explosions years after it boasted that it had enough nuclear weapons to wipe out all the living places of the planet? How big is twice zero? We seem to be paying for an excess of physical power by our spiritual impotence, for an excess of rational order by our commitment to irrational goals, and for an excess of automatism by our inability to control the process once it is started. The felicitous purr of our complex mechanisms has made us as glassy-eyed and drowsy as a motorist on an endless expressway, unable to reduce his speed, to change his direction, or to find an exit. As with the motorist, the conditions that encourage us to relax only increase our danger.

If we are to get an adequate grip on our mechanized culture before we lose both our consciousness of human purpose and our confidence in being able to control our own creations—which is the state many people, including scientists and technicians, are now in—it is important to know more about the history of technology itself. From a human standpoint, one welcomes the fresh interest being shown, if belatedly, in technological history, beginning with the recent foundation of an American Society for the Study of Technological History. Another sign of the same stirring is the publication of a monumental work, in two volumes, called "A Diderot Pictorial Encyclopedia of Trades and Industry." This is made up of a series of handsome plates taken from the famous "Encyclopedia" compiled by Diderot and his colleagues. It is edited, with an introduction, by C. C. Gillispie, and published by Dover. This fascinating pageant of the technical achieve-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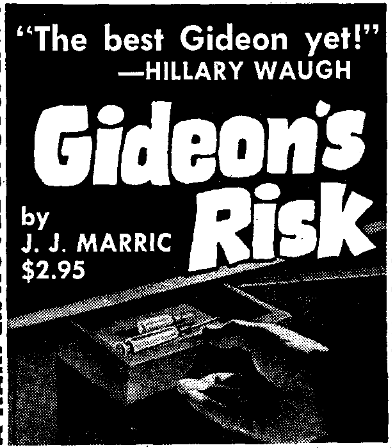
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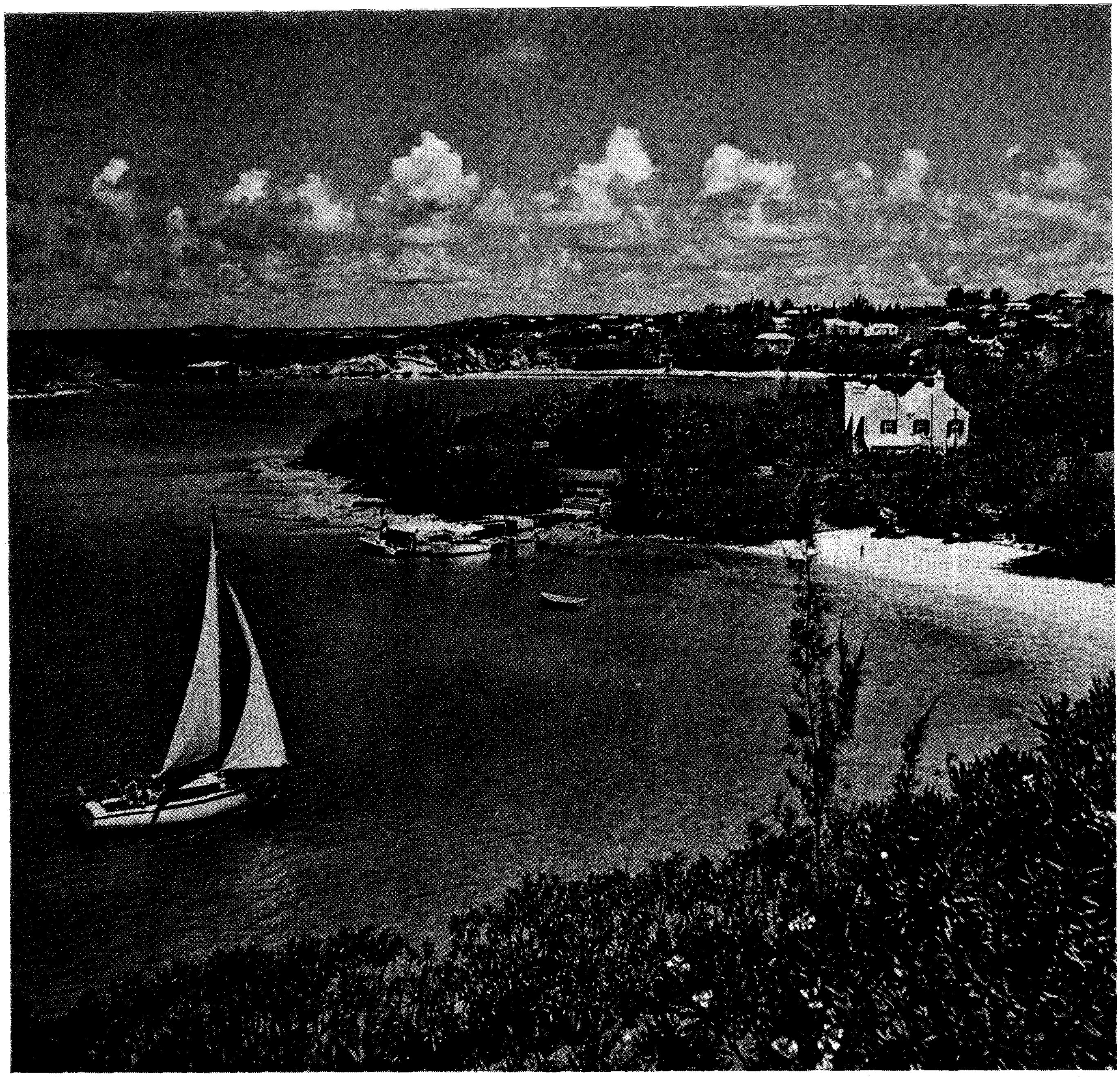

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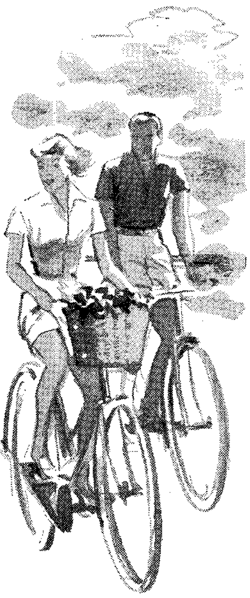

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ments of the mid-eighteenth century demonstrates the wealth of technical achievement that antedated the so-called Industrial Revolution, and the engravings that are there marshalled together are not merely accurate documents but vivid commentaries. At the same time, the last volume of a five-volume work, "A History of Technology" (Oxford), edited by Charles Singer, E. J. Holmyard, A. R. Hall, and Trevor I. Williams, has come forth. This work, sponsored by Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., and carried out mostly by British scholars, does for the whole cycle of technical history down to 1900 what Diderot and his colleagues so valiantly accomplished for a single act of that drama. When Sigfried Giedion essayed to write the history of a series of important nineteenth-century inventions, he found that the inventors and manufacturers had not kept records or had thrown them away after a short time as so much rubbish. And no one can tell how much technological knowledge and facility were lost in the age of handicraft because no one had ever bothered to put them on paper, or because they were too zealously hoarded as "trade secrets." So no matter what the oversights or lapses in this new "History of Technology," one must be grateful that it has come into existence at all.

Yet the last three volumes of this Oxford work, dealing with the period between 1500 and 1900, leave one with mixed feelings of gratitude and exasperation—gratitude because so many scattered, inaccessible contributions have been brought together, but exasperation because the facts are assembled in the same order, within the same limited frame of reference, in which they might have been assembled in the nineteenth century if scholarly interest in our technological past had awakened earlier. The good qualities of the earlier volumes are still present, especially the wide horizon that takes in improvements in agriculture, land reclamation, canal building, and the processing of foods and drinks, as well as mining, textiles, transportation, and the other more conspicuously mechanical, metallurgical, and chemical arts. But the whole work is composed on the assumption that the facts will speak for themselves. If one took the editors at their word, one would reach some queer conclusions, for telegraphy is treated in ten pages, whereas only one is given to telephony. What this means is that the difficult task of assortment, interpretation, evaluation, and synthesis is left mostly to the reader, and that is an unfair burden to put upon him. The edi-

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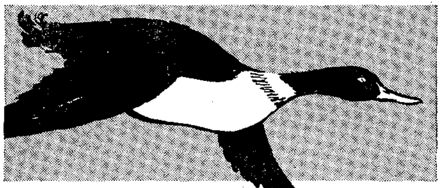

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tors have excused themselves by explaining that they aimed at making this not a veritable history but a factual chronicle, and they have sought to provide some sort of critical understanding by supplying summary chapters at the end of each volume. Unfortunately, these chapters are written with an almost Victorian combination of complacency, naïveté, and historical superficiality—as if the writers belonged to the period that came to an end, like this history, in 1900.

What strength there is in these volumes is in the handling of details by many able specialists; their weakness is that neither the editors nor their contributors take in the environing cultural wholes that give the details their technological as well as their human significance. Aristotle pointed out that if one discovered a human hand, without knowing that it had been attached to the human body, one could never guess its place and function in the organism; in these volumes, inventions and discoveries are presented by themselves, without being set in a social matrix, without any attempt to detect a possible pattern. What is more, the thinkers who were concerned with the relation of technics to other human concerns—Saint-Simon, Comte, Marx, Le Play, Bücher, Veblen, Weber, Geddes—are not mentioned, even in the index of the final volume. This is British empiricism at its lamest. The great dictum of the French mining engineer and economist Frédéric Le Play—that the most important product that comes out of the mine is the miner—was lost on the editors, who have paid no attention to the interplay of technics with the worker, with the larger community, and with the impinging natural environment. No one can appreciate the technical backwardness of mining and many other mechanical operations who does not realize that until the Middle Ages mining was done almost exclusively by slaves and condemned criminals, nor can he appreciate the efflorescence of art in handicraft objects, from paleolithic times onward, if he doesn't realize that this was an attempt to give human significance, either magical or aesthetic, to sheer utilitarian drudgery.

This editorial failure to see technology in its manifold organic relations is so conspicuous that one has a right to expect, in compensation, an accuracy and exhaustiveness that the articles in these volumes do not always supply. Obviously, no such work of history can escape restriction and selection, yet some of the lapses in the final volumes truly lessen the value of the work for refer-

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ence. The description of the city, which might bring together so many related technological processes and achievements, reads as if it had been written in 1910. For one thing, it repeats, without a blush, all the then current notions of the medieval city as inevitably filthy, disordered, and unplanned, though its bibliography cites the classic "Histoire de l'Urbanisme," by Pierre Lavedan, which should have made such a solecism impossible. One would not guess that the medieval town in Western Europe was probably the first ever built and operated without involuntary labor. What is even more disappointing, there is no article on the city after the seventeenth century, though soon after that the classic Stone Age walled town began to disappear and a new kind of formless urban tissue, made possible by the railroad and the mine, began to crawl over the landscape, destroying historic structures and defiling the organic environment. The vileness of the new industrial towns prompted the more favored classes to invent devices of hygiene and sanitation for mass production and mass use. While some of these inventions are dealt with in this history—iron pipes for water and gas mains, sewage-reduction plants, water closets—the industrial town as such is not even faintly alluded to. And in a book replete with illustrations there is not a single picture of an industrial town at any stage of its development, though by this means the editors could have presented some of the data they have left out. This fact alone dates their thinking.

This is not the only strange omission. Take that article on the telephone, an instrument that has—both in its original form and in the derivative inventions of radio and television—radically altered the possibilities of human communication. From its inception to its present state, the telephone is a classic example of the interplay, in an advanced technology, of the physical, the biological, the social sciences and the "humanities." If one wished to summarize the salient points that set our own technology off from that which knew only handicraft and empirical invention, one might well take this instrument as a model. Yet, as has been pointed out, this invention is treated in a single hasty page, and, to make matters worse, the reference to the part played by Helmholtz's observations on electric currents in laying a basis for Bell's experiments is inaccurate, for Bell stumbled on the right track by *mis*understanding the German text. And there is no allusion to the biological and

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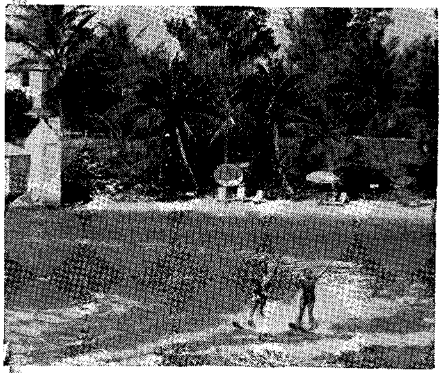
human origins of the telephone; namely, the fact that Alexander Bell's father was a student of phonetics, the inventor of Bell's Visible Speech (see the preface to Shaw's "Pygmalion"), and a teacher of elocution. It was the senior Bell who urged his young sons to build an automaton, like one they had seen at an exhibition, that made crude human sounds, and without Bell's further study of the anatomy and physiology of the ear he might have fumbled for years before inventing its electronic equivalent, the telephone receiver. Despite this exemplary combination of warm human concerns, austere scientific research, and technological ingenuity, the resultant invention gets the casual attention of a minor gadget. Even if one's interest was severely specialized, this dismissal of the telephone would be extremely misleading.

And what are the consequences of severe specialization? Today many Americans, in their dismay over the Russian advances in rocket technology and nuclear weapons, have sought to overcome their somewhat adolescent feelings of national humiliation by urging a redoubled concentration of study in the mathematical and physical sciences. But such a concentration might defeat even its immediate purposes, by depriving original minds of the stimulus and enrichment of wider interests and activities. Nothing could be more perilous to the development of technics than to close all the doors that open into the far more complex world of the organic and the human. The airplane's invention was speeded not only by the invention of the internal-combustion engine but by the researches of the biologists Marey and Pettigrew into the locomotion of animals. And has not Niels Bohr told us that he arrived at the doctrine of complementarity in physics by speculating on an ancient theological dilemma—the impossibility of reconciling perfect love with perfect justice? Men flew in dreams and communicated instantaneously in myths and fairy stories long before they achieved the technical apparatus for doing so. But would any chain of discoveries and inventions have produced a balloon or a telegraph if the dream had not first suggested these goals? Many significant inventions, from the helicopter to the motion picture, began as toys for amusing the young. Plainly the self-sufficiency of the specialist's world is a prisoner's illusion. It is time to open the gates.

All this should make it clear that one cannot understand even the internal history of technology without reference to the climate of ideas in which the in-



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dividual inventor or scientist lives and breathes. How conspicuously this is missing in the history under consideration comes out in the treatment of Galileo, in Volume III. There are copious references to his contributions to hydraulics, lens grinding, the laws of motion. But there is no discussion whatever of his decisive and lasting impact as a philosopher of science. Galileo's most potent influence on technics was exerted not through his experimental discoveries by themselves but through his systematic formulation of a mechanical world picture. His scientific universe was one that excluded all secondary qualities—color, odor, texture, pattern—as unreal, and thereby reduced the world to a formless, purposeless, colorless, lifeless system of matter and motion, whose primary qualities could be mathematically measured and promptly translated into machines. Though Galileo himself was a humanist as well as a scientist, as Professor Giorgio de Santillana's brilliant study has emphasized, his main contribution was to conceive a dehumanized and devitalized world in which machines would have primacy over men, because the "real" world was one which, by Galileo's very definition, was cut to the machine's measure. When one leaves out Galileo's metaphysical contributions, along with those of Bacon, Descartes, and their kindred spirits in the nineteenth century, the details do not add up.

Strangely, in the one place where the editors have risked presenting a composite picture, they are the victims of a late-Victorian generalization whose unsoundness is brought out by their own data. Thus the fourth volume of this work, dealing with the period between 1750 and 1850, bears the old-fashioned title "The Industrial Revolution." That epithet was coined by a namesake uncle of A. J. Toynbee in the eighteen-eighties, at a time when the only general history of technics was an eighteenth-century compilation by Johann Beckmann. At that point in the Victorian age, the uniqueness of England's contributions and the seeming decisiveness of the changes brought about by textile machinery, the steam engine, the railroad, and their many accessory inventions seemed to justify the word "revolution." But if the present history demonstrates anything, it demonstrates the fallacy of this term. If there was a revolution, it began long before the eighteenth century, and the facts of continuity, accumulation, and cultural preparation are important for an interpretation of what followed. No invention of the eighteenth century was as

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revolutionary as the mechanical clock of the thirteenth century, the model for all later automata, or even as revolutionary as the printing press, that paragon of mass production, utilizing standardized, interchangeable parts. What made the eighteenth-century change loom so large was an ideological rather than a technological transformation, for it was then that the machine began to be treated not as an auxiliary to human purpose but as an adequate substitute for purpose. Under this new religion, to serve the machine became the whole duty of man.

No one who knows the field will underestimate the colossal task that the editors undertook, nor will he, I repeat, be ungrateful for all that has been accomplished. In many areas one can only say, "Well done!" But no matter how strenuous the compilation, nothing can quite make up for the lack of a philosophy capable of linking together the parts. In a sense, this weakness makes this massive history all the more representative of modern technology, for it illustrates the defects of a closed system that is getting beyond human control precisely because it has neglected human purposes and human norms. Even when the machine itself has been endowed with intelligence, as in the electronic computers, the necessary human checks may be lacking once the operation has started. At a colloquium at M.I.T. a little while ago, Dr. Wiener pointed out that the perfect obedience we demand of most machines goes with a low grade of intelligence. Unfortunately, some of our new cybernetic creatures can learn faster than their masters, and promise to develop a mind and a will of their own. If machines develop too much intelligence and autonomy, they threaten—as Samuel Butler comically predicted in "Erewhon"—to make mankind their obedient slaves. For Dr. Wiener that possibility is no joke. Whether our present overcommitment to technology will end in a collective debacle, or whether, before such a disaster overtakes us, man will resume command, no one can guess. Thanks to the advance of both the sciences and the technologies, there is no technical problem that need remain unsolved; we are no longer handicapped by lack of energy, lack of manpower, lack of materials. But we are already crippled by the fact that the system we have created, unlike an organic system, has no built-in agents of control to maintain its equilibrium and regulate its growth. The problems of tempo, quantity, selectivity, and balance confront us as never before, for the very reason that our powers have

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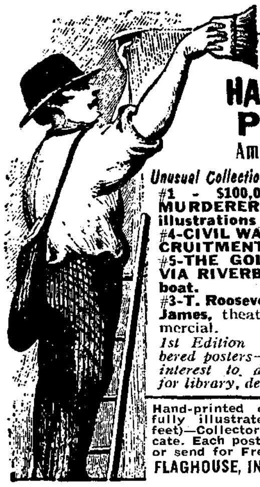

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so inordinately increased. To solve even the simplest of these problems we need not the expansion of the machine but what Dr. Walter Cannon called "the wisdom of the body"—*at least* the wisdom of the body, with its organic capacity for self-regulation, and even more, perhaps, the grace of the spirit. Many of our leaders now wield the powers of gods with minds as infantile, as savagely unamenable to love and understanding as were the minds of Marduk and Tiamat, those primeval Mesopotamian deities. That combination is a lethal one, for it endows the lowest human purposes with the highest technological powers, released from all natural or supernatural restraints.

Even a pure history of technology should have exposed some of the problems raised by technology, though it might be beyond its province to go into them. And the very existence of this particular history points to a larger work that has still to be written, one that will take account of all the factors that have entered into technological development—religion, magic, dream, science fiction, as well as the down-to-earth need for warmth, food, clothing, and shelter. The time for such a complementary work will perhaps not come until the contents of the present five volumes—plus two or three on the last half century—have been fully digested. The mind that will attempt that volume is probably still in the cradle, but while he dawdles over his bottle, I am willing to make a few guesses as to the areas that will occupy his attention. He will be concerned with tracing back to its first faint crack the bifurcation between a life-promoting technics and a power-promoting one—the first concerned with food and nurture, with breeding and educating, with man's domestication, the second with power and organization, with mass regimentation and mass action, with command over the forces of nature. He will trace the mythology of our present age back to its beginning in the earliest economy of abundance, which accompanied the dawn of history in Mesopotamia and Egypt. He will note that the triumphs of technics in the non-agricultural arts have been accompanied by two dismal institutions, war and slavery, the first hastening the pace of technological development, the second usually retarding it; both are still with us. The frustration of effective technological advance by failure of psychological understanding and social invention will constantly occupy him. He will be puzzled by the fact that regimentation, restriction and repetition, division of labor, and inordinate

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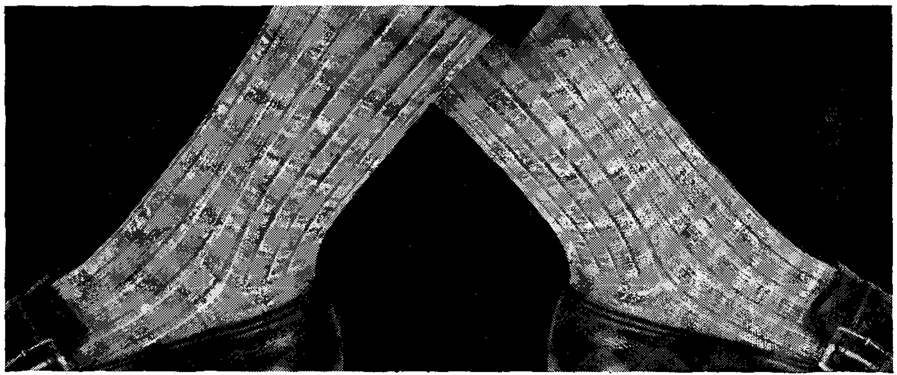

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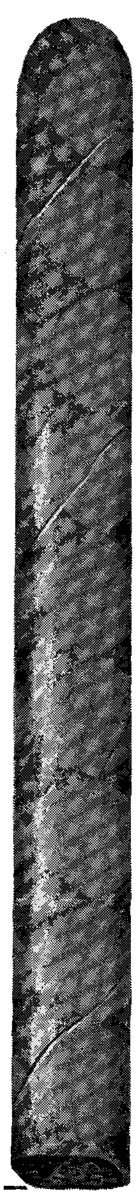

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concentration upon power alone, when not counterbalanced by other motives and activities, have a curious resemblance to pathological states—compulsion neuroses, divided personalities, paranoid desires to dominate and annihilate. So he will perhaps find a clue here to the fact that the power complex in every age has never hesitated to maim organic forms or to destroy the characteristic variations that are manifestations of life. He may conclude, indeed, that the final goal of a power civilization that has escaped from the ecological pattern of nature, with its constant give-and-take between a multitude of coöperating organisms—restrained, limited, and balanced by this very partnership—is annihilation and self-destruction.

In short, he will not take the rationality or the beneficence of an expanding technology for granted; he will show, rather, that our present surrender to the machine, our acceptance of the notion that the only path of human improvement is to multiply our mechanical agents, making them go faster and faster, allowing our own lives to be a mere function of matter and motion, is a form of *self-immolation—the superstitious* sacrifice we offer to our nuclear and electronic gods. Against all those who seek to make the machine the center of human activity, our young swaddler will oppose the criteria of life: balance, selectivity, variety, self-regulation and self-direction, with the continued widening of consciousness, the lengthening of memory, the deepening of feeling, and the heightened capacity for communication, reciprocal understanding, and love. To our present tendency to level down the environment and all our organic capacities to the point at which the machine functions most rapidly and most efficiently, he will oppose a new technology, one so finely adjusted, so delicately responsive, that it will meet all the needs and occasions of life at a minimum cost of human values. The organs of such a technology, he will point out, were already in existence in the middle of the twentieth century, but the new seeds that were sprouting in agriculture, medicine, psychology, and town planning were choked by the weeds of a power mythology. The priests of this strange religion go about their dehumanizing tasks with the same inflexible dedication that the Aztec priests applied to disembowelling and flaying en masse their living victims. They are prepared to sacrifice the human race itself rather than to reëstablish human control over the advances of technology. Against the constricted and encapsulated existence that the machine

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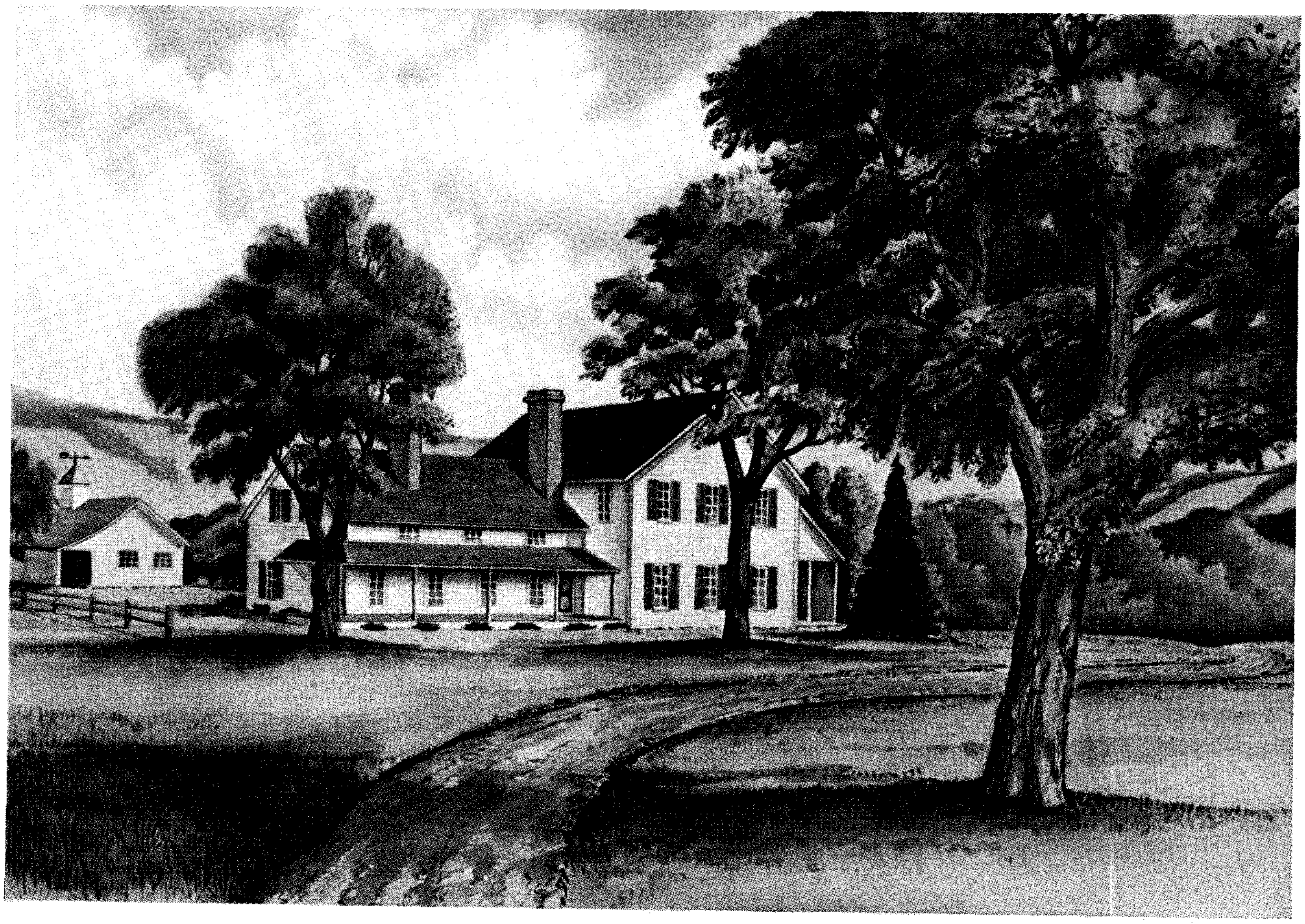

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now offers the mass of men, under conditions that more and more grimly resemble those in a space rocket, our young philosopher will offer a less suicidal alternative. Like Thoreau, he will ask what it is to be a man and what it means to live a full human life. If his contemporaries are ready for that question, whether out of boredom, despair, or adventurous audacity, a good part of our present technology, with its mechanical time-serving and space-filling and with its arbitrary quantitative overproduction and its technical overelaboration, will pass out of existence. As for the remainder, it might serve the race as it has not yet been served in any culture.

—LEWIS MUMFORD

VERSE

BY some chance or other, American publishers have brought out this year several discussions of or works by poets who exemplify three principal modern poetic roles—the bard, the *chef d'école*, and the avant-gardist. Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant's biography "Robert Frost: The Trial by Existence" (Holt, Rinehart & Winston) is a book of affectionate impressionism that includes important factual material, old and new. In it Frost, now eighty-six, comes through quite clearly as one of the chief culture heroes of his time and place. The wide appeal of his work and personality is here made understandable. This fine lyricist holds conservative views, is an extoller of all the middle virtues, and has made himself a master of the quip that cuts not too unkindly. Today, when it has become difficult to hymn any kind of hero, the poet who is able to name over, with conviction, the more ascertainable and definable decent human qualities and who aligns himself with a positive view of man's nature and man's fate may rightly claim the title of bard. And it would be a poor-spirited society that would deny the attraction of such a figure. Miss Sergeant gives us a sympathetic account of Frost's life without glossing over certain of its sadder implications. A more analytic and scholarly account can be found in George W. Nitchie's important recent study, "Human Values in the Poetry of Robert Frost" (Duke). While Nitchie admires the essential Frost no less than Miss Sergeant, he emphasizes some of the more neglected aspects of the art and life of this exceedingly complex man and artist.

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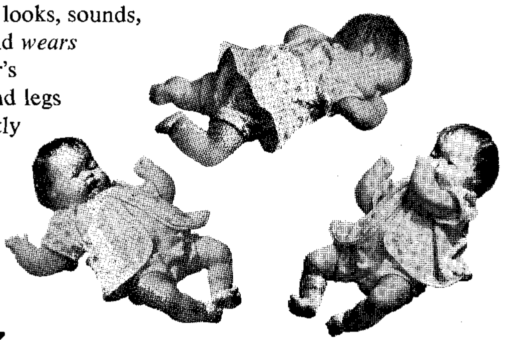

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force. Auden assumed the position of leader of a poetic movement early in the thirties, while he was still a student at Oxford, and in 1939 he finally chose America as his permanent base of operation, where he became, at thirty-nine, an American citizen. The *chef d'école*, a usual phenomenon on the Continent, is rare in England and even rarer here. Our literary community has been, and continues to be, so loosely organized that a poetic forerunner or innovator may either fall into sudden neglect (Whitman) or take to such eccentric ways that he sacrifices prestige (Pound). The poet as leader must have convictions as well as originality, and he must have the ability to pass on a fair proportion of what he knows or has invented. And so his audience narrows, for his students and disciples will for the most part be workers in his own field. Nowadays he does not have to be physically accessible, as Mallarmé made himself during his evenings in the Rue de Rome, but he must be fluent and industrious enough to display his ideas regularly in print, in prose as well as verse, so that any alteration in his method or change in his point of view can be freely indicated. It is a position that can be extremely wearing. At present, in a free, literate society, a teaching poet's followers, by the weight of their numbers and the intensity of their attention, can exhaust the very powers they admire. Their poet is in constant peril of being battered, psychically and spiritually, into unrecognizable shape or of being egged on to performances that are not natural to his gifts.

Auden, now fifty-three, has withstood these pressures for many years. His new book shows no corruption of subject, distortion of aim, or souring of emotion. The bravura of his early work has to a great extent disappeared, but the technical dexterity remains unfailing, and his new poems, often written in the simplest and most seemingly artless of forms, continue to advance from point to point with satisfying skill. Auden has not suffered, moreover, from that constriction of interest that often afflicts poets, like other human beings, as they move from youth to age. He has kept in touch with what is going on, and he has remained cool, sensible, and good-tempered without losing hold of his talent for diagnosis and interpretation. He credits Clio, the Muse of History, with secrecy and silence, but he is more aware than many of his contemporaries of what she has already said and what she is at the moment preparing to say. He has always been conscious that he is living in the midst of a historical and cul-

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tural situation quite unlike any other, and he has kept on as a student of the facts from which this situation stems. He is not afraid of being light (it would be an unnaturally severe reader who could bring a charge of frivolity against the series of clerihews at the end of this volume) or official (he can write occasional verse that exceeds, in weight and meaning, its ostensible function). But it is in his mastery of the dark and difficult theme that he continues to show his full authority. The poems "Dame Kind," "An Island Cemetery," and "Goodbye to the Mezzogiorno," and the prose notes on personal love—shocking, profound, complex, and warmly satiric, in turn—are new works from which the general reader, as well as the student, can derive nourishment now and for a long time to come.

HISTORY seems to have fallen in a heap upon the minds and sensibilities of many members of the latest American "school" of poetry, and their general reaction has been to burrow out from beneath, bearing news of a fearful underside. This group (or series of groups), more numerous than one might suppose, and more widely spread over the land—from Massachusetts to Oregon and California, plus a detour into the South by way of North Carolina—now appears in an anthology, "The New American Poetry 1945-1960," edited in a most neat and orderly fashion, with a preface, by Donald M. Allen (Grove). Mr. Allen has chosen forty-four poets (ranging in age from twenty-three to fifty), divided them according to "geographical definition" and age, and given them space in which to describe their theories and purpose ("Statements on Poetics") and their careers ("Biographical Notes"). He himself adds a bibliography and discography, as well as the preface, in which he states that these poets "are our avant-garde, the true continuers of the modern movement in American poetry. Through their work many are closely allied to modern jazz and Abstract Expressionist painting, today recognized throughout the world to be America's greatest achievement in contemporary culture. This anthology makes the same claim for the new American poetry."

Here they then are—talented and untalented, false and genuine, dull and interesting, Beat and semi-Beat. We must be serious about them, since they, on the whole, are serious about themselves. The main point to be resolved at the outset should be: Is this a true avant-garde manifestation—does it,

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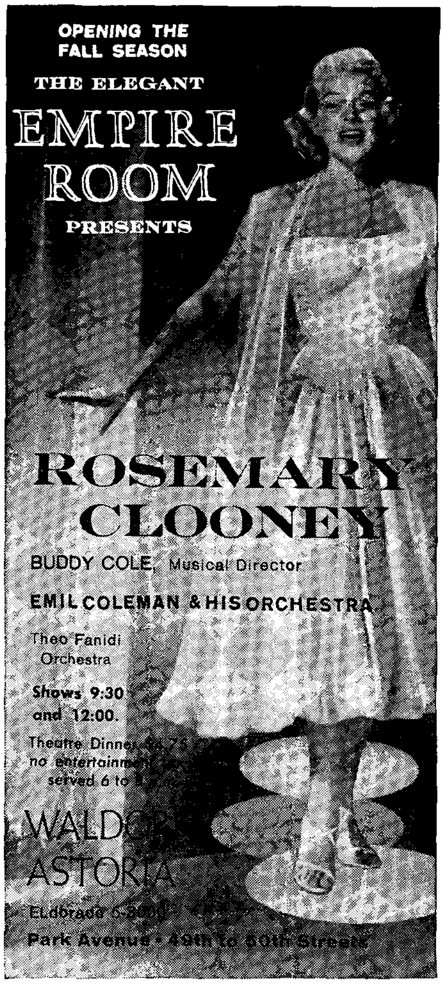
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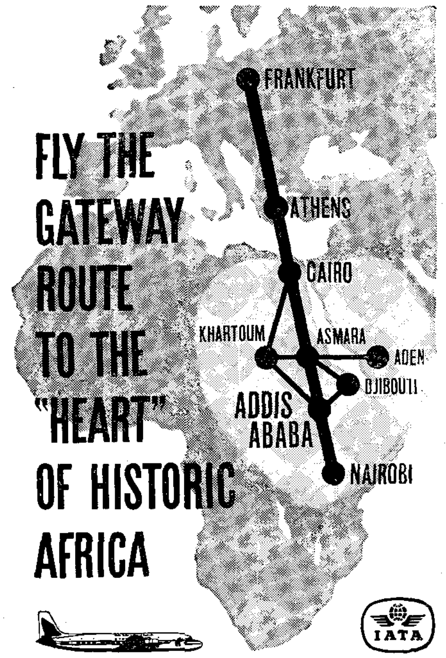
that is, arise from a fresh, creative impulse centrally related to the present growing and changing needs of art in general and poetry in particular—or is it something else? Is it, for example, a late and peculiarly American development of the post-Symbolist revolt, which brought in, very nearly fifty years ago, Dada and Surrealism? Or is it the kind of revolt that has little to do with literature, ancient or modern? We do not get much help from the contributors, although they are vocal indeed about their aims. They are against metre (their hatred of iambic pentameter is intense), they dislike symbols and comparisons, they abjure lyricism and all tender emotions, and they consider any formal living poet who has reached any eminence (Auden included) "a baleful influence." Charles Olson, the oldest member of the assemblage, allows himself to say, "The poem itself must, at all points, be a high energy-construct and, at all points, an energy-discharge"—something we knew all along.

The questions multiply. Does this new poetry arise from sources largely amateur, exhibitionistic, or otherwise out of hand? Is it a revival of an oral tradition? (Many of the youngest group have read to audiences more frequently than they have published.) Are these wild talents outcroppings of an underground idealism; does their violence stem from a deliberate attempt to extend consciousness, or are many of them actually out of control? There are one or two "naturals," who express themselves with uninhibited childish glee, but the proportion of intelligence and of regular academic training in all these groups is large, and a feeling for language, plain and fancy, appears more often than not. In the midst of the hitting, smashing, struggle, hallucination, and disorder, certain effects that show normal insight and restraint are visible, such as sardonic wit and coldly contrived shock. The collection brings up, finally, the perhaps unanswerable query: What degree of anarchy can be projected in poetry? For when its principal tenets and accepted formal procedures are assaulted with utter vigor, this art of language does not merely change, it totally disappears. —LOUISE BOGAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE TREND IS UP, by Anthony West (Random House). A long, stiff-collared, and, for the most part, sustained argument that money, at least in America, is the root of all evil. The book revolves around two



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well-pedigreed New Englanders—Gavin Hatfield, who, though already guaranteed a comfortable income for life, bullishly decides in his late teens that he will make a million dollars on his own by the age of thirty, and Ilona Murray, who, guaranteed no income, decides she will marry Hatfield for this money, which she does. In addition to being a high-class gold-digger, Ilona discovers that she is lustful; in fact, the very sight of Hatfield causes her pupils to dilate. After bearing three children, she scourges herself by permanently locking her bedroom door, and then proceeds, by easy stages, from heavy drinking to alcoholism to Lesbianism. Hatfield, meanwhile, resumes woman-chasing where he had left off upon his marriage, continues making money in the west-coast Florida town he has practically built singlehanded, and becomes a watchful, if inconclusive, parent. His son rebels against him by emulating him (one of the subtlest and least easily avoided mistakes a child can make, and one that Mr. West depicts extremely well); his elder daughter secretly marries a part-Negro flier; and his younger daughter, in the image of her mother, takes up with a lecherous, reptilian beatnik. Hatfield is left with his empty, echoing Florida mansion and his bulging, execrable bank account. Mr. West doesn't really explain the destructive power of the dollar any better than anyone else has, but he sends his unfortunates through a series of episodes—the greased slide of alcoholism, a kidnapping of one of Hatfield's children by a lunatic nurse, a nighttime bare-skin swimming party at a hidden spring—that are first-rate examples of vignette writing and that bolster his characters to the point where we very nearly experience the there-but-for-the-Grace-of-God-go-I sensation of true tragedy.

THE BODY OF A YOUNG MAN, by Mildred Walker (Harcourt, Brace). An account of a very talky summer spent by two married couples—the Josh Blairs and the Jim Cutlers—on an old New England farm owned by Josh. Josh and Jim, who are both teachers, are very old friends, and their wives know each other fairly well. As the story opens, Jim is greatly troubled by the responsibility he feels for the suicide of one of his former students, and he and his wife and their young son have come to stay with the Blairs (who have two children) in the hope that rest and conversation with friends will prove

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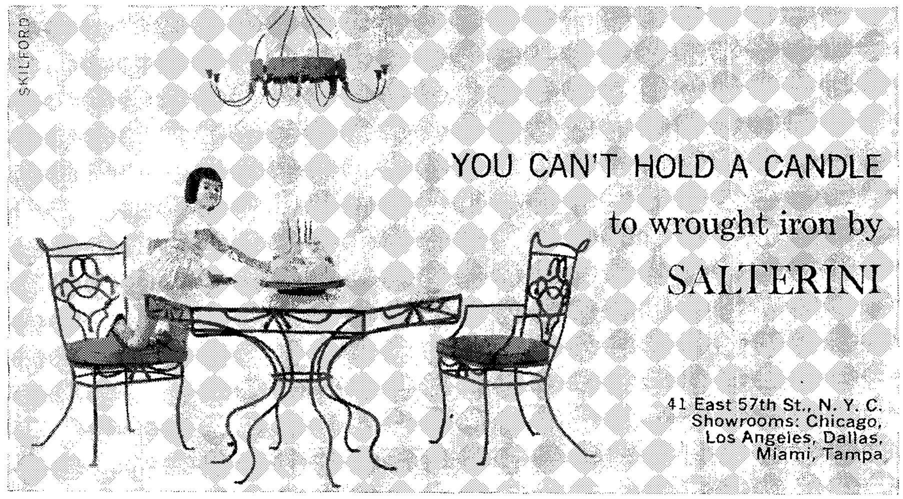

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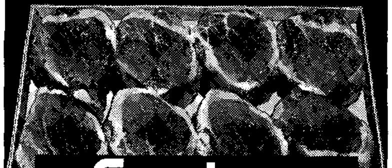

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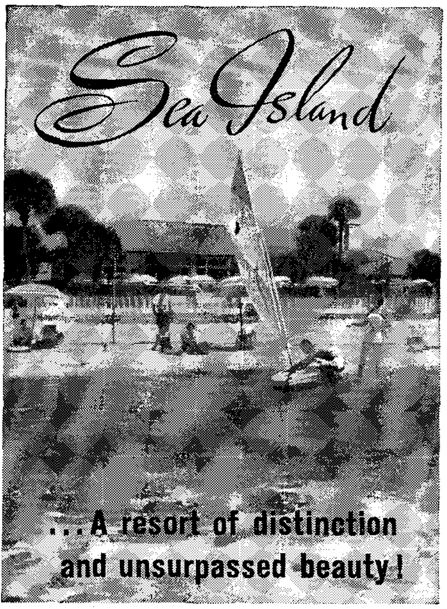
helpful. The atmosphere is warm, tense, and sympathetic, and so is the writing.

Strangers, by Albert Memmi, translated from the French by Brian Rhys (Orion). This study of an unsuccessful marriage would be painful to read if it were not for the fact that both of the people concerned—the narrator, who is a Tunisian Jew, and his wife, Marie, a French Catholic—seem determined to make things as difficult as possible for each other. The author emphasizes the religious and national differences between these two, but it is plain that they would have been at odds even if their origins and upbringing had been identical, because there is no evidence that they were ever more than vaguely in love. The scene is Tunisia.

GENERAL

Sowing, by Leonard Woolf (Harcourt, Brace). This first volume of Mr. Woolf's autobiography covers his childhood and his five years at Cambridge University, and is just what an autobiography should be. It is thoughtful and truthful, it is not timid, and it throws an interesting and sometimes valuable light on a number of people whom the reader is grateful to know more about: Lytton Strachey, G. E. Moore, Bertrand Russell, Lord Keynes, E. M. Forster, and so on—the Bloomsbury group, in short, before it went by that name There are little scenes (the Stracheys playing croquet) that one would not want to have missed. There are old letters. There are careful estimates of character and successful evocations of the personalities of young men who were intellectually curious and had a gift for friendship and who died young (Thoby Stephen, among others). One is allowed to get close enough to the writer to grow fond of him. And the two or three appearances that Virginia Stephen makes on the scene are exquisitely described and electrifying. Though Mr. Woolf says that it is almost impossible in old age to remember at all vividly the miseries, let alone the splendors, of youth, that is exactly what he has succeeded in doing. This is in part, one suspects, a reflection of his nature. There are no traces anywhere of tiredness, disillusion, or defeat, or even of the thickening waistline. In spite of the fact that he is old enough to remember hearing in the nursery whispered tales of Jack the Ripper, and will in November be eighty, the book reads like



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the work of a young man, and it is something of a wrench to lose sight of him, to have him go off at the age of twenty-four to take up the life of a civil servant in Ceylon because his years at Cambridge have fitted him for life better than they have for taking Civil Service examinations and he has made so poor a showing that nothing interesting at home can be hoped for.

THE SAVAGE COUNTRY, by Walter O'Meara (Houghton Mifflin). A portrait of the *pays sauvage*, as the wilderness west of Montreal was known to the French-Canadian *voyageurs*, in the great years of the beaver boom. It is an uncommonly rich and vigorous book, and its excellence derives from two things. One is that Mr. O'Meara is himself familiar with what remains of the *pays sauvage*. The other is that his book is based largely on a little-known contemporary record—a voluminous daily journal kept by an English-Canadian named Alexander Henry, who entered the employ of the North West Company (the Hudson's Bay Company's chief rival) in 1799, sweated out his life in a dozen isolated trading posts, and died, by drowning in the Columbia River, in 1814. Henry saw, and literately and precisely reported, it all. Drawings by Philip B. Parsons, and an end-paper map.

TIMOTHY DEXTER REVISITED, by John P. Marquand (Little, Brown). The three decades after the American Revolution were prosperous times for Newburyport, Massachusetts; when the prosperity ended, the town was left with handsome Federal houses built by its merchant princes and with a store of legends about Timothy Dexter, a shrewd, voluble parvenu whose eccentricity had entertained the neighborhood. This book, a revision of an earlier one and the last piece of writing that Mr. Marquand did before his death, is a more visual work than most social histories. It is really an excursion all around Timothy Dexter's Newburyport, familiar to the author because when he first knew the town—before the days of the automobile—it had scarcely changed in a century; both its architectural purity and its genealogical integrity were intact, and the inhabitants of the great houses were reflecting with satisfaction that their ancestors were shipowners, not mere captains. Mr. Marquand evokes these two pasts—the Newburyport of 1800 and the New-

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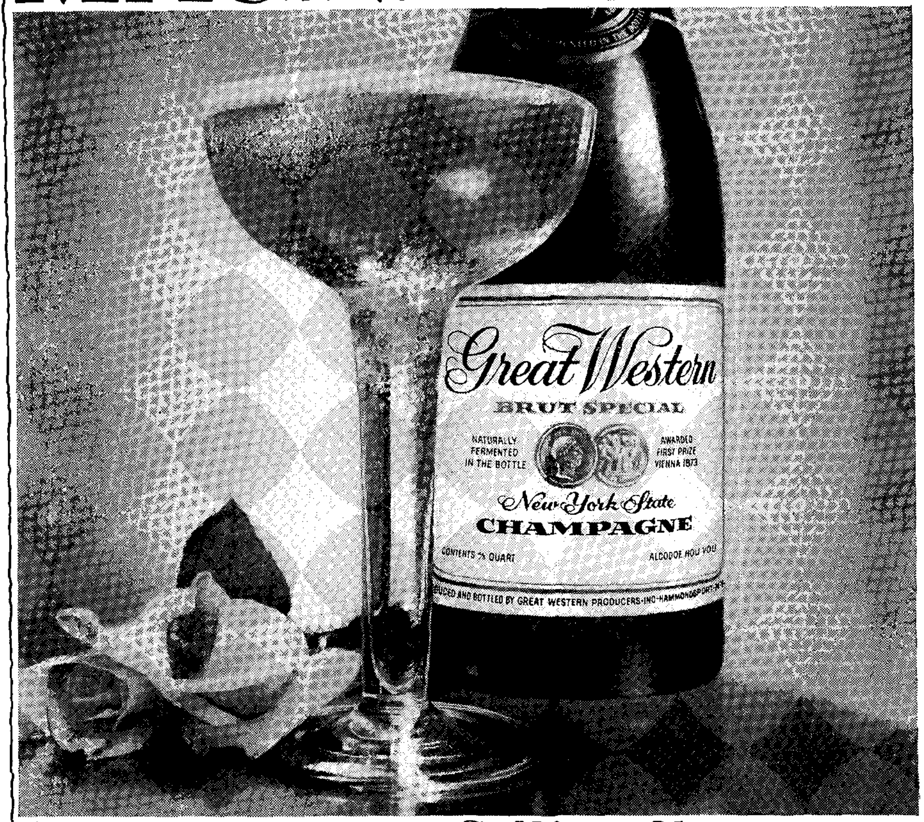
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WORLDLINESS

At the risk of sounding cynical, we submit that it isn't love that makes the world go 'round. Being as romantic as the next brokerage house, we're reluctant to come right out and say what *does* make the world go 'round, but we feel we must. Actually, money does, though it's not usually considered good form to say so.

Think of the enterprises that have been undertaken throughout the centuries for money. The commercial-minded Phoenicians explored the Mediterranean and the whole coast of Africa with money in mind. Marco Polo went to the Orient to open up the spice trade. Columbus and Magellan had commercial motives when they went voyaging. And Amerigo Vespucci, for whom this continent was named, was acting as an agent of the Medici bank on his explorations.

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buryport of 1900—with his usual elegant blend of precision, irony, and ruefulness.

PORTRAIT ATELIER, by Wilhelm Maywald (Stephen Greene). A portfolio of camera studies, by a German portrait photographer, of twelve titans of modern European art—Chagall, Léger, Rouault, Picasso, Matisse, Le Corbusier, Miró, Utrillo, Laurens, Arp, Villon, and Braque—at work. It also includes a drawing or two by most of the subjects and, in lieu of text, a comment by each on the nature of his art. The comments, as always, are resolutely opaque (Chagall: "I am a painter unconsciously conscious." Miró: "What matters is to bare the soul"), but the photographs have a piercing clarity that is downright scary.

NOTE: "Portrait of Max," by S. N. Behrman, which has been published by Random House, is a life of the late Sir Max Beerbohm, most of it revealed in his own reminiscent conversations with Mr. Behrman. The contents of the book first appeared in *The New Yorker.*

•

A juvenile complaint for operating a motor vehicle while under age was filed against Eugene Gray, 16, of 22 Lenox Ave., Green Brook Township yesterday after he rammed into a residence. He was treated at Muhlenberg Hospital for face and body bruises.

Police said the youth was operating a motorcycle that skidded on an oily spot on the road, went out of control, jumped the curb, and rammed into the front door of a home owned by Albert Restivo at 416 E. Third St.

Oil was formed over eons of time from tiny marine organisms and decayed plant matter which settled to the bottom of prehistoric seas.—*Plainfield* (*N.J.*) *Courier-News.*

That's what Albert Restivo forgot when he built his home.

•

BREAKFAST TIME IN LOS ANGELES

[*From a folder of the Los Angeles Breakfast Club*]

Breakfast is served at 8:00 o'clock. By that time, from 300 to 500 have gathered at the long rows of tables for the morning songfest, the words being thrown on a big screen for all to see. Then it's "Ham & Eggs," and the "Sea, Sea, Sea" songs—the latter being sung while arms are over shoulders of next-door neighbors, with the singers swaying their bodies. The "Grand Salute" ("Hello, Ham! Hello, Egg") and the famous Breakfast Club Cryptogram follow to break down the last vestige of formality; and the crowd has blended into joyous unity long before the ham and eggs and hot cakes have disappeared.

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in the famous Mandolin Flask

The most versatile wine — lively, dry, ruby red.

U.S.A. DISTRIBUTORS
FONTANA-HOLLYWOOD CORP.
NEW YORK

BOLLA
IN THE MANDOLIN FLASK
1957
BOLLA
BARDOLINO

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Dinner is romantic at the ELM TREE Room

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Steaks, prime ribs, lobster, chef's specialties.

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STRATEGIC CHOICE: NEW COURIER CLOTH

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be around Cour [illegible]
eat pure wool [illegible]
oft and silky in th [illegible]
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STRALIAN AFFILIATE: HARFO [illegible]

ed [illegible] for effortless [illegible]
the [illegible] to give you a suit
me [illegible] ase in either town or
and [illegible] ng. One of the variety
ely of [illegible] in all the rich Courier
LBOURNE

[illegible] $75.* Handsome Courier Cloth
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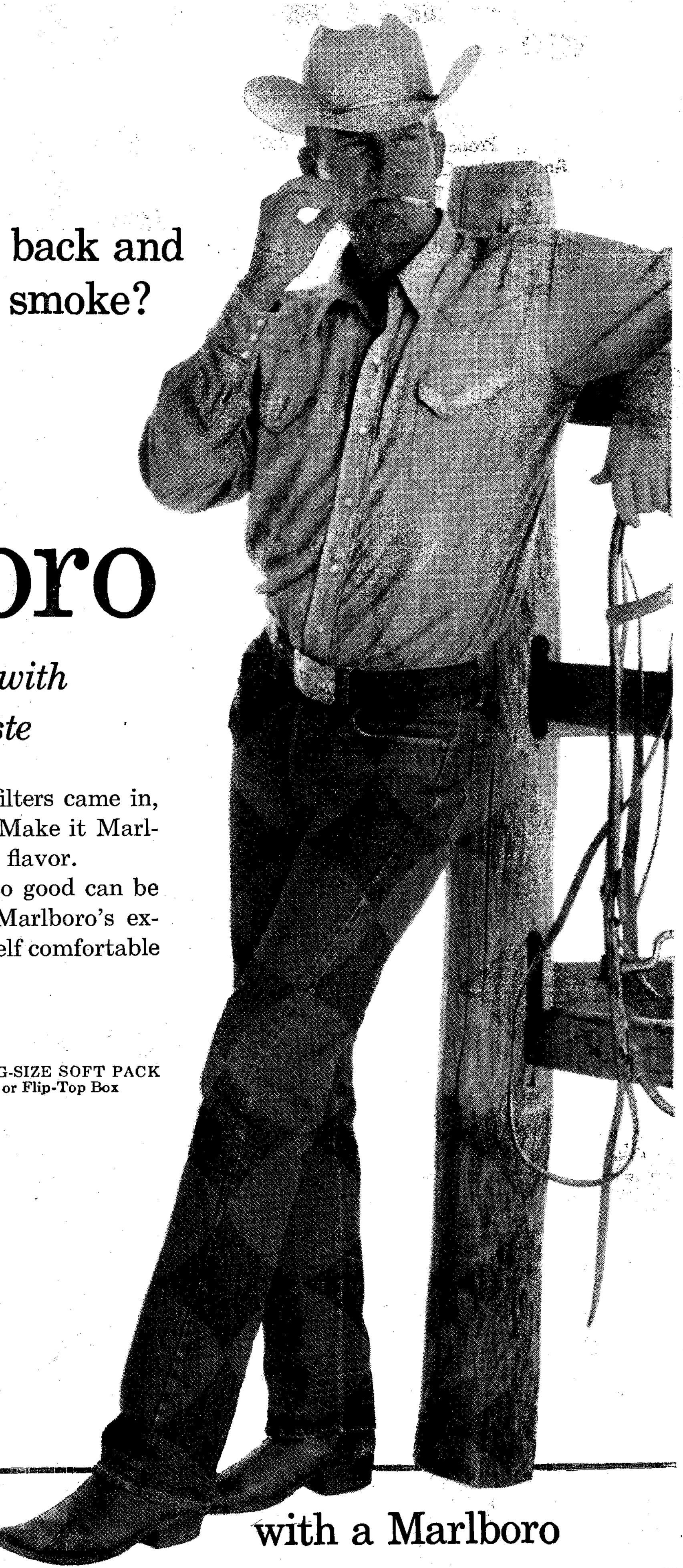

You get a lot to like with a Marlboro